

37a  
38  
WIT and MIRTH:  
OR  
PILLS

TO PURGE

*Melancholy;*

BEING

A Collection of the best Merry BALLADS  
and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper  
TUNE for either Voice, or Instrument:  
Most of the SONGS being new Set.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

Printed by W. Pearson, for J. Tonson, at  
SHAKESPEAR'S Head, over-against  
Catherine Street in the Strand, 1719.

W. Musgrave.



LONDON  
Printed by W. Patten, for A. Taylor, at  
St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1799.





THE

## DEDICATION.

**T**O the Right Honourable the *Lords* and *Ladies*; and also to the Honoured *Gentry* of both kinds that have been so Generous to be *Subscribers* to this *Second Volume* of *SONGS*; which end with some *Oration*s spoken by me in the *Theatre*: Which are with  
A 3 the

**Dedication.**

the Copys of Verses, Pro-  
logues and Epilogues, most  
humbly Dedicated by

Your most Oblig'd,

And

Devoted Servant,

T. D'Urfey.



A N  
 Alphabetical TABLE  
 OF THE  
 SONGS and POEMS  
 Contain'd in this  
 B O O K.

A	Page
LL jolly Rake-bells that sup at,	10
Andrew and Maudlin,	19
Tell me no more of your Duty and Vow,	30
gustus crown'd with Majesty,	62
a victorious, Alba fam'd in Story,	79
my dearest, my dearest Celide,	143
elles told the Painters fam'd in Greece,	145
Lad o' th' Town thus made his moan,	148
road as I was walking,	150
the Town so leud are grown,	161
Country Bumpkin that Trees did grub,	165
Beau dress'd fine met Miss divine,	169
I gang'd o'er the Links of Leith,	240
Virgin's Life who would be leaving,	260
ay ye brave Fox-hunting Race,	269
Grashopper and a Fly,	276
	By

# An Alphabetical TABLE.

## B

**B**R all the Powers I love you so,  
 Bright Honour provokes me,  
 Boast no more fond Love thy Power,  
 Bruce who descended from Trojan Stem,  
 Behold how all the Stars give may,  
 Born with the Vices of my kind,

## C

**C**Rown your Bowls, loyal Souls,  
 Come hither all you that love musical Sport,  
 Cease Hymen, cease thy Brow,  
 Cold and raw the North did blow,  
 Chloris for fear you should think,  
 Chloe's a Nymph in flowry Groves,  
 Cloudy Saturnia drives her Steeds apace,  
 Corrinna when you left the Town,  
 Cynthia with an awful Power,

## D

**D**Earest believe me without a Reservation,  
 Dear Jemmy when he sees me,  
 Did not you promise me,  
 Dear Jack if you mean,  
 Damon fond of his peaceful Retirement,  
 Drink my Boys, drink and rejoyce,

## E

**E**levate your Joys,

## F

**F**arewel ye Rocks, ye Seas and Sands,  
 Flora beauteous Queen of May,  
 Forc'd by a cruel lawless Fate,  
 Full forty long Years,  
 Friend Sawney come sit near me,

## G

**G**o silly Mortal, ask thy Creator,

## H

**H**igh on a Throne of glittering Ore,  
 High Renown and Martial Glory,

4  
11  
18  
20  
28  
30  
7  
9  
14  
16  
24  
27  
28  
39  
31  
7  
9  
12  
23  
27  
27  
23  
60  
80  
173  
24  
260  
218  
107  
Here

# An Alphabetical TABLE.

He is Hymen, here am I 117  
 He is Rarity of the whole Fair, 297  
 Have you seen Battledore Play, 303

## I

11 Oft when the young and blooming, 31  
 18 Jenny, and Molly, and Dolly, 68  
 20 vain, in vain fantastick Age, 131  
 (28) my Addresses are grateful, 149  
 30 Beauty by Enjoyment can, 151  
 to great Cæsar, 155  
 7 follow'd Fame and got Renown, 212  
 9 the Fields in Frost and Snow, 214  
 14 love thee well, 217  
 16 a Desert in Greenland, 253  
 24 a Cellar at Sodom, 297  
 27 Gold could lengthen Life, 311  
 28

## K

39 King GEORGE was crown'd, 90  
 31

## L

7 Ladies of London both wealthy and fair, 9  
 9 Let Burgundy flow, 43  
 12 Louis le Grand, 72  
 23 all English Boys, sing and drink, 93  
 27 we, leave the drawing Room, 221  
 27 at Night a Dream, 237  
 23 Oliver now be forgotten, 283  
 27 thy's the Soul of living, 308  
 60

## M

80 My Life and my Death were once, 57  
 173 Myrtillo, Darling of kind Fate, 105  
 24 Andunga was as feat a Fada, 115  
 260 send you Sir, one Letter, 140  
 is now is arming, 157  
 213 Give your Honours Miss, 171  
 Dear I've sent the Letter, 267  
 Monsieur now disgorged fast, 294  
 Near



# An Alphabetical TABLE.

**N** *Ear to the Town of Windsor,* 24  
*No silly Chloris, tell me no,* 39  
*New Reformation begins thro' the,* 41  
*Now the Ground is hard froze,* 85  
*Now comes joyful Peace,* 109  
*Neptune frown, and Boreas roar,* 125  
*Now the Summer Solstice,* 235  
*Now second Hannibal is come,* 257  
*Now the Tories all shall stoop,* 286

**O** *ON a Bank in flowry June,* 32  
*One Holiday last Summer,* 47  
*Of all our modern Storys,* 519  
*Of all Comforts I miscarried,* 137  
*Of noble Race was Shinking,* 172  
*Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes!* 262

**P** *PRattles and Tattles,* 163  
*Peggy in Devotion,* 201  
*Phillis when your Oagling Eye,* 249

**R** *Royal Flora dry up your Tears,* 116  
*Rouse up great Genius of* 137  
*Room, room, room for a Rover,* 209  
*Run Lovers, run before her,* 263

**S** *Some blooming Honour get,* 1  
*State and Ambition alas,* 35  
*Sit down my dear Sylvia,* 61  
*Shon a Welch Runt, and Hans a Dutch Boer,* 77  
*Smile Lucinda, revel with thy happy Race,* 123  
*Steer, Steer the Yatch to reach the Strand,* 139  
*Stubborn Church Division,* 178  
*Strike up drowsie Gut Scrapers,* 218  
*Stella with Heart Controlling Grace,* 253  
*Smug, Rich and Fantastick Old Fumbler,* 312

THE



# An Alphabetical TABLE.

24	<b>T</b> HE Sages of Old,	18
39	The Golden Age is come,	52
41	Ho' Cælia Art you shew,	64
85	The Parliament sate,	66
109	To Cullies and Bullies,	81
125	crooping with bald Commanders,	87
235	To tell a Tale of Windsor, my Muse,	193
257	The Infant Spring was shining,	128
286	Antivee, tvee, tvee, tvee, high and low,	189
	Twas when Summer was rosie,	195
32	The Lark awake the drowsie Morn,	197
47	The Instrument with which to sing,	247
119	The thundring Jove,	258
137	'Tis not a Kiss, or gentle Squeeze,	271
172	'Tis gone, the black and gloomy Year,	278
262	The Joys of Court or City,	292
	There's such Religion in my Love,	298
163	The World was busied, and Nature lay,	305
201	<b>U</b>	
249	UPon a sunshine Summers Day,	176
	Ulm is gone, but basely won,	223
116	Valiant Jockey's march'd away,	229
133	<b>W</b>	
209	WHen Harrold was invaded,	5
269	When the World first new Creation,	12
	When the Kine had given a Pail full,	27
	When I make a fond Address,	29
35	We all to conquering Beauty bow,	37
61	Why? why? Oh ye Powers,	89
77	When vilia Stella, kind and tender,	126
123	Whilst their Flocks were feeding,	134
139	Whilst the French their Arms discover,	147
178	Vae is me, what ails our Northern Loons,	159
218	When Sylvia in bathing her Charms,	175
255	When Sol to Thetis Pool,	182
312	When for Air I take my Mare,	191
H E	Why are my Eyes still flowing,	199
	Walk-	

## An Alphabetical TABLE.

*Walking down the Highland Town,  
Whilſt Content is wanting,  
Was it ſome Cherubin,  
When I viſit proud Cælia,  
What ails the fooliſh Woman,  
Whilſt abroad Renown and Glory,  
Whiſt I with Grief did on you look,  
What's the worth of Health or Living,*

Y

**Y**OU that delight in a,  
Ye pretty Birds that chirp and ſing,  
Ye Britains how long ſhall I ſire  
You the glorious Sons of Honour,  
Yet we love ye moſt,  
You write of rural Springs,

---

## P O E M S.

**A**S ſome ſtout Warriors,  
A Tragick Scene of Woe,  
As ſome Deſerter mutining for Pay,  
At this odd Time of Buſle,  
Each Critick here, methinks,  
In the fiſt happy Golden Age,  
I am a Thing, yet dreſt in,  
In this grave Age,  
In Days when Birds and,  
Oh every tuneful Bard that ſings,  
On Eſtcourt's Day, and to ſuch Company,  
Our Poeteſſ deſigning to expoſe,  
Fiſh, I had e'en a good go our again,  
The humerous Author of this,  
When Britains proſperous Fortune,  
When Wit and Science flouriſh'd  
I have ſeen me dance, and ye have,

S O N G



# Hills to Purge Melancholy.

## VOL. II.

### CAPONIDES;

*Lyrical remarks Made on the famous Signior Cavaliero Nico—Grimaldi, Knighted by the Doge of VENICE, and Signior Gallapo Frisco, Caprioli Frontini the Horse: Made a Consul by the Roman Emperor CALLIGULA. Set to a Tune in the OPERA of ANTIOCHUS.*



OME blooming Honour get  
By Valour, some by Wit,  
And some have Titles met  
By the way of *Guinny*;  
But two, most fam'd I shew,  
One long since, and one now,

Who if you don't allow,

The Devil's in ye:

Of Creatures I discourse,

Who must your liking force:

They must your liking force,

As well as my discourse,

*Calligula's fine Horse,*

And *Nicol*—

*hi, hi, hi, hi, hi* —colini.

B

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

A Senator some say,  
He made his Dapple grey,  
For his *Italian* Neigh,  
A Crack-brain'd Ninny ;  
A *Doge* too, as appears  
With Squeaking, caught by th' Ears,  
Amongst the *Chevaliers*,  
Plac'd *Nico* — :  
And as the Horse did bear,  
That Honour many a Year,  
For squaling Notes so Cleer,  
As you shall seldom hear,  
So does our Capon dear,  
Dear *Nicol* — ,

*De, he, he, he, he, he, he* — ear *Nicol* — .

Yet Criticks bold and plain,  
As Envy still will reign,  
For Head and comely Main,  
Cry up *Frontini* ;

They say for Shapes before,  
Good qualitys some score,  
He merits Honour more,

Then *Nicol* — :  
Besides *un autre chose*,  
More blest they him suppose,  
More blest they him suppose,  
For tho' the Grooms give blows,  
They have not cut out those,  
Like *Nicol* — ,

*Ni, hi, hi, hi, hi, hi* — colini.

But yet by Vocal strain,  
And subtle dint of Brain,  
'Mongst *English* Gentry vain,  
He gets the Penny,  
He Trills, and Gapes, and Struts,  
And Fricassee's the Notes,  
Our Crew may crack their Guts,  
They ne'er will win ye :

PILLS to Purga Melancholy.

3

For Quavering like a Lark,  
This rare disabled Spark,  
Gets Ladies too i'th' dark,  
Who tho' 'tis bungling work,  
Will hug this Knight of Mark,  
Smooth Nicol —,

Si, hi, hi, hi, hi, hi, — colini.

But now to cause our Woe,  
Why Chanter will you go,  
Fop Bounty still may flow,  
And many a Guinny;  
You leave us, some do guess,  
To Build a sumptuous place,  
To Seat your Noble Race,  
Like *Valentini*:  
But tho' we to our shames  
Have Paid ye in Extreame,  
When e'er you leave the *Thames*,  
To rowl on Ocean streams,  
Pray don't you call us Names,  
Sweet Nicol —,

wee, he, he, he, he, he, hee Nicol.





*A New SONG, Inscrib'd to the brave Men of  
Kent, made in Honour of the Nobility and  
Gentry of that Renown'd and Ancient County*



W  
And  
T  
WH  
T  
And  
B  
  
Sing  
So  
Mon  
A  
  
The  
T  
in G  
A  
Who  
A  
He t  
Co  
then  
  
And  
H  
And  
Ha  
The  
TH  
But j  
An  
then



# PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

5



WHEN Harrold was Invaded,  
And falling lost his Crown;  
And Norman William waded  
Through Gore to pull him down:  
When Countys round with fear profound,  
To mend their sad Condition;  
And Lands to save, base Homage gave,  
Bold Kent made no Submission.

## CHORUS.

Sing, sing in Praise of Men of Kent,  
So Loyal brave and free;  
Mongst Britain's Race, if one surpass,  
A Man of Kent is he.

The hardy stout Free-holders,  
That knew the Tyrant near;  
In Girdles, and on Shoulders,  
A Grove of Oaks did bear:  
Whom when he saw in Battle draw,  
And thought how he might need 'em;  
He turn'd his Arms, allow'd their Terms,  
Compleat with noble Freedom:  
Then sing in Praise, &c.

And when by Barons wrangling,  
Hot Faction did Increase,  
And vile Intestine Jangling,  
Had banish'd England's Peace,  
The Men of Kent to Battle went,  
They fear'd no Wild confusion;  
But joyn'd with York, soon did the work,  
And made a blest conclusion:  
Then sing in Praise, &c.

At Hunting, or the Race too,  
 They sprightly Vigour shew;  
 And at a Female Chase too,  
 None like a *Kentish* Beau:  
 All blest with Health, and as for Wealth,  
 By Fortunes kind embraces;  
 A Yeoman grey shall oft out-weigh,  
 A Knight in other places:  
*Then sing in Praise, &c.*

The Generous, Brave and Hearty,  
 All o'er the *Shire* we find;  
 And for the *Low-Church* Party,  
 They're of the Brightest kind:  
 For King and Laws, they prop the Cause,  
 Which *High-Church* has confounded;  
 They love with height the Moderate right,  
 But hate the Crop-Ear'd Round-head:  
*Then sing in Praise, &c.*

The promis'd Land of Blessing,  
 For our Forefathers meant;  
 Is now, in right Possessing,  
 For *Canaan* sure was *Kent*:  
 The Dome at *Knoll*, by Fame enroll'd  
 The Church at *Canterbury*;  
 The Hops, the Beer, the Cherrys here,  
 May fill a famous Story.  
*Then Sing in Praise of Kentish Men,*  
*So Loyal, Brave and Free;*  
*'Mongst Britain's Race, if one surpass,*  
*A Man of Kent is He.*



An ODE on Queen MARY: Set by Mr. Henry Purcell, and the Notes to be found in his Orpheus Britannicus.

**H**IGH on a Throne of glittering Ore,  
Exalted by Almighty fate;  
Out-shining the bright Jem she wore,  
The Gracious *Gloriana* fate.

The dazzling Beams of Majesty,  
Too fierce for mortal Eyes to see;  
She veil'd, and with a smiling Brow  
She taught th' admiring World below.

Since Vertue is the chiefest good,  
Gay Power should only be her Dress;  
Which often taints the purest Blood,  
Free Conscience is the solid Peace.

Glory is but a Flattering dream  
Of wealth, that is not, tho' it seem;  
False Vision whose vain Joys do make  
Poor Mortals poorer, when they wake.

The Fawning croud of Slaves that Bow,  
With praise could ne'er my Sence controul;  
Vast Pyramids of State seem low,  
So much above it sits my Soul.

She spoke, whilst Gods unseen, that stood  
Admiring one so Great, so Good;  
Flew straight to Heaven, and all along,  
Bright *Gloriana* was their Song.

*Advice to the Ladies.*

Ladies

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

9

Adies of *London*, both Wealthy and Fair,  
Whom every Town Fop is pursuing;  
Still of your Purles and Persons take care,  
The greatest Deceit lies in Wooing:  
From the first Rank of *Beaux Esprits*,  
Their Vices therefore I discover,  
Down to the basest Mechanick degree,  
That so you may chuse out a lover.

First for the Courtier, look to his Estate,  
Before he too far be proceeding;  
He of Court Favours and Places will prate,  
And settlements make of his Breeding:  
Nor wear the Yoak with dull Country Souls,  
Who though they are fat in their Purfes;  
Rush with Bristles and Topping full Bowls,  
Make Love to their Dogs and their Horses.

But above all, the rank Citizens hate,  
The Court, or the Country choose rather;  
Who'd have a Block-head that gets an Estate,  
By Sins of the Cuckold his Father:  
The sneaking Clown all Intriguing does Marr;  
Like Apprentices Huffing and Ranting;  
He puts his Sword on without *Temple-Bar*,  
To go to *White-Hall* a Gallanting.

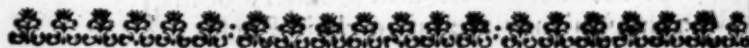
Let no spruce Officer keep you in awe,  
The Sword is a thing Transitory;  
Nor be blown up by the Lungs of the Law,  
A World have been cheated before you:  
Soon you will find your Captain grown bold,  
And then 'twill be hard to o'ercome him;  
And if the Lawyer touch your Copy-hold,  
The Devil will ne'er get it from him:

And, like the Plague, the rough Tarpawling Boys,  
That Court you with lying Bravadoes;  
Filling your Senses with Bombast and Noise,  
And Stories brought from the *Barbadoes*;



And ever shun the Doctor, that Fool,  
 Who seeking to mend your condition;  
 Tickles your Pulse, and peeps in you Close-stool,  
 Then sets up a famous Physician.

But if your Humour have such roving fits,  
 As must upon Wedlock be treating;  
 Step to *Will's Coffee House* you'll find some Wits;  
 Who live upon Sharping and Cheating:  
 They wear good Cloaths, and Powder their Whiggs,  
 And Swear y're a Dear and a Honey;  
 And their whole Lives spend in rampant Intrigues,  
 Oh, they are the Men for my Money.



*Advice to the Beaus; To the foregoing  
 Tune.*

**A**LL Jolly Rake-hells that Sup at the *Rose*,  
 And Midnight Intrigues are contriving;  
 Courtiers, and all you that set up for *Beaus*,  
 I'll give ye good Council in Wiving;  
 Now the fair Sex, must pardon my Verse,  
 If once I dare swerve from my Duty;  
 Old *Rosa crucians*, found spots in the Stars,  
 Then why not I Errors in *Beaury*.

Shun the Cits Daughter whom a Gentleman goes,  
 Whilst he the Old Cause was revenging;  
 Bred up at School to Sing, Dance, and wot not;  
 Yet walks as she mov'd with an Engine:  
 Nor be by the *Orphans* Treasure provok'd,  
 The Chamber is Empty you see, Sir;  
 Ne'er hope to keep a fine Cabinet lock'd,  
 When every Furr'd Gown has a Key, Sir.



# PILLS to *Purge Melancholy.*

II

The Country Nymph that looks fresh as a Rose,  
Whose Innocent Grace does o'er rule ye;  
Hobbles in Gate, and treads in with her Toes,  
Ah, take a great care lest she fool ye:  
She looks as if she knew not what's what,  
Yet bring her to Town to a Play, Sir;  
Soon you'll perceive, that she'll fall from her Trot,  
And Modishly come to her Pace Sir.

The Buxom Widdow with Bandore and Peak,  
Her Conscience as black as her Gloathing;  
If in a Corner you ever make Squeak,  
I'll give you her Joynture for nothing:  
She still will plague ye with her Law smiles,  
She'll answer your Court by Attorney;  
If you love riding in others old Boors,  
For God's sake make hast with your Journey.

But above all Sirs, despise the *Coquets*,  
She'll Sacrifice Love to Ambition;  
Who takes a Wife that but thinks she's a Wit,  
Is in a most woful condition:  
She'll make her Conscience stretch like her Glove,  
And now, tho' she vows equal Passion;  
Perjur'd next moment, forswear all her Love,  
And make a meer Jest of Damnation.

The Maids of Honour, like fortifi'd Towns,  
Will give you Repulse if you venture;  
Bulwark'd by Vertue and stiff bodied Gowns,  
The Devil himself cannot enter:  
But if by Love's dear Bribe you get in,  
And for fatal Wedlock importune;  
If you don't straight go to Law with the *Queen*,  
You'll ne'er get one Groat of their Fortune.

But if your Zeal for a Wife be so strong,  
That nothing can cool the fierce Passion,  
Step to the *Rose*, and steal out Mrs. *Long*,  
She'll make the best Spouse in the Nation:  
She sounds the Brains of all the young Sotts,  
That come their to taste her *Elixir*;  
Little Flask bottles, and leeking Pint pots,  
Are framing a fine Coach and six, Sir.

*T. 11*

*The wanton Virgins frighted: To the last  
Tune.*

**Y**OU that delight in a Jocular Song,  
Come listen unto me a while, Sir;  
I will engage you shall not tarry long,  
Before it shall make you to smile, Sir:  
Near to the Town there liv'd an old Man,  
Had three pretty Maids to his Daughters;  
Of whom I will tell such a story anon,  
Will tickle your Fancy with Laughter.

The old Man had in his Garden a Pond,  
'Twas in very fine Summer Weather;  
The Daughters one Night they were all very fond,  
To go and Bath in it together:  
Which they agreed, but happen'd to be,  
O'er heard by a Youth in the House, Sir;  
Who got in the Garden, and climb'd up a Tree,  
And there sate as still as a Mouse, Sir.

The Branch where he sat it hung over the Pond,  
At each puff of Wind he did totter;  
Pleas'd with the Thoughts he should sit abscond,  
And see them go into the Water:  
When the Old Man was safe in his Bed,  
The Daughters then to the Pond went, Sir;  
One to the other two laughing she said,  
As high as our Bubbies we'll venture.

Upon the tender green Grass they sat down,  
They all were of delicate Feature;  
Each pluck'd off her Petticoat, Smock, and Gown,  
No sight it could ever be sweeter:  
Into the Pond then dabling they went,  
So clean that they needed no Washing;  
But they were all so unluckily bent,  
Like Boys they began to be dashing.

any body should see us, says one,  
They'd think we were boding of Evil;  
And from the sight of us quickly would run,  
And avoid so many white Devils:  
His put the Youth in a merry Pin,  
He let go his Hold thro' his Laughter;  
And as it fell out, he fell tumbling in,  
And scar'd them all out of the Water.

The Old Man by this time a Noise had heard,  
And rose out of Bed in a Fright, Sir;  
And comes to the Door with a Rusty old Sword,  
There stood in a Posture to fight, Sir:  
The Daughters they all came tumbling in,  
And over their Dad they did blunder;  
Who cry'd out aloud, Mercy, good Gentlemen,  
And thought they were Thieves came to Plunder.

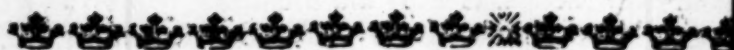
The Noise by this time the Neighbours had heard,  
Who came with long Clubs to assist him;  
He told them three bloody Rogues run up Stairs,  
He dar'd by no means to resist them:  
For they were Cloathed all in their Buff,  
He see as they shov'd in their Shoulders;  
And black Bandaleers hung before like a ruff,  
Which made them believe they were Soldiers.

The Virgins their Cloaths in the Garden had left,  
And Keys of their Trunks in their Pockets;  
To put on the Sheets they were fain to make shift,  
Their Chest they could not unlock it:  
At last ventur'd up these Valiant Men,  
Thus armed with Courage undaunted;  
But took them for Spirits, and run back again,  
And swore that the House it was Haunted.

As they Retreated the young Man they met,  
Come shivering in at the Door, Sir;  
Who look'd like a Rat with his Cloaths dropping wet,  
No Rogue that was Pump'd could look worser:

All were amazed to see him come in;  
 And ask'd of him what was the Matter?  
 He told them the Story, and where he had been,  
 Which set them all in a Laughter.

Quoth the old Daddy, I was in a huff,  
 And reckon'd to cut them afunder;  
 Thinking they had been three Soldiers in Buff,  
 That came here to rifle and Plunder:  
 But they are my Daughters whom I loved,  
 All Frighted from private Diversion;  
 Therefore I'll put up my old rusty Sword,  
 For why should I be in a Passion!



*A Consolatory ODE to Her Majesty*



PILLS to Furge Melancholy.

15









PARALLEL: *The Words made to a  
Tune of Mr. Eccles's.*



The

**T**HE *Sages* of Old,  
 In *Prophecy* told,  
 The cause of a Nations undoing;  
 But our new *English* breed,  
 No *Prophets* do need,  
 For each one here seeks his own Ruin.

With grumbling and Jarrs,  
 We promote Civil Wars,  
 And Preach up false Tenets too many;  
 We Snarl, and we Bite,  
 We Rail, and we Fight  
 For Religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,  
 That's true to his Friend,  
 And the Church, that the Senate does settle;  
 Who delights not in Blood,  
 But draws when he shou'd,  
 And bravely ne'er Shrinks from the Battle.

Who rails not at Kings,  
 Nor at Politick things,  
 Nor Treason will speak when he's Mellow;  
 But takes a full Glass,  
 To King *George's* Success,  
 This, this is the honest brave fellow.



BALLAD of Andrew and Maudlin.



Andrew and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,  
Margaret and Thomas, and Jockey and May;  
O'th' Kirchin, and Rit of the Mill,  
Pick the Plow-man, and Joan of the Dairy,  
Solace their Lives, and to sweeten their Labour,  
met on a time with a Pipe and Tabor.

Andrew was Cloathed in Shepherd's Grey;  
and Will had put on his Holiday Jacket;  
he had a Coat of Popinjay;  
and Madge had a Ribbon hung down to her Placket;  
and Mel in Frize, Tom and Jockey in Leather,  
so they began all to Foot it together.

Their

Their Heads and their Arms about them they flung  
 With all the Might and Force they had;  
 Their Legs went like Flays, and as loosely hung,  
 They Cudgel'd their Arses as if they were Mad;  
 Their Faces did shine, and their Fires did kindle,  
 While the Maids they did trip and turn like a Spin

Andrew chuck'd Maudlin under the Chin,  
 Simper she did like a Furmity Kettle;  
 The twang of whose blubbet lips made such a din,  
 As if her Chaps had been made of Bell-metal:  
 Kate Laughed heartily at the same smack,  
 And loud she did answer it with a Bum-crack.

At no *Whitsun-Ale* there e'er yet had been,  
 Such Fraysters and Friskers as these Lads and Lasses  
 From their Faces the Sweat ran down to be seen,  
 But sure I am, much more from their Arses;  
 For had you but seen't, you then would have sworn  
 You never beheld the like since you were Born.

Here they did fling, and there they did hoist,  
 Here a hot Breath, and there went a Savour;  
 Here they did glance, and there they did gloist,  
 Here they did Simper, and there they did Slaver  
 Here was a Hand, and there was a Placker,  
 Whilst, hey! their Sleeves went Flicker-a-flacker.

The Dance being ended, they Sweat and they Stunk  
 The Maidens did smirk it, the Youngsters did Kifs  
 Cakes and Ale flew about, they clapp'd hands and drums  
 They laugh'd and they gigl'd until they bepist  
 They laid the Girls down, and gave each a green Mant  
 While their Breasts and their Bellies went Pintle  
 (Pant)

PILLS to Furge Melancholy.

21

SONG, Sung by a Galley-Slave in Don Quixote. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.







**W**HEN the World first knew creation,  
 A Rogue was a top, a Rogue was a top profess  
 When there were no more in all Nature but Four,  
 There were two of them in Transgression:  
 And the Seeds are no less,  
 Since that you may guess,  
 But have in all Ages been growing apace;  
 There's Lying, and Thieving,  
 Craft, Pride, and Deceiving,  
 Rage, Murder, and Roaring,  
 Rape, Incest, and Whoring,  
 Branch out from one Stock, the rank Vices in Vogue  
 And make all Mankind one Gygantical Rogue.

View all human Generation,  
 You'll find in every Station,  
 Lean Verrue decays, whilst Interest sways  
 Th' ill Genius of the Nation;  
 All are Rogues in degrees, The Lawyer for Fees,  
 The Courtier *Le cring*, and the Alderman squeez;  
 The *Caster*, the Toper, the *Church* Interloper,  
 The Punk and the *Practice* of *Ptery* groper;  
 But of all, he that fails our true Rites to maintain  
 And deserts the Cause Royal is deepest in grain.

He that first to mend the matter,  
 Made Laws to bind our Nature,  
 Shou'd have found a way to make Wills obey,  
 And have Modell'd new the Creature;  
 For the Savage in Man, from Original ran,  
 And in spite of Confinement now reigns as't begun  
 Here's Preaching and Praying, and Reason displaying  
 Yet Brother with Brother, is Killing and Slaying;  
 Then blame not the Rogue that free Sense does enjoy  
 Then falls like a Log, and believes he shall lye.

*Pro*

KATE of Windsor: *A new* BALLAD.



Near to the Town of *Windsor*, upon a pleasant Ground  
 There liv'd a Miller's Daughter, her Age about Eighteen  
 A Skin as white as Alabaster, and a killing Eye,  
 A round Plump bonny Buttock joyn'd to a taper Thigh  
*Then ah! be kind, my Dear, be kinder, was the Ditty,*  
*When Pretty Kate of Windsor came to the Mill.*

To treat with her in Private, first came a Booby Squint  
 He offer'd ten broad Pieces, but she refus'd the hire  
 She said his Corn was musty, nor should her Toll-dish  
 His Measure too so scanty, she fear'd 'twould burn  
*Then ah! be kind, &c.* (Miller)

Soon after came a Lawyer, as he the Circuit went,  
 He swore he'd Cheat her Landlord, and she should part  
 He question'd the Fee simple; but him she plainly told  
 I'll keep in spite of Law Tricks, mine own dear Corn  
*Then ah! be kind, &c.* (He)

The next came on a Trooper, that did of Fighting prate  
 Till she pull'd out his Pistol, and knock'd him o're the pate  
 He hate, she cry'd, a Hector, a Drone without a sting,  
 For if you must be Fighting Friend, go do it for the King  
*Then ah! be kind, &c.* (King)

A late discarded Courtier, would next her favour win  
 He offer'd her a Thousand when e'er King *James* came in  
 She laugh'd at that extremly, and said it was too small  
 For if he e'er comes in again, you'll get the Devil and all  
*Then ah! be kind, &c.*

Next came a strutting Sailor that was of Mates degree  
 He bragg'd much of his Valour in the late Fight at Sea  
 She told him his Bravado's but lamely did appear,  
 For if you had stood to't, you Rogues, the *French* had been here  
*Then ah! be kind, &c.* (ne'er came here)

Shopkeeper of *London* then open'd his Love Case,  
told her he was Famous for Penning an Address;  
told City-wisdom was known by their Affairs,  
*Old-Hall* was full of Wit too in choice of Sheriffs and  
[Mayors.

*Then ah! be kind, &c.*

Next came a smug Physician upon a Pacing Mare,  
told the declar'd she lik'd him much worse than any  
[there;  
was so us'd to Glisters, she told him to his Face,  
always would be bobbing his Pipe at the wrong  
[place.

*Then ah! be kind, &c.*

The Parson of the Town then did next his flame re-  
[veal,  
made him second Mourning, and cover'd him with  
[Meal;  
The Man of God stood fretting, she bid him not be  
[vert,  
will serve you for a Surplice to Cant in *Sunday* next.  
*Then ah! be kind, &c.*

Now if you'd know the reason she was to them unkind,  
there was a brisk young Farmer that taught her still  
[to grind;  
knew him for a Workman that had the ready  
[skill,  
open well her Water-gate, and best supply her  
[Mill.

*Then ah! be kind, my Dear, be kinder, was the Ditty still,  
When Pretty Kate of Windsor came to the Mill.*

## TOM and DOLL.

*Or, the Modest Maid's Delight.*



PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

27

When the Kine had giv'n a Pail full,  
And the Sheep came bleating home;  
Who knew it would be healthful,  
Went a walking with young Tom:  
Hand in hand Sir,  
O're the Land Sir,  
As they walked to and fro;  
Tom made jolly Love to Dolly,  
But was answer'd, No, no, no, no, &c.

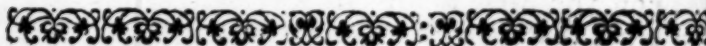
With, says Tom, the time is fitting,  
We shall never get the like;  
You can never get from Knitting,  
Whilst I'm digging in the Dike:  
Now we're gone too,  
And alone too,  
No one by to see or know;  
Come, come, Dolly, prithee shall I?  
Still she answer'd, No, no, no, no, &c.

He upon you Men, quoth Dolly,  
In what snares you'd make us fall;  
You'll get nothing but the folly,  
But I shall get the Devil and all:  
Tom with sobs,  
And some dry Bobs,  
Cry'd, you're a fool to argue so;  
Come, come, Dolly, shall I? shall I?  
Still she answer'd, No, no, no, no, &c.

To the Tavern then he took her,  
Wine to Love's a Friend confess;  
By the hand he often shook her,  
And drank brimmers to the best, &c.  
Doll grew warm,  
And thought no harm;  
Till after a brisk Pint or two,  
To what he said the silly Maid,  
Could hardly bring out, No, no, no, no, &c.

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow  
 In the Country or the Town,  
 And began to grow so mellow,  
 On the Couch he laid her down;  
     *Tom* came to her,  
     For to woe her  
 Thinking this the time to try:  
 Something past so kind at last,  
 Her no was chang'd to *I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.*

Closely then they joyn'd their Faces,  
 Lovers you know what I mean;  
 Nor could she hinder his Embraces,  
 Love was now too far got in;  
     Both now lying,  
     Panting dying,  
 Calms succeed the stormy Joy,  
     *Tom* would fain renew't again,  
 And she consents with *I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.*



*The Lovers Whims.* A New SONG.





**W**hen I make a fond Address,  
 Then *Phillis* seems cruel;  
 Tho' I talk of sad Distress,  
 Yet she still frowns;  
 But the coyness that she shews,  
 Increases my Fewel.  
 What in others stops repose,  
 My Delight crowns:  
 When she makes the house Ring,  
 Then a Bottle I bring;  
 And if her Voice is,  
 Swell'd with Noises,  
 Tope my Glass and Sing.

Ever have I lov'd a Lais  
 Of *Phillis's* Humour;  
 Let her Scold and Screw her Face  
 Twenty Thousand ways,  
 With the Frolicks I return,  
 I'll always o'recome her,  
 And the more she seems to Scorn,  
 Me the more she'll please:  
 Take the softly she,  
 Tamely then agree,  
 The Spritely speaking,  
 Not the sneaking,  
 Is the Lais for me.

A Scotch SONG, sung to the King at Windfo



#

UN

And

TI

oon

An

or

An

Alas

Fo

Wiz

W

But

A

Her

D

And

E

Thu

W

The

A

And

T

Nov

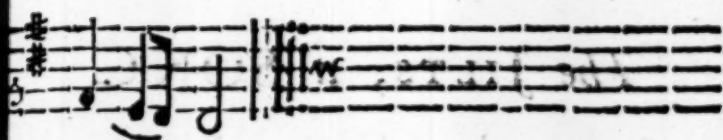
W

Mon

S

Thu

V



Uft when the young and blooming Spring,  
Had melted down the Winter Snow ;  
And in the Grove the Birds did fing,  
Their charming Notes on ev'ry Bough :  
Poor *Willy* fate bemoaning his fate,  
And woful ftate,  
Or loving, loving, loving,  
And deſpairing too ;  
Alas ! he'd cry, that I muſt dye,  
For pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.

*Will*y was late at a Wedding house,  
 Where Lords and Ladies danc'd all arow;  
 But *Will*y saw nene so pretty a Lass,  
 As pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.  
 Her bright Eyes, with smiling Joys,  
 Did so surprise;  
 And something, something, something  
 Else that shot him through:  
 Thus *Will*y lies entranc'd in Joys,  
 With pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.

The God of Love was *Willy's* friend,  
And cast an Eye of Pity down;  
And straight a fatal Dart did send,  
The cruel Virgin's Heart to wound:  
Now every Dream is all of him,  
Who still does seem  
More lovely, lovely, lovely,  
Since the Marriage Vow:  
Thus *Willy* lies entranc'd in Joys,  
With pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.



*The JILTS; a SONG.**Sung to the KING at Winchester.*

**O**N a Bank in flowry June,  
 When Groves are green and gay ;  
 In a smiling Afternoon,  
 With Doll young Willy lay :  
 They thought none were to spy 'em,  
 But Nell stood list'ning by 'em ;

Oh fye! *Doll* cry'd, no, I vow, I'de rather dye;  
 Can wrong my Modesty:  
 Both *Nell*, that I shall see.

Starting pain the Virgin finds,  
 Although by Nature taught,  
 When she first to Man inclines;  
 Quoth *Nell* I'll venture that.  
 Men who would loose a Treasure  
 For such a puney Pleasure?  
 Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and dye,  
 And to my Vow be true:  
 Both *Nell*, the more fool you.

My Cloſet I'll repair,  
 And Godly Books peruse;  
 Men devote my self to Pray'r,  
 Quoth *Nell*, and — use;  
 You Men are all perfidious,  
 But I will be Religious.  
 Try all, fly all, whil'st I have Breath deny ye all,  
 For the Sex I now despise:  
 Both *Nell*, by G—d she lies.

Truthful Blood o'respreads her Face,  
 When Nature prompts to Sin:  
 Modesty ebbs out apace,  
 And Love as fast flows in:  
 The Swain that heard this schooling,  
 Damn'd, left off his fooling;  
 Kill me, kill me, now I am ruin'd, let me dye:  
 You have damn'd my Soul to Hell;  
 And her once again, cries *Nell*.

## TO SYLVIA.

*A SONG set to a New Playhouse Tune.*



Tate and Ambition, alas! will deceive ye,  
 There's no solid Joy but the Blessing of Love;  
 Morn does of Pleasure fair *Sylvia* bereave ye,  
 Your Fame is not perfect till that you remove:  
 Monarchs that sway the vast Globe in their Glory,  
 Know Love is their brightest Jewel of Pow'r;  
 For *Philemon's* Heart was ordain'd to adore ye,  
 Ah! then disdain his Passion no more.

He on his Throne was the Victim of Beauty,  
 His thunder laid by, he from Heaven came down;  
 Capt'd like a Swan, to fair *Leda* paid Duty,  
 And priz'd her far more than his Heav'nly crown:  
 He too was pleas'd with her beautiful Lover,  
 And stroak'd his white Plums, and feasted her Eye;  
 His Cunning in Loving knew well how to move her,  
 By Billing begins the business of Joy.

Since Divine Powers Examples have given,  
 If we should not follow their Precepts, we sin:  
 We 'rwill appear an Affront to their Heaven,  
 If when the Gate opens we enter not in.  
 Beauty my Dearest was from the beginning,  
 Created to calm our Amorous Rage;  
 And she that against that Decree will be sinning,  
 In Youth still will find the Curse of old Age.

*The* PERFECTION,

*A New SONG. To the Dutcheſs of Grafton*  
*Set to Muſick by Dr. John Blow.*







W E all to conqu'ring Beauty bow,  
 Its pleasing Pow'r admire ;  
 I ne'er knew a Face'till now,  
 That like yours could inspire.  
 Now I may say, I met with one,  
 Amazes all Mankind ;  
 And like Men gazing on the Sun,  
 With too much light am blind.

As the tender moving Sighs,  
 When longing Lovers meet ;  
 Like the dividing Prophets wise,  
 And like blown Roses sweet :  
 Modest, yet Gay ; Reserv'd, yet Free ;  
 Each happy Night a Bride ;  
 Mein like awful Majesty,  
 And yet no spark of Pride,

The Patriarch, to gain a Wife,  
 Chast, Beautiful, and Young :  
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,  
 And never thought 'em long.  
 Ah ! were you to reward such Cares,  
 And Life so long couldst stay ;  
 Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,  
 Would seem but as one Day.



*The* DISTRUST.

*A New SONG, set to Musick by Mr. Jo  
Lenton.*





**N**O, filly *Cloris* !  
 Tell me no such Stories,  
 True gen'rous Love can never undo ye ;  
 When I desert ye,  
 Let affected Virtue,  
 Charm ev'ry Fop that now does pursue ye :  
 Search all human Nature,  
 Try ev'ry Creature,  
 Study all Complexions,  
 Ev'ry Face and Feature ;  
 And when e're I dye,  
 You'll too late descry,  
 None ever yet did Love so well as I.

Curse on Ambition,  
 What a bless'd condition  
 Lovers were in, not aw'd by that *Demon* ;  
 Then cruel *Cloris* !  
 Careless of Vain-Glories,  
 Could reap more Bliss than Pride e'er could dream on :  
 We should have no dying,  
 No Self-denying,  
 Sighings or Repulses,  
 When the Soul is flying ;  
 But truly wise,  
 Dirt she would despise,  
 And own her Love the Crown of all her Joys.

*The*

*The* PASSION.*Set to Musick by Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.*



all the Pow'rs! I love you so,  
 Nothing's so dear to me below;  
 when I would your scorn forsake,  
 the Angel turns, and brings me back:  
 tho' my Heart's not fool'd with ease,  
 you may break it when you please;  
 it is noble, and does rather dare to dye,  
 in languish and despair.

tell me not that Men deceive,  
 if you'd be believ'd, believe;  
 Heart, like Tapers shut in Urns,  
 All Love gives matter ever burns:  
 since kindness has resistless Charms,  
 Beauty, wanting Youth, decays;  
 take hast, and fly into my Arms,  
 crown my bless'd remaining Days.



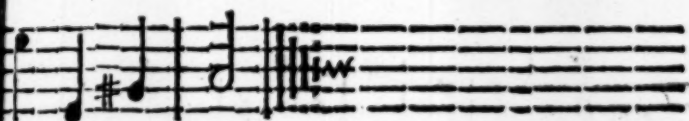
On



## Joy after Sorrow.

*A New SONG. The Words made to the D  
D'Aumonds Minuet.*





**L**ET *Burgundy* flow,  
 Let the Glafs run o'er, let the Glafs run o'er  
 To cure all our Woe, (boys,  
 the Glafs run over the Brim,  
 Though *Anna* is gone,  
 think of it no more, think of it no more boys,  
 Great *George* now comes on,  
 aft away your Bumpers to him,  
 Tho' the Feuds were fo big  
 'Twixt the *Tory* and *Whigg*,  
 at the Mifchiefs purfuing prov'd almost our Ruin,  
 Like a Prophet I know,  
 They will be no more fo,  
 e've a King will unite now both *High-Church* and *Low*.

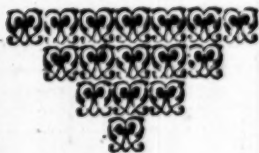
And now your Hand's in  
 it up again, fill it up again there,  
 To all thefe brave Men,  
 ho their Hate to *Lorrain* bear ftrong,  
 Who frentick with Pride  
 dly durft defend, lately the *Pretender*,  
 And if I'm not wide,  
 ill be fure to pay for't e'er long,  
 Nor a lefs Glafs let's have  
 To the *Catalans* brave,  
 ho held out with a Glory, not equall'd in Story,  
 For not *Cæfar* in *Gaul*,  
 Nor the great *Hannibal*,  
 er equall'd their Chief, with a number fo fmall.

A SONG, sung in my Play of the Campaign  
extreamly divertive, just after Mr. — C —  
vile Satyr upon Poets and the Stage. Set to  
Tune of Mr. Henry Purcell's.



THE W Reformation begins thro' the Nation,  
 And our grumbling Sages, that hope for good wages,  
 Direct us the way:  
 Of the Muses, then cloak your Abuses,  
 Least you shou'd trample on pious Example,  
 Observe and obey.  
 The frenzy Curers, and stubborn *Nonjurors*,  
 Want of Diversion, now scourge the leud Times:  
 They've hinted, they've printed, our vein it profane is,  
 And worst of all Crimes;  
 The clod pated Railers, Smiths, Coblers and Colliers,  
 Have damn'd all our Rhimes.

For the Notion of Zeal for Devotion,  
 Humour has fir'd em, or rather inspir'd 'em,  
 To tutor the Age:  
 If in Season, you'd know the true Reason;  
 The hopes of Preferment, is what make the Vermin,  
 Now rail at the Stage.  
 The kolds and Canters, with Scruples and Banterers;  
 The Old Forty-one Peal, against Poetry ring:  
 The State Revolvers, and Treason Absolvers,  
 Excuse me if I sing,  
 The Rebel that chuses to cry down the Muses,  
 Shou'd cry down the King.



Gillian of Croyden, a New Ballad: The  
made to the Tune of a Country Dance,  
Mall Peatly.





NE Holiday last Summer,  
From four to seven by *Croyden Chimes*,  
The Lasses toping Rummers,  
Were set a prating of the Times,  
A Wife call'd *Joan* of the Mill,  
A Maid they call'd bonny brown *Nell*,  
Widow mine Hostess *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian* of  
*den*, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*, Jolly *Gillian* of *Croyden*,  
Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,  
A Health to our Master *Will*.

*Joan*, cry'd the Maiden,  
This Peace will bring in Mill'd Money store,  
Now shan't miss of Trading,  
And Sweet-hearts will come on thick ye Whore:  
No more will they fight and kill,  
But with us good Liquor will swill:  
These will be rare Times, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian*  
*Croyden*, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*, plump *Gillian* of  
*den*, take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,  
A Bumper to Master *Will*.

We've now right Understanding,  
*Hans*, *Dick*, and *Monsieur* shakes Hands i'th' Streets,  
Gadzoons too are disbanding,  
Gadzoons, then *Nelly* let's watch our Sheets,  
For a Red-coat you know that has Will,  
Can plunder and pilfer with Skill;  
Look to my Smocks, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,  
*Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, bold *Gillian*, wary *Gillian* of  
*den*, take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,  
A Health to our Master *Will*.

Well, then with Arms a-Kembo,  
Cry'd News from Sea not so well does come;  
Nor want of Captain *Bembo*,  
The Chink and *Pongi* are safe got home:  
Tho' he could not help that Ill,  
The Fault lies in some Body still,  
You'd that Rogue were hang'd, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,  
*Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, plump *Gillian*, Loyal *Gil*. &c.  
Strange

Strange Lordswill now come over,  
And all our Bells will ring out for Joy;  
The Czar of Muscovy

Who is, Lord blefs him, some ten Foot high  
I'll see whate'er comes o'th' Mill,  
Wou'd our Lads were like him, cry'd Nell,  
Great pity they an't, cry'd Gillian of Croyden, Gillian  
Croyden, Gillian, young Gillian, Tall Gillian of Croyden,  
Nevertheless, cry'd Gillian of Croyden,  
A Bumper to Master Will.

Strange News, the Jacks of the City  
Have got, cry'd Joan, but we mind no Tales;  
That our good King thro' wonderful Pity,  
Will give his Crown to the Prince of Wales,  
That Peace may the stronger be still,  
And that they may no longer rebel,  
Pish! pox tis a Jest, cry'd Gillian of Croyden, Gillian  
Croyden, Gillian, bold Gillian, witty Gillian of Croyden,  
Take off your Glass, cry'd Gillian of Croyden,  
A Health to our Master Will.

So long top'd these Lasses,  
Till Tables, Chairs, and Stools went round,  
Strong Wine, and thumping Glasses,  
In three short Hours their Senses drown'd:  
Then home to her Grannum reel'd Nell,  
And Joan no more Brimmers could fill,  
And off from her Chair drop'd Gillian of Croyden, Gillian  
Of Croyden, Gillian, plump Gillian, drunk Gillian  
Croyden, here's the last drop, cry'd Gillian of Croyden,  
A Bumper to Master Will.



SONG to CELIA, who was forc'd to Mar-  
ry another, her Lover being absent: Made to  
the Amiable Vanqure.





**A**H, tell me no more of your Duty or Vow,  
 That Change of Condition no Love can allow  
 I still must Importune,  
 For what my curst Fortune,  
 Lost I know not how!  
 And since such ill chances have often been Comm  
 That Wealth or Women we're fated to lose  
 'Tis fit we our selves should mend such abuse  
 And make with our fetters,  
 The best of bad matters;  
 In Wedlocks Trappan,  
 By taking occasion,  
 To ease our wrong'd Passion  
 As well as we can.

# NEWMARKET:

*A SONG, sung to the King there.*







THE Golden Age is come,  
The Winter Storms are gone;  
Flowers spread and bloom,  
And smile to see the Sun:

Who daily gilds the Groves,  
And calms the Air and Seas;  
Nature seems in love,  
When all the World's in peace.

Ye Rogues go saddle Ball,  
I'll to Newmarket scour;  
You never mind when I call,  
You should have been ready this hour:

For there are the Sports and the Games,  
Without any plotting of State;  
From Treason, or any such shame,  
Deliver us, deliver us, Oh Fate!

Let's be to each other a Prey,  
To be cheated be ev'ry ones lot;  
Or chow'd any sort of way,  
But by another Plot.

Let Cullies that lose at a Race,  
Go venture at Hazard and win;  
And he that is bubbled at Dice,  
Recover it at Cocking again.

Let Jades that are founder'd be bought,  
Let Jockeys play Crimp to make sport;  
For faith it was strange methought,  
To see Tinker beat the Court.

Each corner of the Town  
Rings with perpetual noise,  
The Oyster-bawling Clown  
Joyns with Hot Pudding-pies:

Who both in Comfort keep,  
To vend their stinking Ware;  
The drowzy God of Sleep,  
Has no Dominion here.

Hey-boys, the Jockeys' roar,  
If the Mare and Gelding run;  
I'll hold ye five Guineas to four,  
He'll beat her and give half a Stone.

Gad Dam-me cries Bully, 'tis done,  
Or else I'm the Son of a Whore;  
And would I could meet with a Man  
Will offer it, will offer it once more.

See, see the damn'd Vice of this Town,  
A Pop that was starving of late,  
And scarcely could borrow a Crown,  
Puts in to run for the Plate.

Another makes Racing a Trade,  
And dreams of his Projects to come;  
And many a crimp Match has made,  
By bubbing another Man's Groom.

The Townsfolk are Whiggish, God rot 'em,  
Their Hearts are but Loyal by fits;  
For if we should search to the bottom,  
They're nasty as their Streets.

But now all Hearts beware,  
See, see on yonder Downs,  
Beauty triumphs there,  
And at this distance wounds.

In the *Amazonian* Wars,  
Thus all the Virgins shone;  
Thus like glittering Stars,  
Paid Homage to the Moon.

Love proves a Tyrant now,  
And here does proudly dwell;  
For each stubborn Spirit must bow,  
He has found out a new way to kill:

For ne'er was invented before,  
Such Charms of additional Grace;  
Nor had Divine Beauty such Power,  
In every, in every fair Face.

Udsbows, cries my Country-man *John*,  
Was ever the like before seen?  
By Hats and the Feathers they'd on  
I took 'em all for Men:

Embroider'd and fine as the Sun,  
On Horses in Trappings of Gold,  
Such a Show I shall ne'er see again,  
Should I live to a hundred years old.

This, this, is the Country Discourse,  
All wond'ring at the rare sight,  
Then *Roger* go saddle my Horse,  
For I will be there to night.

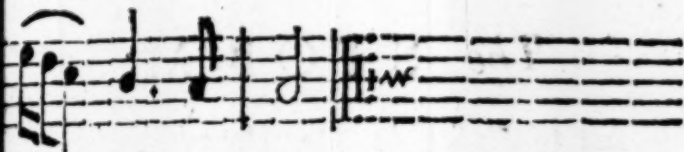


## LOVE UNBLINDED:

A New SONG, set to Musick by Mr. William Turner.







MY Life and my Death were once in your pow'r,  
 I languish'd each moment, and dy'd ev'ry hour;  
 now your ill usage has open'd my Eyes,  
 to free my poor Heart, and give others Advice:  
 Dissembling and Lies the Coquet may be won,  
 he that loves faithfully will be undone.

He was, false *Aurelia*, I thought you as bright  
 Angels adorn'd in the Glories of Light;  
 your Pride and Ingratitude now, I thank Fate,  
 have taught my dull Sense to distinguish the Cheat:  
 now I can see in your face no such Prize,  
 Charms in your Person, no Darts in your Eyes.

Oh, fain for your sake my Amours I would end,  
 the rest of my days give my Books, and my Friend;  
 another kind Fair calls me fool, to destroy,  
 the sake of one Jilt, my whole Life's greatest Joy:  
 tho' Friends, Wine, and Books, make Life's Dia-  
 [dem shine,  
 Love is the Jewel that makes it so fine.



**The STORM:***Set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell.*

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

59

CHORUS.



Farewell

**F**arewel ye Rocks, ye Seas, and Sands,  
 Green Neptune I despise;  
 I'll rather court the pleasant Strands,  
 Then all his watry Joys:  
 Inconstant Bliss our Fate beguiles,  
 The Sea like Love we find;  
 Where Calms are like fair Cynthia's Smiles,  
 And frowns like gusts of Wind.

## C H O R U S.

*Hear the noise of the Tarpawlian Boys;  
 Port, Port, Port,  
 Luff haul aft the Sheet is the Mariner's Wit:  
 A plague of their ignorant Prattle,  
 And send me to land, and send me to land,  
 Where I may command,  
 A pretty kind Wench,  
 A pretty kind Wench, and a Bottle.*

With all God's Miracles at Land  
 Let me acquainted be;  
 Let Fools that would understand,  
 Go find them out at Sea.  
 His mighty Works I'll praise on Shore,  
 And there his Blessings reap;  
 But from this moment seek no more,  
 His Wonders in the Deep.

C H O. *Port, Port, &c.*

The Merchant, when his Sails are furl'd,  
 Glides o're the foamy Main;  
 And ploughs with ease the watry World,  
 So great a Charm is Gain:  
 When Avarice has any Bounds,  
 If his contented were;  
 I'd wage a hundred thousand Pounds,  
 He never would come there.

C H O. *Port, Port, &c.*

Dialogue betwixt ALEXIS and SYLVIA:

Set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell.

S. It down my dear *Sylvia*,  
 And then tell me, tell me true,  
 When we the fierce pleasure of Passion first knew;  
 What Senses were charm'd,  
 And what Raptures did dwell,  
 Within thy fond Heart, my dear Nymph, prithee  
 [tell!  
 when thy Delights in their fulness are known,  
 I have the joy to relate all my own.

A. Oh fye, my *Alexis*!  
 How dare you propose,  
 To me silly Girl, things immodest as those!  
 Nice Candor and Modesty glow in my Breast,  
 Whose Virtue can utter no Words so unchast;  
 But if your impatience admits no delay,  
 Describe your own Raptures,  
 And teach me the way.

S. A pain mix'd with Pleasure my Senses first  
 [found,  
 When crouds of Delight strait my Heart did  
 [surround;  
 so transporting, I sigh'd when it was done:  
 Pain would renew, but alas! all was gone:  
 Nature was treacherous, when first she ment,  
 Treasure so precious so soon should be spent.

A. This free kind Confession does so much prevail,  
 That I in your bosom would blush out my Tale;  
 But Dearest, you know, 'tis too much to declare,  
 The Joys that our Souls, when united, do share.  
 This then suffice, if the Pleasure could last,  
 'Tint would leave Heav'n, still so to be blest.

On



On AUGUSTUS and SOPHRONIA:

Set to Musick by Senior Baptift. On King Charles  
the 11d. and the Dutcheſs of—

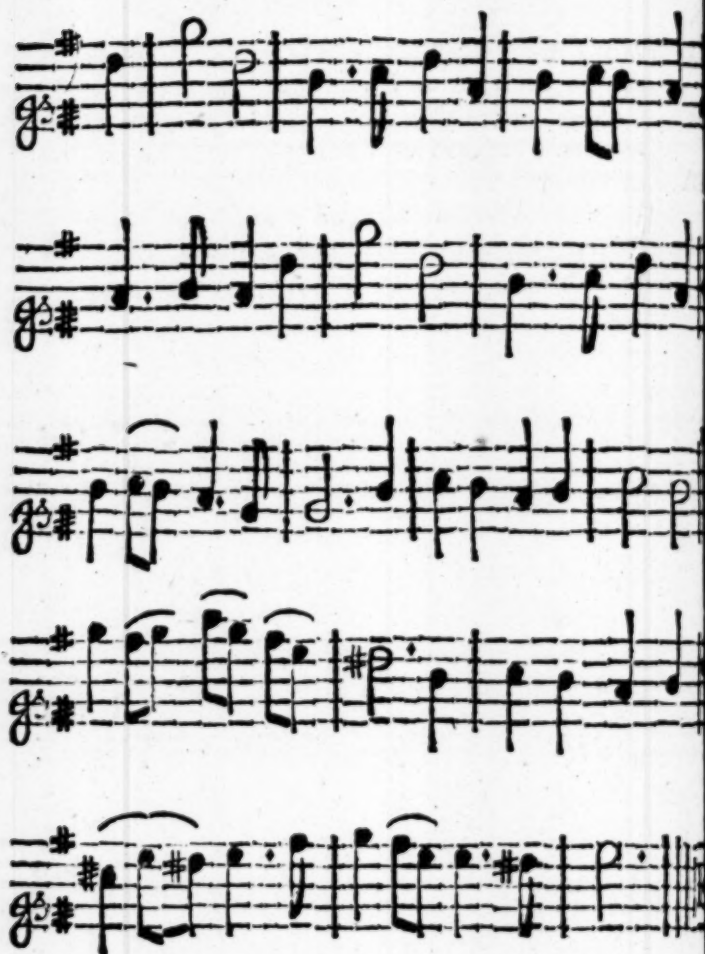


**A**ugustus crown'd with Majesty,  
His weighty Cares removing;  
Beheld his World, but nought could spy,  
Worth Royal Thought but Loving:  
A Synod of the Gods appear,  
And vote their Sacred Sence;  
That none but the divinest Fair,  
Should bless the greatest Prince.

*Sophronia* their Command obeys,  
*Sophronia* their chief Blessing ;  
 With Dove-like Innocence, her Face  
 Was sweet beyond expressing :  
 A Time commanding Beauty must,  
 While the World lasts, be fine ;  
 And when the World is shook to dust,  
 The Sun will cease to shine.

COQUET *New Moulded* : A New SONG.





**T** Ho' *Calia* Art you shew,  
 It must not pass upon me now ;  
 The bright Smiles grace your Brow,  
 Deceit has Gilded o'er  
 Your soft Words, when I woove,  
 To prove your Love is firm and true,  
 Depend on't never shall do,  
 Unless you grant me more :

You, Sharper-like, shew Wit,  
And cunningly all my Coyn you get,  
Throw false Dice when I Settle,  
And never play me fair;  
But now to overreach you,  
By a subtle care,  
I am resolv'd to teach you,  
To Play upon the Square.

You Sing, Dance, finely you Play,  
A thousand Pretty Things you say;  
And then in niggardly way,  
You give a Lenten Treat:  
The cold Taste favours your wish,  
And oft you highly praise the Dish;  
But I have hatred to fish,  
My Stomach craves some Meat.

Leave this Coquettish blind,  
The Subtlety of your Serpent kind;  
Plain dealing let me find,  
Attoning for late mishaps:  
My hungry Love in quiet,  
Can't be with Cordial Drops;  
It wants substantial Dyet,  
And cannot feed on Scraps.



*The Church Jockey, a Comick SATYR.  
Words made to a pretty Play-house Tune.*

**T**HE Parliament sate  
As snug as a Cat;  
In Old loyal Brome you may read,  
And ours in their House,  
Were as close as a Mouse,  
Legislating the Nation with Speed.

Peace sounded by Fame,  
Whether true, or a Shame,  
Still puzzled the People to know;  
But the Lottery went right,  
Which some thought a Bite,  
Tho' the Money at last came but slow.

The Price of Corn fell,  
And all Matters look'd well,  
For none State Proceedings could blame,  
When a hot headed Priest  
Gave a plaguy Diffast,  
That has put all the Town in a flame.

Whose raving uncount,  
Even foaming at Mouth  
Was Interest, as each one believes;  
Not a jot of true Zeal  
For the good Common-weal,  
But to get a good pair of lawn Sleeves.

St. Peter and Paul  
Gave with mildness a Call,  
To such as they found wanted Grace;  
But our Rabbi Lords,  
If you won't take their Words,  
Like the Furies, shall fly in your Face.

A-duce take their Chat,  
Can't they eat and grow fat,  
We know well their Stripends are large,  
But with jangling debates  
They must plague three Estates,  
Besides putting the Queen to such Charge.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

67

Yet this the New Case  
Of our Soul-mender was  
Rank in the *Tory* Affair;  
With his Tongue did so charm,  
(Heav'n keep us from Harm)  
As like to draw in my Lord M — r.

But my Lord having Grace,  
As you see in his Face,  
Trait to uphold him refuse,  
And at last being own'd,  
As a member renown'd  
A shift to slip out of the Noose.

In the good days of old,  
When the Doctrine worth Gold,  
Evout Congregations oblige;  
The Priest honour gain'd,  
If i'th' Church he might stand,  
Now they will ride on the Ridge.

Like Jockeys they whirr,  
With a whip and a Spurr,  
Ambitious designs mayn't be crost;  
Tho' by running at all,  
They oft lose by a fall,  
Blundering the wrong side the Post.

Ye Elders in black,  
Sober counsel pray take,  
Railing, for which y'are so fam'd;  
For if that be your way,  
You may Preach, you may pray,  
Wise ever heed, I'll be D — d.

For if they teach right,  
Jarring minds to unite,  
Angel-like, that man is blest;  
The contrary's good,  
That who stirs them to feud  
Devil must be of a Priest.

Lewis



*The Country SHEEP-SHEARING: Made to  
Watermens Dance.*



**J** Enney and Molly, and Dolly,  
When young Lambs were a Roaring;  
Robin and Willey, and Harry,  
Met all at a Sheep-Shearing:

Late

Lately a Match was made,  
Plump *Jane* of the Valley,  
Simper'd till Grace was said,  
With *Roger* the Jolly:  
*Hodg* the brisk and strong,  
Could well give her a Fairing;  
*Joan* the fresh and Young,  
The best at the Sheep-Shearing.

Kissing and Pressing, the Blessing  
Went round, none did resist 'em;  
Sherry, brown Berry and Perry,  
They drank till they bepist 'em:  
*Phillip* some Fish had brought,  
That newly were taken,  
*Kitt* too had Coleworts bought,  
For *Barnabys* Bacon,  
Curds and Cream Divine,  
The kind Lasses indearing,  
Never Feast so fine,  
Was known at a Sheep-shearing:

But whilst they trolling down derry,  
Were all Eating and Drinking;  
Never were Creatures so merry,  
Faith, to e'ry ones thinking;  
*Georgy* came Jumping in,  
Without any bidding,  
He had a Rival been,  
And swore at the Wedding,  
Cuffs and Kicks went round,  
No speaking or hearing,  
Thus in brawl was drown'd,  
Our Jolly Sheep-shearing.

*An ODE, On the King's happy Return  
from abroad: To a Schell of Mr. H.  
Purcell's.*





Rown your Bowls Loyal souls,  
 Caesar to his Home returns;  
 on the Shore, Cannons roar,  
 England Smiles and Holland mourns:  
 contents in Mischief failing,  
 oging notes now leave off railing;  
 the Vipers hide their stings,  
 ll, fill then high, proclaim, proclaim your joy;  
 now in a Chorus sing, welcome best of Kings,  
 Noble Boys here's to thee,  
 Look on my Glass and me,  
     Here's the way,  
     We this happy day,  
 Make as fam'd as the Jubilee,  
 Make as fam'd as the Jubilee.



LEWIS upon the fret; *A Satyrical*  
*upon the French King's buffing Threat on*  
*English Addresses: With some Remarks*  
*his Character.*

**L**ewis le Grand,  
 With Coquet *Maintenon*,  
 Upon a Bed of State were laid along,  
 One Hand around,  
 About his Neck was thrown,  
 The tother gently scratching his bald Crown;  
*London's News*  
 Just then perus'd,  
 He cry'd, *Le Diable*, was e'er seen such dam Abuse  
 Dat *Papier dere*  
 From *Angleterre*,  
 Foulieu *Addresse*,  
 Dat croud the *Presse*,  
 Begar make me de monster worst of Jews.

My Old Trick,  
 And noted Politick,  
 Dat what I vow and swear am sure to break;  
 Though 'tis true,  
 Vat have de Mob to do,  
*'Avec les Rois*, and State *Affaire Morbleau*;  
 Laws me take,  
 Or else forsake,  
*Comme proprement le fine* of my Designs dey make  
 Dam gilling Whore,  
*Et Louis d'or*  
 Dat bubl'd le langue  
 Des *Parliament*,  
 Jernie make two Fool of late King *Charle* and *J*

*Charle* and de Queen,  
*Louis* and *Mazarine*,  
 Still play'd de Game where I was sure to win,  
 He feed de Ducks,  
 And speak de merry Jokes,  
 Whilst I was building Ships with *Englisch Oakes*;

*Jaque* dat reign'd,  
 De next I gain'd,  
 my shaven Crowns his Purse and Senses drain'd,  
 'Till like a Sot,  
 I turn'd Bigot,  
 And for de Fault  
 Away must trot,  
 when de whole Brood begar me have maintain'd.

Now mark de Jest,  
 Old *Jaque* is gone to rest,  
 I have make de King of my Welch Guest,  
 Tho' some dat speak  
 Of dat *Italian* Trick,  
 'twear his true Papa did make de Brick;  
 Be't what 'twill,  
 Good or Ill,  
 w, dis is de way for him to pay my Bill:  
 And now dey rore,  
 Like Son of Whore,  
 And make Address  
 Dat scratch my Face,  
 ; ill chastise 'em, *Morbleu*, me will.

Scarce had de Boast  
 From *France* come over Post,  
 he de *Blenheim* Field to *Marlborough* lost,  
 And soon again,  
*Rammille* and *Turin*,  
 Victory conclude de glorious Campaign,  
 Whish sad Blow  
 Perplex'd him so,  
 , Jilt Fortune now is turn'd my Foe,  
*Marsin* is dead,  
*Bavarre* is fled,  
 (Here *Maintenon*)  
 Vat must be done,  
 n, be L'Emperour le *Diable* know when.



*The Franck Lover; a New SONG.*



Eareft believe without a Refervation,  
 What neither Time nor Fate shall e'er controul;  
 you but kind and constant to your Passion,  
 No stormy chance shall e'er disturb my Soul;  
 Grief, the bane to Lovers pleasures,  
 far from our Hearts for ever we'll remove;  
 full Joy, what Mortal then can measure,  
 happy in my charming *Mufidora's* Love.

When with a Friend abroad I take a Bottle,  
 Over your *Tea* regale with who you can;  
 If you find me with a Vizard prattle,  
 Do you the same with any other Man;  
*Chloe's* Face when Ogling I shew Passion,  
 'Tis all but feign'd, I can ne'er inconstant be;  
 When at large I tope the red Potation,  
 I will but more inflame my Heart with Love of thee.

*The National Quarrel; a New BALLAD*

me a Welch Runt, and Hans a Dutch Boor,  
 As they one Ev'ning for Air did employ;  
 And Teague and Sawney just walking before,  
 A bonny Scotch Loon, and an Irish dear Joy:  
 By all four ne'er saw a Windmill,  
 Nor had they heard of any such Name;  
 As they were walking, and merrily talking,  
 Happen'd by chance to a Windmill they came.

The Chorus goes to the last Part of the Tune.

Hey down derry, ho down derry,  
 Mirth is better than Sorrow by half;  
 Listen to my Ditty, 'tis merry, 'tis Witty,  
 And if ye an't Sullen 'twill make ye Laugh.

And, cry'd Sawney, what do ye caw \* that?  
 To tell its good Name I am at a loss;  
 He then readily answer'd the Scot,  
 My Creeshr, my dear Joy, 'tis St. Patrick's Cross:  
 Sons, cry'd Sawney, y'are mistaken,  
 For 'tis St. Andrew's Cross that I swear;  
 There is his Bonnet, and Plad lying on it,  
 The muckle gud Saint did at Edinborough wear.  
 Sawney, Sawney, weel said Sawney,  
 This Affair Sawney notably hit;  
 Let aw discover that pass the Tweed over,  
 If Scotland e're bred so bonny a Wit.

With a Belch gave vent in his turn,  
 Jek sall now spraeken den vaght it dos mean;  
 In odds Sacrament a grought Dutch Churne,  
 And they are now making the Butter within:  
 His device so tickled his fancy,  
 He swore by the States he'd go in for some;  
 To sell his blue Jerkin, but he'd have a Firkin,  
 To carry his Wife and his Family home.

\* Pointing to the Windmill. † Mimicks Dutch.

Hogan, Hogan, Mogan, Mogan,  
 Sooterkin Hogan, Herring Vandunck;  
*For as it happen'd the Miller with's Cap on,*  
*He thought a fat Free, a white Dairy Punk,*

Hot pated *Shone* cry'd splut and look'd pig,  
 You fools was alter your minds when hur speak  
 St. Taffy cawd this her crete Whirligig,  
 And made it to scare away Crows from her Leck  
 Proof to shew, see where they Crow,  
 Then pointed his Finger over the hedge,  
 Where Nettles and Thistles, with Prickles & Bristles  
 Grew thick in a field grown over with sedge.  
*Shone ap Shinkin Rise ap Tavy,*  
*Shentlemen Kindred aw come away;*  
*Tomas ap Morgan swear loud as an Organ,*  
*And pawn all your Honours to what hur does say*

By good St. Patrick, Teague once more replies,  
 I say 'tis his Cross, for there is his Coat;  
 I met him in Dublin a buying the Frize,  
 And gud I will swear, 'tis the same that he bore  
 He's a better Shaint then ever Holland, or Walsh, or Scow  
 (can be)

And by my Showlwasson he was my Relation,  
 And had for stout Teague great kindness indeed.  
*Lero, lero, lero, lero,*  
*Lilly Burlero Bullen a-la;*  
*By my Showlwasson he was my Relation,*  
*Chreesht save thy sweet Face St. Patrick Agra.*

Each gave his mind, but neither agreed,  
 The *Welshman* grows hot, and the *Irishman* huffs;  
 The bonny bold Scot told the *Dutchman* he ly'd,  
 A Word and a Blow, and so all went to Cuffs:  
 Coats were torn, and Heads were broken,  
 Noses were Mawl'd, and Thumping went round  
 But in a while after, were forc'd to give quarter,  
 And so went four Fools well beaten to Town.  
*Coats were torn, &c.*

*An ODE,*

*dedicated to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.*

*Set to Musick in two Parts.*

*ALBA* Victorious, *Alba* fam'd in story,  
Still renown'd rightful Glory;  
A Triumphant, Princes can Enthroned,  
And of their Lawful own:  
Her Genius bright is soaring,  
Confirm'd to her restoring.

His Heroes conquer there,  
Nobly one beyond compare;  
That wonders he was Born,  
To make blest, an Age forlorn:  
To make his Native Land at home,  
The Alliance of all *Christendoms*.

As his sprightly Infancy was still inur'd to harms,  
Was his Noble figure still adorn'd with double charms;  
His gracious Aspect to subdue the Fair,  
And Manly vigour to controul in War:  
To crown the whole with blest Successes stor'd,  
And wisely his Conduct still, and keen as Fate his  
(Sword.





## PUSS in a Corner :

*A New SONG, to a pretty New Tune made  
a Man of Quality.*





**T**O Cullies and Bullies  
Of Country and Town,  
To Wearers and Tearers  
Of Manteau and Gown ;

Christian good People, that live round *Paul's* Steeple :

I'll tell you a pleasant Case:

Hot headed I wedded

At Age of threescore,

A flaunting young Wanton,

Eighteen and no more ;

Parents I sought her, and Money soon bought her,

I well might have had more Grace ;

For daily at Table

She'd pout and She'd squabble,

And this still was all I got ;

When e're I ask'd why,

She'd cry pish, fie,

For Gold nor Apparel

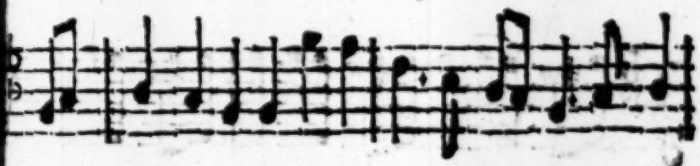
I never did Quarrel,

But only you starve my Cat.

## PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

A pretty young Kitty,  
 She had that could Purr ;  
 'Twas gamefome and handsome,  
 And had a rare Furr ;  
 And straight up I took it, and offer'd to stroake it,  
 In hopes I should make it kind :  
 But lowting and powting,  
 It still was to me,  
 Tho' Nature the Creature,  
 Design'd should be free,  
 I play'd with its Whiskers and would have had discom  
 But ah! it was dumb and blind :  
 When *Cloris* unquiet, who knew well its do  
 And found that I wanted that :  
 Cry'd pray, Run, fetch *John*,  
 He's the Man that can,  
 When it does need it,  
 Best knows how to feed it,  
 Or gad you will starve my Cat.

As fleet as my Feet  
 Could convey me I sped,  
 To *Johnny* who many  
 Times Pussley had fed ;  
 I told him my Errand, he wanted no Warrant,  
 But hasted to shew his skill :  
 He took it to stroak it,  
 And close in his Lap,  
 He laid it to feed it,  
 And gave it some Pap,  
 And with such a passion it took the Collation,  
 Its Belly began to fill ;  
 And now within door is, so merry my *Cloris*,  
 She Laughs and grows wonderous Fat :  
 And I run for *John*,  
 Who's the Man that can,  
 Tho' I'm at distance,  
 Give present assistance,  
 To please her, and feed her Cat.

*The Loyal SCOT:**the King's New Health, to a Scotch Tune.*



OW the ground is hard Froze, and cawd Winter  
 (is come,  
 our Master great *Willy* from *Holland's* got home;  
 the Parliament Leards are set down to command,  
 gang o're the *Tweed* into bonny *England*:  
 ft heard of *Willy* in *Edinburgh* Town,  
 his muckle great Deeds, and his gallant Renown;  
 ne'er saw his Face yet, nor kifs'd his fair Hand,  
 se gang for that Honour to bonny *England*.

ave us in season he cross'd o'er the Seas,  
 n'd out Popish Rats that were Eating our Cheese;  
 ev'd us from *Rome* when we aw were trapann'd,  
 as weel he came hither for bonny *England*:  
 Fought for our Freedom, and finish'd the work,  
 rooted out Mass, and he Licens'd the Kirk;  
 Peace too secur'd spight of all durst withstand,  
 th' Profit and Honour of bonny *England*.

Valourously, Valourously Life did expose,  
 en generously, generously Guard him from Foes;  
 mear o'th' Army send heam and disband,  
 Deaughty Law makers of bonny *England*:  
 merry, merry be, very merry ye Lads of *Whit-Hall*,  
 g derry, derry down, derry, derry down, derry,  
 (derry down all;  
 to Royal *Willy* take six in a Hand,  
 Jolly brave Topers of bonny *England*.





## A New SONG.

*Made on the Nine and Twentieth of May  
the raising the Maypole at—— in honour  
the Memory of K. Charles the Second's Re-  
stitution, and of the present Peace made by  
Sacred Majesty Queen A N N E; In  
Movements.*

**F**Lora, beauteous Queen of May,  
All the spritely, fair and gay,  
Summons this auspicious Day,  
Here to act a Scene of Joy,  
Ancient as the Siege of Troy,  
So long renown'd in Story;  
Grateful on a double score,  
Since 'tis known in Times of Yore,  
This blest Day did *Charles* restore,  
And rais'd Triumphant *England's* Glory.

So in *Anna's* happy Reign  
Glorious, far as flows the Main,  
We a second Blessing gain;  
Peace, our welcome Easer comes,  
Round us verdant Olive blooms:  
This Day once more renowning,  
Peace should all with Joy inspire,  
May it prove what we desire,  
Praise shall charm each tuneful Lyre,  
And Doubt for ever cease from frowning.

[*Second Movement* ; swift.]

Then come merry boys,  
Sing, dance, and rejoyce,  
The May-pole let's raise  
In honour of Peace,  
And gratefully using the Blessings in store,  
Remember the Rites of the Day heretofore.

As *Philida* and *Johnny*  
 With Kisses sweet as Honey,  
 And others brisk and bonny,  
 loud their Joy at *Charles's* Restauration:  
 So let young *George* and *Jenny*,  
 And Lads and Lasses many,  
 To Peace, and Royal Nanny,  
 be the same, and crown the blest Occasion.



## The Pigg's MARCH.

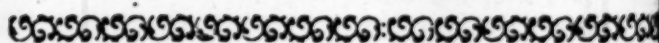
SONG for *Mr. Dogget*, in the Comical  
 O P E R A.

Looping with bold Commanders,  
 Dub, dub a dub, dub a dub, dub, dub,  
 To charge our Foes,  
 In Frost and Snows,  
 h hopes of Plunder big,  
 as we march'd thro' *Flanders*,  
*Tantarra, rarra, tantarra*,  
 Hunger and Cold  
 Having made me bold,  
 Knapsack I cramm'd a Pig a,  
 Weeck, Weeck, Weeck, squeak'd the Pig,  
 Ogh, Ogh, grunts the Sow,  
 And tho' swift away I fly,  
 Yet she ran too as fast as I,  
 wring into an Alehouse,  
 dub, dub a dub, dub a dub, dub, dub,  
 Where I for Shot  
 Paid many a Pot,  
 many had left on Score  
 ongst my Comrades and Fellows;  
*Tantarra, rarra, tantarra*,

Scarce

Scarce with my Prize  
 Had I blest their Eyes,  
 But the Sow too was at the Door,  
*Weeck, Weeck, Weeck,* squeaks the Pig,  
*Ogh, Ogh, Ogh,* grunts the Sow,  
 Such Noises never heard before,  
 Set the House in a foul uproar.

*Mawdlin* the bouncing Hostess,  
*Dub, dub a dub, dub a dub, dub, dub,*  
 Presently puffing came,  
 With a Face inflam'd,  
 And as red as a Rump of Beef,  
 Threatens me with a Justice,  
*Tantara, rara, tantarra,*  
 'Till flat on the Ground,  
 I thump'd her down,  
 For daring to call me Thief,  
*Then Weeck, Weeck,* loud she squeak'd,  
 Then *Ogh, Ogh,* like the Sow,  
 'Till at last in the woful fray,  
 My Pig too got quite away.



## A New S O N G.

Set to Musick by Mr. Thomas Farmer.





Hy! why! oh ye Pow'rs that rule the Sky!

Must the lovesick *Damon* dye?

When the Nymph is at ease, he admires;

She that causes my groaning,

And kills with frowning,

Love her hard Heart could never inspire:

Leave me to pain, still since 'tis in vain,

To persuade, or change the fair cruel Maid,

Men gazing on the Sun,

Too much Light am blind.

As the tender moving Sighs,

When longing Lovers meet;

The divining Prophets wife,

And like blown Roses sweet:

Soft, yet gay; reserv'd, yet free;

Each happy Night a Bride;

Hein-like awful Majesty,

And yet no spark of Pride.

Patriarch, to gain a Wife,

Fast, beautiful, and young,

And fourteen Years a painful Life,

And never thought 'em long.

Were you to reward such Cares,

And Life so long could stay;

Fourteen, but four hundred Years,

Could seem but as one Day.

## A Satyrical DITTY.

*Being the Poet's and Musician's Complaint of the Lord Scrape, occasion'd by his hindring Performance of a Musical ODE, made in Honour of King GEORGE, and set by Pepusch, as well as other tuneful Entertainments in the Hall on the great Coronation Day. The Words made to a pretty Scotch Tune, call'd, The Lads with the Golden*

**K**ING GEORGE was crown'd with much Glory  
And wonderful Joy did flow,  
But yet I'll tell you a Story,  
Will scandalize all the Show:  
The Peers, those Props of the Nation,  
In order all took their Post,  
The Parties quite thro' the Nation,  
That Day neither gain'd, nor lost.

## CHORUS.

*But great Lord Scrape was a Winner,  
Some threescore Pounds, or more,  
For the King had no Musick at Dinner,  
The like never known before.*

*'Apollo strictly commanded,  
And Muses their Duty shew'd,  
The Poet too had intended  
To publish a Royal Ode;  
The Masters all had a meeting,  
With Voice, and Treble, and Bass:  
But great Lord Scrape thought it fitting  
To let out for hire their place.  
For he that hop'd to be Winner  
Of Threescore Pounds, or more,  
Let the King have no Musick at Dinner,  
The like was ne'er known before.*

Sheriff of the Town half fluster'd,  
 re's daily a tuneful Noise,  
 the Mayor sits down to his Custard,  
 th Musick to raise his Joys;  
 each dull Feast in the City  
 e Fiddlers will largely pay,  
 the King had no Musick nor Ditty,  
 his Coronation Day;  
 great Lord Scrape would be winner  
 Threescore Pounds, and more,  
 King had no Consort at Dinner,  
 like was never before.

which confounded Abuses,  
 all that write, play, or sing,  
 still be scorn'd by the Muses,  
 well as the Court and King:  
 send his Wife more Caresses,  
 r Beauty was prais'd of late,  
 nought but the Horn that she places  
 n suit his unmusical Pate;  
 great Lord Scrape would be winner  
 Threescore Pounds and more,  
 the King had no Musick at Dinner,  
 ever the like before.

the chief Diversion neglected,  
 e row the true Reason find,  
 a Musick can be expected  
 om one of his Tory kind;  
 e resolv'd to be Winner  
 Threescore Pounds, and more,  
 e King had no Musick at Dinner,  
 ever the like before.



# The KING's Health,

*An ODE; Perform'd before His Majesty  
William at Montague-house. The V  
made to an Excellent Tune of Mr. Peasible*



PILLS to *Purge Melancholy.*

93





al English Boys, sing and Drink with pleasure,  
 Bid your happy Land banish former fears;  
 in your Joys, give your Cups full measure,  
 for's Fate commands all our future Years.

and he govern the Affairs below here,  
 and Sea own the force of their united power;  
 found Fame, through the spacious Universe his  
 Name will for ever be the best in story. (glory,

w, follow, follow Sons of Mars,  
 ight Trophies of Honour reward ye;  
 w, follow, follow to the Wars,  
 av'n still will Guard ye,  
 ough the spacious Element of Air.

ark, hark! how each Voice is extolling,  
 ow they Eccho from afar proud France is falling;  
 nce, France is falling, France, France is falling,  
 e will soon, will soon, soon tumble down.

ass, how frail is Human pow'r;  
 ded on the moving Sands of vain Ambition,  
 hen perhaps the next sad hour  
 ants feel the dreadful stroak of Revolution.

how Happy then were England's jolly Swains,  
 t liv'd here at ease, when Caesar took the Pains?  
 is the Star of our Renown,  
 esar is our safety and our Wealth;  
 then, fill up mighty Bowls all Europe round,  
 nd Kneel, and Drink his Health.

about the Royal Bumper round,  
 O still to Godlike Caesar sing;  
 ilst repeating Eccho's have no other sound,  
 ut long, long live the King,  
 ong, long, long live the King.

## A SONG.

*Set to Musick by Dr. Crofts.*

YE pretty Birds that Chirp and sing,  
 Ye Trees and Plants that bud and grow,  
 Ye fragrant Flowers that bless the Spring,  
 Tell me whence comes it you do so hark,  
 They answer, 'tis Cælestial Fire,  
 The Gods call Love, the Gods call Love,  
 That does us all inspire.

That Sacred Flame that sweetly charms  
 My Soul, when lovely Cynthia sings,  
 That all Creations Labour warms,  
 And Nature to Perfection brings:

The buisy, useles Sun may cease to shine,  
 'Tis Love, 'tis Love, that sheds the Influence divine,  
 Then Lovers love on, and get Heaven betimes,  
 He that loves well atones for the worst of his Crimes,  
 Jove locks up his Gate on the sordid and Base,  
 But the generous Lover is sure of a place;  
 And the Nymph her Elizium need question no more,  
 When her Saint has a Key that can open the Door.



*The Country Lads.*

A New S O N G.

Far *Jemmy* when he sees me upon a Holiday,  
 When bonny Lads are easy, and all a dancing be  
 Tiptoes are in fashion, and Loons will jump  
 [ and play,  
 he too takes Occasion to leer and ogle me,  
 Kifs my Hand with squeezing, whene'er he takes  
 [ my part,

But with each Kifs  
 He crowns my Bliss,  
 him at my Heart.

ockey with his Cattle, and pamper'd Bags of Coyn,  
 ave poor *Jemmy*. Battle, whom feth I wish were  
 [ mine,  
 ls me he is richer, and I shall ride his Mare,  
*Jemmy's* but a Ditcher, and can no Money spare;  
 elladay, my Fancy thinks more of *Jemmy's* Suit,  
 I take no Pride  
 To Kirk to ride,  
 ng with him a Foot.





*Memorials of London and Westminster;  
Comical SATYR. The Words made to a  
mous Tune, call'd, Cook Laurel.*



**C**ome hither all you that love musical Sport  
Ye Dons of the City, and Beaus of the Court  
I'll give ye a touch of my Lyrical Vein,  
If you value plain Dealing shall entertain:

#### CHORUS.

*Oh London, consider the blest Days of old,  
When Labour brought Plenty, and Trading brought  
When Ten Thousand Pounds was a King's Daughter  
And Beef was a Feast on a Lord-Mayor's Day.*

I sing ye no News of what's won, or what's lost  
Abroad, or what Wonders came over last Post  
Our Wars here are ended, and Peace now attends  
That Plague is blown off to the Northern Winds  
Then welfare the Court, and our Parliament-Men  
Our Patrons at the Helm, who are now, or have been  
Whilst th' Sword, Law, and Clergy, take Glasses  
A Health to our King, to our Church and Land.

Muse of the Gentry now chants out her Lay,  
 Much of the City Wits to by the way ;  
 Shews in a Comical Method unus'd,  
 Three Generations have both produc'd ;  
 London, *consider*, &c.

Citizen he for his Son buys up Lands,  
 Pop grows extravagant, drinks, whores and spends,  
 And dwindling at last the Estate is decay'd,  
 His sneaking Heir forc'd to take a Trade ;  
 In *welfare the Court*, &c.

Brisk City Dames too the Courtier oft gets,  
 Wittals still wrigate into their Estates,  
 The Offspring degrade from the Gentleman's Stem,  
 At tothers turn Courtiers, and cuckold them ;  
 London, *consider*, &c.

Difference so little then lyes on Record,  
 At those of the Apron, and those of the Sword,  
 Canvaſs their Humours from great to the small,  
 Sprung from Old *Adam*, the Gardener all ;  
 In *welfare the Court*, &c.

Noblemen, Commoners, Lawyers, and Priests,  
 Daily may find in the Court of Requests,  
 Buzzing about in that great Hive of Bees,  
 Different Intentions to lade their Thighs ;  
 In *welfare the Court*, &c.

News is the query, what Factions oppose,  
 Places are vacant, and when the King goes ;  
 Far he has Power in the Grants of his Land,  
 If they may take without Reprimand ;  
 In *welfare the Court*, &c.

Now, as 'tis reason, let's cry up each House,  
 Justice late done a great Peer and his Spouse,  
 — from the Bar a brisk Batchelor's gone,  
 He's a pure Virgin for all Sir John ;  
 In *welfare the Court*, &c.

The City's disturb'd too, and Anger does rowle  
 About an Elopement of one from her Spouse,  
 What Wives are cry'd down, and what happens the  
 You'll certainly hear in the next Post-Man;  
*Then welfare the Court, &c.*

And now we're in *London* let's pass this Affair,  
 And praise the good Prætor now sits in the Chair,  
 Tho' stubborn Opinions late pester'd the Hall,  
 Our Orthodox Party now graces *St. Paul's*;  
*Oh London, consider, &c.*

Not so was \* *Sir Numps*, whom I owe an old Score  
 For basely affronting me once at his Door;  
 The Poet was routed because of his Pen,  
 For fear he should lampoon his Tribe within;  
*Oh London, consider, &c.*

The Chandelers he mawl'd, and the Bakers he fir'd  
 Damn'd Rogues he conniv'd at, the Beggars he hir'd  
 The Meeting fill'd, and by Law made it out,  
 But the honest old Custard Cap fac'd about;  
*Oh London, consider, &c.*

But now we all hope we shall see a glad Day,  
 When *Church* and *Dissenters* in Union obey;  
 The City's well Ruler his Time well employs,  
 In a Work that would make all the Land rejoice  
*Oh London, consider, &c.*

Our Sheriff had late in his Scutcheon a Blot,  
 By some who imagin'd his Purse was too fat;  
 The Scale was just turn'd up by one honest Peer  
 The Poor else had lost a good Friend this Year  
*Then welfare the Court, &c.*

---

\* *Sir H. E.*

Colleague too, who is oft given to treat  
Country Men *Britains* with Wine and good Meat,  
ate an odd Compliment, scarce for his Ease,  
touching the Province of Leeks and Cheese;  
*welfare the Court, &c.*

next let us give the Exchange a dry Bob,  
the Fools manage Bargains by way of Stock-jobb,  
all their whole Profit at last they will find,  
may put in their Eyes, and yet ne'er be blind;  
London, *consider, &c.*

Companies, who so much Bustle have made,  
has the best Right in *East-India* to trade,  
one, a Success that they ever might boast,  
waiting the Tyger most wisely lost;  
London, *consider, &c.*

other who jocundly laugh'd at that sport,  
lately too baulk'd of their Fancy at Court;  
king who for Union had set down his Rules,  
not bid 'em quarrel no more like Fools;  
*welfare the Court, &c.*

thus I think proper to finish my Shew,  
now methinks *Pegasus* gallops but slow;  
al and wise, and like Friends all agree,  
Airs are \* safe by your Fleet at Sea;  
*welfare the Court and our Parliament-Men,*  
*Patrons at Helm, who are now, or have been;*  
*the Sword, Law, and Clergy take Glasses in hand,*  
*Health to our King, our Church and Land.*

---

\* *Bishop of Salisb.*

## The New Windsor BALLAD

*The Muse complaining and making Satyrical marks upon Sir Jan Brazen, a Man in Office there. The Words made in Imitation of the famous Ballad of King Arthur and his Knights viz. St. George he was for England, &c.*







To mend this damn'd Complection then I'd have

For if the Flame increases still 'twill shortly burn  
[ get it so

And then each Pen that dips in Ink will scrawl in  
[ To  
On Sir Jan, Sir Jan, &c.  
[ Ab

*The rest treat all Men civilly, &c.*

This Knight but little is we find oblig'd to Name  
[ C

In Youth a nauseous flashy Fop, in elder Days a Be  
[ wh  
Who if he is not burnishing thinks he all's Time  
[ ing  
For Sir Jan, Sir Jan, &c.  
[ e  
[ to

*The rest treat all Men civilly, &c.*

He freely told his Friends at Court no Place for  
[ w

But where he still might cram his Mace, and have  
[ ou

And now he sits from Morn to Night, and gorges  
[ use of W  
Where Sir Jan, Sir Jan, &c.  
[ he spe  
[ was

*The rest treat all Men civilly, &c.*

Instead of Conversation good that should be the  
[ gra  
[ Mir

He eats and drinks, and puffs and stinks in honour  
[ sen  
[ the Que

And if he's ever civil, 'tis to those with ruby Her  
[ he  
But Sir Jan, Sir Jan, &c.  
[ He

*The rest treat all Men civilly, &c.*

So Knight farewell, and prithee hast down to C  
[ Nick thy Und

Where thou a Title new shalt have, *The Knight of*  
[ Carbu

'Tis thine as soon as of thy coming there they be  
[ the Ne

Because Jan, Sir Jan, no Dinner gave a Muse;  
[ the Ne

*The rest treat all Men civilly, Sir Jan he has no Sen*  
Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

SONG in a New Opera: *The Words*  
*Alluding to the happy Conjugal Love be-*  
*tween Her Majesty, and the P—— of*  
*Denmark.*

*Mirtillo* Darling of kind Fate,  
 Dear *Mirtillo*, good as great;  
 what's wond'rous as 'tis true,  
 ing of my People too:  
 ever has been known,  
 to me, and Me alone.

My pledges of our Love,  
 and since receiv'd by *Jove*;  
 our Constant passion strong,  
 and perfect as 'twas long:  
 what most my Joy did crown,  
 was Mine, and Mine alone.

grand Cares disturb'd my peace,  
*Mirtillo* gave me ease;  
 he Sick, I lost all Joy,  
 he Well, still so was I:  
 what's dearer than My Throne,  
 He was, and Mine alone.



Gloriana's *Resentment*, for her Lord's going  
often to the Wars.

## A S O N G.





High Renown and Martial Glory,  
 Fate all owes this happy Year,  
 fill the Leaves of *Britain's* Story,  
*Victoria* lays before ye Oaken Boughs,  
 m'd into Wreathes to crown great *Strephen's* Brows;  
 Yet though Wars alarming  
 safe the Sons of Fame,  
 Conquest too be charming,  
 ending *Strephen's* Name;  
 Fear blasts my Joys,  
 And fills with Tears my Eyes,  
 To know and grieve me,  
 He so soon must leave me.



*A Welcome to the Happy Peace,*

## A New SONG.



NOW comes joyful Peace,  
And happy Days the Times will turn,  
Nor shall we mourn  
In Doubt forlorn,  
But live at Ease.  
Drums and Trumpets sounds,  
With War and Wounds,  
That us'd to rore,  
And soil with Gore,  
The *Flemish* Shore,  
All now must cease;  
Fate does smile at last,  
Whilst we find Joy  
Attoning for the Troubles past.

When the *German* Head,  
His Eagle spread,  
With *Spanish* Loggs,  
And *Hogan* Hoggs,  
With all their Froggs  
Seem to oppose;  
We who still advise  
With some as wise,  
If Queens can tell,  
What Heads excell,  
And counsel well,  
Must think 'em Foes.  
Fears will end at last,  
Whilst we find Joy  
Attoning for the Troubles past.





## The Female Quarrel:

Or a Lampoon upon Phillida and Chloris.  
 Words made to the Tune of a Country Dance  
 call'd, A Health to Betty.



OF all our modern Storys  
 To Minuets sung, or Borees,  
 None stir the Mood,  
 As late the Feud,  
 'Twixt *Phillida* and *Chloris*.

Two Lasses brisk and young, Sir,  
 And dear Companions long, Sir,  
 As News now goes,  
 Turn mortal Foes,  
 About a bawdy Song, Sir.

'Twas *Phillida* the Airy,  
 Well fac'd, but wondrous hairy,  
 This Sonnet sent,  
 With kind Intent,

To make her Neighbour merry.

*Chloris* on th' Occasion,  
 wing Reputation  
 Was stabb'd and gor'd,  
 And prick'd and bor'd,  
 broke out into Passion.

*Chloris.*

Now thou hast been watching,  
 this Affront been hatching,  
 Long time with Shame  
 To blast my Fame,  
 hinder me from matching.

proud, ill Nature,  
 ch flights each Creature,  
 Yet all suppose,  
 In Corner close,  
 Doxy likes Man better.

tho' you seem'd to drive all,  
 of Embrace deprive all,  
 Old thirty five  
 Had got a Wife,  
 for the Lap-dog Rival.

tion had been dawning,  
 he e'er this been spawning,  
 Like Am'rous Frog,  
 Had not Sir Dog  
 licking charm'd, and fawning.

Fortune was his Debtor,  
 since has sped him better,  
 Whilst frekish Shrew,  
 And foolish Beau,  
 on the Wedlock Fetter.

tho' you think there's scarce one  
 me to wipe mine A—— on,  
 To purge my Sins,  
 And buy me Pins,  
 nig'd an Old Parson.

My

My Coach he does provide too,  
 In which at Ease we ride too,  
     Whilst you can't eat,  
     You lace so strait,  
 To shew a Shape as I do.

This Lash that deep did come Sir,  
 Poor *Philly* cut so home Sir,  
     She swell'd her Lungs,  
     And vow'd her Wrongs  
 Not longer should be dumb Sir,

Ye Jilt, she cry'd, what Pother  
 You make your Tricks to smother,  
     If any Wrong  
     Be in the Song,  
 Go home and ask your Mother.

It might, though you are fullen,  
 Be sung by *Anna Bullen*,  
     Ask Father *Wife*,  
     That Bedrid lyes,  
 Or else dear Draper *Woolen*.

Whose Yard, when she's at leisure,  
 Is us'd her Cloth to measure,  
     And often try'd,  
     Sometimes for Pride,  
 And sometimes for her Pleasure.

Enquire of Husband *Testy*,  
 Or Son-in-Law that kiss'd ye,  
     Who boldly swears  
     He'll get him Heirs,  
 Whene'er his Dad grows resty.

For Learning well may lack too  
 A Gullife for the Back too,  
     And ne'er prevail,  
     To cure thy Ail,  
 Tho' he's both Priest and Quack too.

Same no more is reaching,  
you will dance with teaching,  
As much you'll get  
With your splay Feet,  
with bungling Preaching.

recept, or his Potion,  
e to give a Motion,  
Yet all his Skill  
You'll find is still,  
er, and empty Notion.

thus concludes the Tattle,  
o'er the Town did rattle,  
Two Days, perhaps,  
If they relapse,  
bring it to a Battle.



*Mr.*

Mr. DOGGETT's 2d Song  
in the Comick Opera.



Undun  
As  
I a J  
e'er  
die th  
tump  
mine  
thou  
him r  
ding  
g, din  
Nose v  
oodly  
lam'd  
ause t  
et we  
ere fo



*Ondunga* was as feat a Jade,  
 As e'er was in our Town;  
 A Jolly lusty Lad,  
 e'er mow'd Clover down:  
 For three Years we ty'd the Knot,  
 Thumping Hearts went pit, pit pat,  
 Mine so pleas'd with you know what,  
 Thought of nothing else:  
 Whim wham, *whim wham, whim wham sing,*  
 Ding dong, *ding dong, ding dong ding,*  
 Ding dong rung the Bells.

Nose was long, and stood awry,  
 Goodly fruitful sign;  
 Nam'd I rotten Teeth close by,  
 Cause the case was mine:  
 Feet were Splay, my Leggs were Warpt,  
 Were so match'd we never Carpt,

Whilst



Whilst merrily Blind Tom that Harp'd,  
In Tune our story tells:

*Sing whim wham, whim wham, whim wham sing,  
Whilst ding dong, ding dong, ding dong ding,  
Ding, ding dong rung the Bells.*

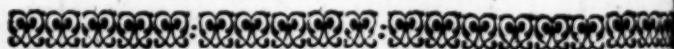
Brave times were these, but ah! how soon,  
Do Wedlock Comforts fall;

The days that then were hony Moon,  
Are Wormwood now and Gall:

Her Tongue clacks louder then a Mill,  
No longer do we Bufs or Bill,

But Jangle like two Fiends of Hell,  
Broke out from flaming Cells:

*And whim wham, whim wham, whim wham sing,  
Nor ding dong, ding dong, ding dong ding,  
No longer ring the Bells.*



*The Second S O N G in the Second A c t ; Sung  
one Representing Hymen. Set by Mr. Co  
tivil.*





HERE is *Hymen*, here am I,  
Some Mens Grief, and some Mens Joy ;  
's for Better and for Worfe,  
y Bles, and many Curse.

der Virgins soft and young,  
that to be Mothers long ;  
ny aid Love's raptures try,  
your Blushes, save your blushes,  
your Blushes and enjoy.

*A New DIALOGUE: Set to the Tune of  
vililly Man. Between Tom fitch the T  
and Kate Stroaker Dairy-maid: To be sung  
Mr. Pinkethman, and Mrs. Willis, He  
rying a pair of Shears, and she her K  
work.*



*Tom.* **B**Right Honour provokes me, farewell jolly  
For to morrow I must to the Wars beg  
Such noble Cunnundrums do buz in my Pa  
I must lay by my Shears, and turn Gentle

*Kate.* You promis'd me Marriage, you scoundrel ye  
And swore by your Goose, it should soon be d

*Tom.* What, do as the Taylors do, Heaven forbid  
I must now break my Oath, like a Gentle

*Kate.* Well, nothing comes on'r, and I care not a Lo  
For I'll soon be a very good Maid again;  
With *Ralph, Kit, and Harry*, sing dance & carol  
The whilst you turn a wooden legg'd Gentle

I'll meet with three Boys too that make the  
[ World ring,  
d Marlborough, brave Stanhope, and great Eugene;  
to their Tents, and I'll dine like a King,  
then who knows Tom stich from a Gentleman.

Good lack, who's that Marlborough that makes such  
[a rout,  
what's that same Huceone, the Volk so praise;  
Two that chop up more kickshaws at one Fighting  
in a Taylor at dinner can Beans or Peas; [bout,

The Fame of this Marlborough all Kersendom fills,  
that Huceone too, ever renown'd will be;  
That can Climb over Mountains, o'er Rocks and  
[high Hills,  
as quick as a Cat up a Walnut Tree.

He can leap up to Honour as high as the Moon,  
ay, and down through the Deeps of the Sea below;  
Dragon spit fire on the Ships at Thoulon,  
confound all the French at one fatal blow.

The Mounseieur still brags that he'll lead 'em a dance,  
that's the French Maggot well known before;  
Whilst we with our Troops are invading of France,  
old Fool with *Te Deums* makes Paris roar.

Adzooks 't has half made me wish I were a Man,  
the bouncing and handling of Balls of Lead;  
Dar'st thou prate of venturing to let off a Gun,  
a Pistol thus long, Fool, would fright thee dead.

You talk like a Novice, faith Thomas you do,  
ard Musquet would scarce be an Inch too long;  
ove't I'll get Arms, and go ramble with you,  
then down with the French shall be all our Song.

If this thou canst do Girl, I'll prime thy Fire-lock.  
And I'll empty your Bandaleers soon again;  
I'll put thee on Breeches, and tuck up thy Smock;  
we'll March both together like Gentlemen.

Tom.

*Tom.* O'er Mountain o'er Valley, *French* bougers to  
*Kate.* All day with our Snapacks we'll trudge

We'll seek out a Barn,

*Tom.* And we'll pig there at night,  
 And still down with the *French* shall be all our

*Tom.* Let's Dance then for Joy of merry new  
*Kate.* What could we do else that are brisk and

*Tom.* And tho' with our Mirth we a little One

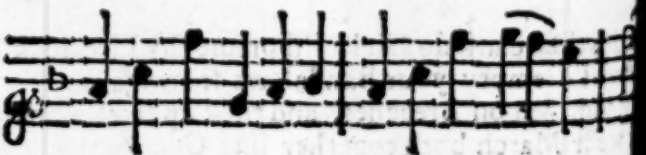
*Kate.* Yet still down with the *French* shall be all our

### CHORUS of both.

'And tho' with our Mirth we a little One hatch,  
 Yet still down with the *French* shall be all our Song.



A SONG, being a Musical Lecture to my  
 trymen. Sung in my last benefit Play  
 Birkhead ; the Tune within the Compass  
 Flute.



E Bri  
 Wich  
 And  
 Grown  
 truth  
 V  
 T  
 Fron  
 L. II.



E Britains, how long shall I tire my Brains  
 With Politick study, the worst of all Pains?  
 To teach ye Uniting,  
 From Jarring and Fighting,  
 And crown all your days with Peace:  
 Shewn in some Rhimes that have made ye laugh,  
 Truth then some Black-coats have Preach'd by half;  
 Who still are assisting,  
 To vouch non-resisting,  
 From whence all our feuds increase.

L. II.

G

But



But if ye all raving Confusion made,  
And nothing but Discord saw;  
Y'are roaring and yelling,  
And daily Rebelling,  
Without any Reason or Law:  
For all that the rule of our Monarch evade,  
Who is Protestant honest and true;  
Will Moaning, and Groaning, see Asses, sing Mads  
When ever they bring in a New.

Yet lately we saw the rough *H-lana* Bears,  
All clattering their Targets about our Ears;  
All Union rejecting,  
So long in effecting,  
Inflam'd with a Frantic Zeal:  
They want a new King, that will mend their fare,  
That Butter no longer may choak with Hair;  
Their Oatmeal and Water,  
And what follows after,  
Coarse Bannocks of Barly meal.

But for all they were baffled, our hopeful Land,  
That ever will Faction breed;  
To keep up the story,  
Of High-flying *Tory*,  
Have brought on the Crazy brain'd *S—d*:  
Whose Ministry whom the Pretenders maintain'd,  
By thousands from such as Rebel;  
To mend the disaster,  
Of bringing their Master,  
Wou'd bring in the Devil of Hell.

*Consolatory Muse, to a great Lady at Court,*  
**SONNET:** *Occasion'd by the scurrilous*  
*frontive Papers, lately cry'd up and down the*  
*streets. The Words fitted exactly to the Italian*  
*air of fair Dorinda, in the Opera of Camilla.*

*Mile Lucinda,* Revel with thy happy Race,  
 Great *Clorona*, ne'er will fail to do thee grace;  
     Wisely slight,  
     The vulgar's spight,  
 the Trifle of their hate,  
 must suffer, who are destin'd to be great.

Just and Loyal,  
 der duty more and more;  
     Great as Royal,  
 has new rewards in store;  
     Tho' the Crowd  
     Do rail aloud,  
 ought thy pleasure shall untune;  
 le *Lucinda*, envious Currs will bay the Moon.

Thus with Glory,  
 nded by the Trump of Fame;  
     Shall your story,  
 urish with your Hero's name:  
     You and he,  
     By Fates decree,  
 Divine *Clorona's* grace;  
 the Favourites of all former times surpass.



*The Duke of ORMOND's Health: Set by Mr.  
Barrett.*





Eptune frown, and Boreas roar,  
 Let thy Thunder bellow ;  
 Able ORMOND's now come o'er,  
 With each gallant English fellow :  
 Then to welcome him a shore,  
 To his Health a brimmer pour,  
 Till every one be mellow,  
 Remembring Rodondello, remembring Rodondello,  
 Remembring, remembring Rodondello,  
 Remembring, remembring Rodondello.

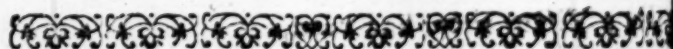
o' at Gales they scap'd our Guns,  
 By strong wall'd umbrello ;  
 Oil Jars and Plundring Dons,  
 Curse upon the metal yellow :  
 Had the valiant Duke more Men,  
 He a Victor there had been,  
 As late at Rodondello,  
 As late, &c.

onsieur and Petite Anjou,  
 Plot your state Intrigo :  
 The new Marshall Chateaurenault,  
 Then consult with Spanish Deigo :  
 And new Glory to advance,  
 Sing Te Deum through all France,  
 Pour la Victoire at Vigo,  
 Pour la, &c.

We mean while to crown our Joy,  
 Laughing at such folly,  
 To their Health full Bowls employ,  
 Who have cur'd our Melancholy:  
 And done more to furnish Tales,  
 Now at *Vigo*, then at *Cales*,  
 Fam'd *Essex* did, or *Rawleigh*,  
*Brave Essex*, &c.

Great *Eliza* on the Main,  
 Quell'd the Dons Boastado;  
 In Queen *ANN*'s Auspicious Reign,  
 Valour conquers, not Bravado:  
 Come but such another Year,  
 We the spacious Sea shall clear,  
 Of *French* and *Spains* Armado,  
 Of *French*, &c.

Once more then tho' *Boreas* roar,  
 And loud Thunder bellow;  
 Since Great *ORMOND* is come o'er,  
 With each gallant *English* fellow:  
 Let us welcome all a Shore,  
 To each Health a brimmer pour,  
 Till every one be mellow,  
 Remembring *Rodondello*, &c.



A DIALOGUE between a French Beau, and  
 Coquett de Angletere.

Beau. **W**HEN vile *Stella* kind and *tendre*,  
 Recompense *fi*de le *Amour*;  
 You mine Heart have made me *rendre*,  
 If yours come not in *Retour*:  
 Black despair I can't *defendre*,  
 No, no, no I can't *defendre*,  
 Grief must kill me *sont les Jours*.

How can *Damon* Love another,  
 Who believes himself so fine;  
 He may talk and keep a pother,  
 But to change can ne'er incline:  
 So much Charm must slight all other,  
 Ay, ay, ay must slight all other,  
 He believes himself so fine.

Then adieu false *Esperanza*,  
*Tout les Plaisirs de Beau Jours*;  
*Stella's* Heart keeps at distance,  
 And disdains *le Cher effort*:  
 She *mon Ame* will ne'er advance,  
 No, no, no will ne'er advance,  
 Cruel Death then *prend mon Ceur*.

You a *Beau*, and talk of dying,  
 'Tis a Cheat I'll ne'er believe;  
 You've such Life in Self enjoying,  
 Death's a word you can't forgive:  
 Go improve Deceit and Lying,  
 Ay, ay, ay but name no dying,  
 That's a Cheat I'll ne'er believe.

## C H O R U S.

When, when will you prove me, to know  
 The truth of a Passionate *Beau*;  
 How, how shall I prove ye, to know  
 The truth of a flashy Town *Beau*;  
 By the Sighs, and the Tears, of the wretch,  
 By his Paint, and his Powder and Patch;  
 By his Mouth, and his very good Teeth,  
 By his Nose, and his very bad Breath;  
 By his Eyes, and the Air of his Face,  
 When he Oagles, and looks like an Afs;  
*Par Dieu ma Avere*, each part my truth will shew,  
*Marbleau mon fou*, I never can think so.



## Pretty P E G G of Wandsworth



**T**HE Infant Spring was shining,  
 With Greens and Cowslips gay,  
 The Sun was just declining,  
 To Bath him in the Sea:

en as o'er *Wandfor* Hill I pass'd,  
 To view the prospect rare,  
 lovely Lads sat on the Grass,  
 Whose Breath perfum'd the Air.

more let Fame advance, Sir,  
 London Jenny's praise ;  
 pretty Pegg of *Wandfor*,  
 excels her a Thousand ways :

For Face, for Skin,  
 For Shape, for Mein,  
 Charming, charming Smile ;  
 For Eye, and Thigh,  
 And something by,  
 King would give an Isle.

Courtier for her favour,  
 would slight his Golden claims ;  
 Jacobite to have her,  
 would quite Abjure King *JAMES* ;  
 The ruddy plump Judge,  
 That Circuit's do's trudge,  
 would managing Tryals defer ;  
 Post-pone a Cause,  
 And wrest the Laws,  
 get but the managing her.

General would leave Bombing,  
 Towns in hot Campaigns ;  
 Bishop his vum and Thumbing,  
 and plaguing his Learned Brains :  
 One fighting would mock,  
 And tother his Flock,  
 for Religion or *France* ;  
 This shun the Wars,  
 And that his Prayers,  
 eggy but gave a Glance.

powder'd Playhouse Ninny,  
 with much less Brains than Hair,  
 deals with *Moll* and *Jenny*,  
 and tawdry common Ware :

If *Peggy* once he,  
 Saw under a Tree,  
 With roſie Chaplets crown'd;  
 He'd roar, and ſcow'r,  
 And Curſe the hour,  
 That e'er he ſaw *London Town*.

The Sailor us'd to Slaughter,  
 In Ships of Oak ſtrong wall'd;  
 Whoſe Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,  
 The *French jam foutres* mawl'd:  
 If *Peggy* once there,  
 Her Veſſel ſhould ſteer,  
 And give the rough Captain a blow;  
 He'd give his Eyes,  
 And next *French Prize*,  
 That he might but thump her ſo.

The Doctor her half Sainted,  
 For Cures controuling Fate;  
 That has warm Engines planted,  
 At many a Poſtern gate:  
 If *Peggy* once were ill,  
 And wanted his Skill,  
 He'd ſoon bring her to Death's door;  
 By Love made blind,  
 Slip from behind,  
 And make his Injection before.

The Cit that in old *Sodom*,  
 Sits Cheating round the Year;  
 And to my Lord, and Madam,  
 Puts off his Tarniſht ware:  
 This ſneaking young Fop,  
 Would give his whole Shop,  
 To get pretty *Peggy's* good will;  
 To have her ſtock,  
 So cloſe kept Lock'd,  
 And put in a Key to her Till.

tho' she Hearts disposes,  
 and all things at her point;  
 London Jenny's Nose is,  
 like others out of Joynt:  
 Yet she has one fault,  
 Which Jenny has not,  
 Loves happy Laws has obey'd;  
 For Peggy does flight,  
 And starve her delight,  
 keep the dull Name of a Maid.

SONG: *To a young Lady, Affronted by an  
 Envious old Woman.*

N vain, in vain fantastick Age,  
 Thou seek'st such Virtue to abuse;  
 Ophelia does Mankind engage,  
 Each valiant Sword, each noble Muse:  
 Antick with spite, let crazy Time,  
 Take pleasure to ingender strife;  
 Let blooming Beauty in her Prime,  
 Takes with a Gust the Joys of Life.

Th shameful word that Malice speaks,  
 Adds, dearest Charmer, to your Fame;  
 Each hallow'd Grove loud Eccho makes,  
 Resounding fair Ophelia's Name:  
 Age does Beauty still prophane,  
 Age ever did good Nature want;  
 Scandal you more Glory gain,  
 'Tis Persecution makes the Saint.

## LONDON's Loyalty.



Use  
Left  
Reb  
Tre  
snea  
for  
rom  
Lona  
  
Yor  
hope  
snea  
not  
Loy  
at A  
s su  
Beth  
  
st no  
after  
ings  
orfe  
Dug  
was  
was  
Justi  
  
Cl--  
pp'd  
Dan  
ebel  
wey  
er Br  
nt ca  
Rober



Use up great Genius of this potent Land,  
 Lest Traytors once more get the upper hand;  
 Rebel crowd their former Tenets own,  
 Treasons worse than Plagues infect the Town:  
 Sneaking *May'r*, and his two pimping *Sheriffs*,  
 for their Honesty no better are then Thieves;  
 from their Sov'raign's side to court the *Mobile*,  
*London, London*, where's thy Loyalty?

*Yorkshire Patience* twirls his Copper Chain,  
 hopes to see a *Commonwealth* again;  
 Sneaking Fool of breaking is afraid,  
 not change sides for fear he loose his Trade:  
 Loyal *Slingsby* does their *Fate Divine* —  
 at Abjur'd the *King*, and all his Sacred Line;  
 is suppos'd his Father's Murd'rer to be,  
*Bethel, Bethel*, where's thy Loyalty?

A notorious Villain late was caught,  
 after to the Bar of Justice brought;  
*Slingsby* pack'd a Jury of his own,  
 for Rogues then e'er made Gallows groan;  
*Dugdale's* Evidence was soon decry'd,  
 was so just and honest, when old *Stafford* dy'd;  
 was a Rogue, a perjur'd Villian and he ly'd,  
 Justice, Justice, where's thy Equity?

*Cl-ton* murmurs Treason unprovok'd,  
 pp'd the *King*, and after wish'd him choak'd;  
*Danby's* Place was well bestow'd before,  
 Rebel turns, seduc'd by Scarlet Whore:  
 wcy Pride aspires to high Renown,  
 er Breches are forgot in which he trudg'd to Town;  
 can please the scribbling Clown but th' Treasury,  
*Robert, Robert*, where's thy Modesty?



*Pl* — *er* now grows dull, and pines for want of *W*  
 Poor *Creswel*, he can take his word no more;  
 Three hundred Pounds is such a heavy Yoke,  
 Which not being paid, the worn-out Baud is broke  
 These are the Instruments by Heaven sent,  
 These are the Saints Petition for a *Parliament*;  
 That would for Int'rest-sake destroy the Monarch  
 Oh! *London, London*, where's thy Loyalty?

Heaven blefs fair *England*, and its Monarch here  
 And *Scotland* blefs your High Commissioner;  
 Let *Perkin* his ungracious Error see,  
 And *Tony* 'scape no more the Triple-Tree:  
 Then Peace and Plenty shall our Joys restore,  
 Villains and Factions shall oppress the Town no more  
 But every Loyal Subject then shall happy be,  
 Nor need we care for *London's* Loyalty.



*The Law of Nature; A SONG Set to an  
 excellent new Tune.*

**W**Hilst their Flocks were feeding,  
 Near the foot of a flowry Hill;  
*Celadon* complaining of his Fate,  
 Thus to *Astrea* cry'd;  
 Hear my gentle pleading,  
 Ah! cruel Nymph forbear to kill  
 A Shepherd with disdain and hate,  
 Whom you have once enjoy'd;  
 There is a Sacred pow'r in Love,  
 Is beyond all Moral rules:  
 Follow the Laws of Nature,  
 For the Divine Creator  
 Did produce,  
 And for Human use,  
 Did Beauty choose,  
 Who deny themselves are Fools:

Heart is pair'd above,  
 Ingratitude's a Sin:  
 To all the Saints so hateful,  
 She that is found ingrateful,  
 May too late,  
 In a wretched State,  
 Knock at Heaven's Gate,  
 Shall never enter in.

our first made Father,  
 Lord of the whole Creation,  
 Such a Crime as could have damn'd us all,  
 For trespassing on his Wife:  
 Even, no doubt, had rather,  
 When it the ill design had known,  
 Plac'd his Angel ere the Fall,  
 Guarding the Tree of Life;  
 He that well knew Adam's Breast,  
 From Nature learnt to wooe,  
 Never intended Damming,  
 Nor did the Serpents shamming,  
 Edifie;

For the Bone of his side,  
 That was made his Bride,  
 Might him what he was to do:  
 Was the Maker e'er possess'd,  
 With Rage that he did enjoy;  
 The Reflection hated,  
 That he with pains Created,  
 Should be thought,  
 Such a cowardly Sot,  
 To be poorly caught,  
 Such a sneaking Lye.



The Curtain LECTURE  
A New SONG.

*He**She.*

*She.*

OF all Comforts I miscarried,  
When I play'd the Sot and married;  
'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't,  
Those that are in't will fain get out on't :  
Oye, my Dear, pray come to bed,  
That Napkin take and bind your Head,  
Too much drink your Brain has dos'd,  
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

ons, tis all one, if I'm up or lye down,  
Or as soon as the Cock crows I'll be gone,  
'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,  
As I, was I made a Wife to lye alone.

om your Arms my self divorcing,  
This Morn must ride a Coursing,  
Sport that far excels a Madam,  
For all Wives have been since Adam.

*She. I*

*She.* I, when thus I've lost my due,  
Must hug my Pillow wanting you,  
And whilst you tope all the Day,  
Regale in Cups of harmless Tea.

*He.* Pox what care I, drink your Slops 'till you  
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Month from

*She.* If thus parted, I'm broken hearted,  
When I, when I send for you, my dear pray

*He.* E're I'll be from rambling hindred,  
I'll renounce my Spouse and Kindred,  
To be sober I have no leasure,  
What's a Man without his Pleasure.

*She.* To my Grief then I must see,  
Strong Ale and Nantz my Rivals be,  
Whilst you tope it with your Blades,  
Poor I sit stitching with my Maids.

*He.* Oons you may go to your Gossips you know  
And there if you can meet a Friend, pray

*She.* Go you Joker, go Provoker,  
Never, never shall I meet a Man like you



## A Royal S O N G

*the King of Great Britian's going : In two  
movements. The Words Set to a Tune of my*

*steer the Yacht to reach the strand,  
since Caesar will be gone;  
proclaims our cloudy Land,  
long to lose the Sun.*

*now Great Wallia brightly shine,  
with sole order sway;  
new with Royalty divine,  
at comes another day.*

*Royal GEORGE on foaming Seas,  
his harrass'd Empire ease,  
Consulting Foreign Kings,  
Will do us Glorious things,  
timely shall appear,  
all abroad as here,  
Hanover regales this happy Year.*

[*Second Movement.*]

*the gay Summer cloy's us with Roses,  
oddbone and Jessamine feast the Sence;  
the Rebellion's gone, each supposes,  
some Scotch Loons they say make pretence :  
Mackintosh, Rebel and Looby,  
again home again, Foster the Booby ;  
Think there's a Season,  
Once to do reason,  
for your sakes, we'll clear the rest.*

*The*



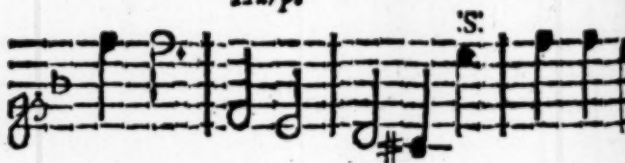
*The Authentick Letter of Marshal de Bo to the French King, on the late unfortunate but glorious Battle (as he calls it) near paraphrastically done into Metre in English. Set to a famous Tune on the Harp.*



*Harp.*



*Harp.*



**M**E send you, Sir, one Letter,  
 Me wish it were a better,  
 And here me write  
 Of our last Fight,  
 And who was Conquest getter.

Fortune was a Jilt, Sir,  
 Much Blood is spilt, Sir,  
 We own our Loss,  
 But yet it was  
 glorious Tilt, Sir.

de Field by deys, Sir,  
 it plain appears, Sir,  
 So brave and stout,  
 De *French* ne'er fought,  
 is Hunder Years, Sir.

ad I long stood, Sir,  
 d within a Wood, Sir,  
 He Left, I Right,  
 Where we did fight,  
 as e'er we could, Sir.

ffright, like Giants,  
 r dire Defiance,  
 Fearless to dye,  
 In Works Nose high,  
 ur'd bold as Lyons.

enemy broke troo, Sir,  
 re us'd to do, Sir,  
 And made us flinch  
 From treble Trench,  
 e tell you true, Sir.

nfully retiring,  
 de plaguee Firing,  
 We wheel'd about,  
 And sav'd a Rout,  
 e Warlds admiring.

th' Knee was wounded,  
 e and Foot surrounded,  
 And of my Hurt  
 You'll have Report,  
 as me have found it.

In Heel, dey say's my Blow, Sir,  
*Achilles* vas hurt so, Sir,  
 De Deevil and all  
 Vas in dat Ball,  
 Being arm'd from Top to Toe, Sir.

But 'twas by wise retreating,  
 When Orders were repeating,  
 For when all's done,  
 De Warld must own,  
 We had victorious beating.

For dey've lost twice our Men, Sir,  
 If you'll believe my Pen, Sir,  
 And since a Wood  
 Dos so much Good,  
 We'll ne'er fight on a Plain, Sir.

Four times we made 'em run, Sir,  
 And yet dey would come on, Sir,  
 'Twas well dey Foot  
 Stood boldly to't,  
 Dey els had been undone, Sir.

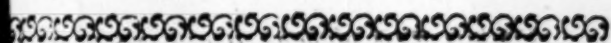
*Artagnan* charm'd his Forces,  
 He lost one two tre Horses,  
 De Duc de *Guich*  
 Shot near de Breech,  
 Deserve Heroick Verses.

St. *George* in monstrous Passion,  
 Attack'd his rebel Nation,  
 Begar *Mounseieur*,  
 He hope next Year,  
 You'll make a new Invasion.

For do de Odds must be, Sir,  
 Vid us as all might see, Sir,  
 Yet me have swore,  
 Deyr Troops were more,  
 To infinite Degree, Sir.

u will make Peace, Sir,  
our Luck decrease, Sir,  
Dere ne'er was known,  
Since War begun,  
time as dis, Sir.

our Troops did Wonders,  
more Martial Thunders,  
I'll write again,  
But now in Pain,  
F for fear of Blunders.



ogue sung by a Boy and Girl, suppos'd a  
ber and Sister. Set by Mr. Akeroyd.

H! my dearest, my dearest *Celide*,  
Tother Day I ask'd my Mother,  
Why thy Lodging chang'd must be,  
Why not still lye with thy Brother;  
remember well you did,  
and I know too what she said,  
iff: is a great Boy, great Boy grown,  
therefore now must lye alone.

# CHORUS.

part us the Custom of Modesty votes,  
unless you had Breeches,  
or you had long Coats.

wonder what's in my little tiny Breeches,  
te there's some Witchcraft in the Stitches.  
what Devil here resides,  
at my Petticoats thus hides,  
I long for a Kiss,  
do I.

*She.*

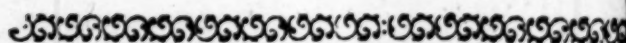
*She.* Mother laughs an Hour or two, when I  
Sometimes ask to know why,  
A He and a She may not bed at our Size,  
As well as two Girls,  
Or as well as two Boys:

*He.* I will, since I am kept from you,  
Get a Wife as soon as may be;

*She.* And I'll get a Husband too,  
Three times bigger than my Baby.

### CHORUS.

*Let's laugh then, and follow our innocent Play  
And kiss when Mamma is gone out of the way  
For I fear we shall cry, when we know  
'Tis all that a Brother and Sister may do.*



### *The last SONG in the Masque. Set Courtivill.*

**C**ease Hymen, cease thy Brow,  
Let Discord awe thou heavy Yoke,  
Where Fools with trouble draw;  
I'm sworn Foe to all thy Law does bind,  
Marriage from first Creation was design'd,  
A Curse intail'd on wretched human kind.

Cease Hymen, cease thy Brow,  
Let Discord awe;  
'Tis noble Discord, gen'rous Strife,  
That gives the truest Taste of Life;  
Marriage first made Man fall,  
Had I been in the Garden plac'd,  
The Woman ne'er had made him tast,  
'Twas foolish Loving damn'd us all.

## A SONG.

Her told the Painters fam'd in Greece,  
 To draw true Beauty was the hardest piece;  
 Now, alas, the same defect we see  
 And, from Painting into Poetry:  
 Olympia's Face no Skill can take,  
 No Feature does the feeble Artist blind,  
 No, what Muse a just Applause can make  
 All the Charms in that Angelick kind.

Are for pleasing Features far renown'd,  
 With Wit, or charming Voices wound;  
 For Mein and Shape fond Lovers Prize,  
 Many make vast Conquests with their Eyes:  
 Nor were these Perfections found in one,  
 The fair Olympia alone;  
 Fair Olympia Phœnix-like appears,  
 Under seen once in a Thousand Years.

## [Second Movement]

Show thy Power, great God of Love,  
 That laughs at Womans Craft;  
 All her Charms less strongly move,  
 Make her Heart more soft:  
 Why should Beauty first ordain'd to please,  
 Consume and Kill,  
 And do such fatal Ill,  
 Only she can cure, which causes the disease.





An ODE on the Union of the King and Par-  
ment. The Tune by Mr. Jer. Clarke.





Hilft the *French* their Arms discover,  
 By the Troops abroad they bring;  
 with Joy can send 'em over,  
 tidings that can make all *Europe* Ring:  
 Jolly boys renown'd for warring,  
 as Fame's glorious Records shew;  
 by Fate now leave off Jarring,  
 and resolve to joyn 'gainst the common Foe:  
 more frowning, *Batavians* think of drowning,  
 not to *Spaniards* this jolly Ditty sing;  
 our Senate now agrees,  
 we can secure your Peace,  
 want it at the Crowning  
 their Infant King.

our Sons no danger fear,  
 whilst their Royal Fleet's well mann'd;  
 tho' yet no Storms appearing,  
 Peace is always best with the Sword in hand  
 our's but an empty notion,  
 our plotting Neighbour shews;  
 of Faith may raise commotion,  
 and in proper Season may come to blows:  
 five hundred, pray let us not be Plunder'd,  
 we our Lands then, and all unite at home;  
 and the Crowns prerogative,  
 by vote and nobly give,  
 then let any insolent Invader come.

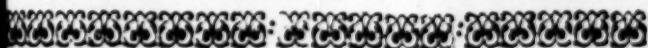
## A L A D of the Town.



**A** Lad o'th' Town thus made his moan,  
 One Winter Morning early;  
 Alas, that I must Lie alone,  
 And *Moggy's* Bed so near me:  
 All Night I tofs, I turn and sigh,  
 Nor ever can I close my Eye;  
 Thinking that I lig so nigh,  
 The Lafs I Love so dearly.

all Delight from foot to crown,  
and just Eighteen her Age is;  
that she still must lie alone,  
My Heart and Soul intrages:  
I'd give the World I might put on  
Each Morn her Stocking or Shoon,  
If I were but her Serving Loon,  
Never ask for Wages.

oggy would but be my Bride,  
I take no Parents warning;  
I value all the World beside,  
For any Lasses scorning:  
My Love is grown to such a height,  
I prize so much my own delight,  
I care not, had I her one Night,  
I were hang'd i'th' Morning.



## To Chloris: A S O N G.

My Addresses are grateful,  
I shew it in granting my Suit;  
My Passion be hateful,  
I'll leave me and end the dispute:  
Your doubling and turning,  
I'll court's d Hare in a Morning;  
I'll comply as you should,  
I'll leave me to others that would.

# A Scotch S O N G in the Tri for Trick.



**A** Broad as I was walking, upon a Summer's day  
There I met a Beggar-woman cloathed all in G  
Her Cloaths they were so torn, you might have  
[her S

*She was the first that taught me to see the Golin,  
Ah, see the Golin my Jo! see the Golin.*

You Youngsters of Delight, pray take it not in  
She came of *Adam's* Seed, tho' she was basely born  
And tho' her Cloaths were torn, yet she had a  
*She was the first, &c.* [white S

She had a pretty little Foot, and a moist Hand,  
With which she might compare to any Lady in the  
Ruby Lips, Cherry-cheeks, and a dimpled Chin  
*She was the first, &c.*

When that Ay had wooed, and wad her twa my  
Ay could not then devise the way to keep her Baby  
She bid me be at quiet, for she valued it not a pi  
*She was the first, &c.*

then she takes her Bearn up, and wraps it weel in cloaths,  
 then she takes a Golin and stuck between her Toes;  
 ever as the Lurden cry'd, or made any din,  
 shook her Foot, and cry'd my Jo, see the Golin:  
 see the Golin, my Jo, see the Golin.

## TO CYNTHIA.

Beauty by Enjoyment can  
 Reward a Love that's true,  
 blest our Patience or our Pain,  
 All I deserve from you.

oh, to Love too well's a Curse,  
 of such a strange degree;  
 my Fidelity far worse,  
 such happier should I be.

Recompence, relentless Fate  
 to faithful Love does give;  
 I'm pleas'd in being obstinate,  
 whilst I in Tortures live.

wretches gull'd to Foreign Shores,  
 cruelly am serv'd;  
 of Loves dear promis'd Stores,  
 I'm made a Slave, and starv'd.





*The KING's Health: Set to Farinelli's  
Ground. In Six Parts.*

*First Strain.*



*Second Strain.*



Third Strain.



Fourth Strain.



*Figg.**The Sixth Strain.*

*The First Strain.*

JOY to Great Caesar,  
Long Life, Love and Pleasure ;  
'Tis a Health that Divine is,  
Fill the Bowl high as mine is :  
Let none fear a Fever,  
But take it off thus Boys ;  
Let the King Live for ever,  
'Tis no matter for us Boys.

*The Second Strain.*

Try all the Loyal,  
Defy all,  
Give denyall ;  
none thinks his Glass too big here,  
Nor any Prig here,  
Or Sneaking Whig here,  
Of Cripple Tom's Crew,  
That now looks blue,  
His Heart akes too,  
The Tap won't do,  
His Zeal so true,  
And Projects new,  
Ill Fate does now pursue.

*The Third Strain.*

Let *TORIES* Guard the King,  
Let *Whigs* in Halts swing ;  
Let *Pilk* and *Shute* be Sham'd,  
Let Bugg'ring *Oats* be damn'd :  
Let Cheating *Player* be Nick'd,  
The turn-coat *Scribe* be Kick'd ;  
Let Rebel City Dons,  
Ne'er beget their Sons :  
Let ev'ry *Wiggish* Peer,  
That Rapes a Lady fair,  
And leaves his only Dear,  
The Sheets to gnaw and tear,

Be

## PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

Be punish'd out of hand,  
And forc'd to pawn his Land  
T' attone the grand Affair.

*The Fourth Strain.*

Great CHARLES, like *Jehovah*,  
Spare those would Un-King Him;  
And warms with his Graces,  
The Vipers that sting Him:  
Till Crown'd with just Anger,  
The Rebel he Seizes;  
Thus Heaven can Thunder,  
When ever it pleases.

*Jigg.*

Then to the Duke fill, fill up the Glass,  
The Son of our Martyr, belov'd of the King;  
Envy'd and Lov'd,  
Yet blest from above,  
Secur'd by an Angel safe under his Wing.

*The Sixth Strain.*

Faction and Folly,  
And State Melancholy,  
With Tony in *Whigland* for ever shall dwell;  
Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty,  
Then teach us our Duty,  
For none e'er can Love, or be Wise and Rebel.



al ODE, Congratulating the Happy Acces-  
to the Crown, and Coronation of our most  
acious Sovereign Lady Queen ANN. The  
nds in Imitation of the foregoing SONG,  
fitted to some Strains of the same Ground.

ARS now is Arming,  
The War comes on Storming;  
rope is viewing,  
England is doing:  
ighted (1) Memorial,  
nce and th' *Escorial*,  
ulk'd (2) Gallick *Nero*,  
erto (3) *Carero*;  
cease weeping,  
) *Pan* that lies sleeping;  
ve us denies him,  
) *Pallas* supplies him.  
Sing out ye *Muses*,  
*Phœbus* infuses;  
is the occasion,  
ANN's Coronation.

- (1) *The French Memorial.*
- (2) *The French R.*
- (3) *The new K. of Spain's chief Min.*
- (4) *King Will.*
- (5) *Q. Ann.*

*The Second Strain.*

Pair your Hearts and joyn,  
For now the Rightful Line  
Has left you no Excuse,  
For Jarring or abuse:  
The thought of Right and Wrong,  
That plagu'd ye all so long;  
No more be now let in,  
To raise the *Senate's* Spleen:  
Nor simple Feuds let grow,  
'Twixt the *Highb-Church* and the *Low*;  
But all resolve to go,  
To one at least for show:  
And then made happy so,  
Direct your Anger's blow;  
Against the Common Foe.

The



*The Third Strain.*

Divine *Gloriana*,  
 Now Rules the glad Nation;  
 Mild, Prudent, and Pious,  
 Without Affectation:  
 Sence, Justice, and Pity,  
 Her Life still renewing;  
 And Queen of all Hearts,  
 E'er the Pageant of Crowning.

*The Fourth Strain.*

All the Radiant Court of Heaven have blest Her,  
 Bright *Astrea* leaves the Sky to assist Her;  
 Whilst on her from all,  
 Revolves the Sacred praise,  
 Of fam'd *Eliza's* Days.

*Sing then ye Muses,*  
*What Phœbus infuses;*  
*Divine is the Occasion,*  
*Queen ANN's Coronation.*

This Chorus may be sung to the Ground-Bass.



*The* Scotch *Lasses* S O N G.

What ails me, what ails our Northern Loons,  
That with jangling make the Times so baddy,  
Like a breed of hungry Hounds,  
Today, they must be aw drunk or maddy;  
But tho' Peace they destroy,  
I have still some Joy,  
I wed a bonny young Highland Laddy.

Wily Lads are all at Strife,  
And Low Boys daily new Fears are bringing,  
Where they lead a woful Life,  
Meadow Jockey and I sit singing;  
A sweet Hornpipe he plays  
To my Roundelays,  
And the merry *Edenbrough* Bells are ringing.

Daizy, and the gay Primrose,  
By Spring is coming to make us gladdy,  
As vanish'd with its Frost and Snows,  
Storm will gar me to be saddy,  
For when the Wind blows,  
Jockey wraps me close,  
The Cold within his Highland pladdy.

Could pine to have high place at Court,  
Away, 'tis but a fleeting Vision,  
Could leave the Jolly Country Sport,  
Gown or Sword Man's gay Condition;  
Give me ten Mark a Year,  
And my Highland dear,  
To Pride, and all Ambition.

*The*

*The Crafty Mistriss's Resolution.*

L t  
Here  
en y  
hink  
and  
'll f  
illy p  
hap

e me  
Faith  
me  
for  
me  
ough  
ow w  
all ne

nd Y  
Hear  
filly  
ev'd  
and  
Love,  
who  
neve

w tho  
still  
argue  
fter a  
I w  
all ou  
bel r  
all Ma

Wor  
ewith  
his fei  
I at

L the Town so lewd are grown,  
 Hereafter you must excuse me ;  
 When you discover your self a Lover,  
 Think it is all a Lye :  
 And Sighs, and melting Eyes,  
 I'll sacrifice to seduce me,  
 Silly poor Women are often undone,  
 I happily warn'd am I.

Excuse me for flying, and for denying,  
 Faith, Sir, I must refuse you,  
 Excuse me for knowing the Cheats of your Wooing;  
 For the Request excuse me :  
 Excuse me if when you vow'd and swore,  
 I thought you design'd to deceive me;  
 Now who makes Love 'till his Eyes run o'er,  
 I never hereafter abuse me.

And Youth did once invade  
 My Heart, e'er I was twenty,  
 A silly Creature, thro' meer good Nature,  
 I shew'd him what e'er he swore.  
 And unpractis'd in the Trade  
 Of Love, I was not scanty ;  
 Who my Innocence then betray'd,  
 I never deceive me more.

Now tho' he flatter, and ogle and chatter,  
 Still in the Dance will chuse me,  
 I argue the Case too, and look like an Ass too,  
 After all this shall lose me :  
 Now I will Female-Cunning use,  
 And all our stock of Revenge produce,  
 Till Honour has broke the Truce,  
 All Mankind shall excuse me.

For Words I will not mind,  
 For with he strives to amuse me ;  
 His feign'd Passion, so much in Fashion,  
 I at all give heed.

Tho'

Tho' with Sighs he swares he dies,  
 And vows he can't live if he lose me,  
 Yet to his Tale I'll be deaf as the Wind,  
 And never will let him speed.

And by my so doing, I'll fit him for wooing,  
 With an intent to abuse me :  
 He that wou'd not marry, I'faith now shall tan  
 And for not yielding, excuse me :  
 By Man, I'll be decoy'd no more,  
 My Passion no more it undoes me :  
 Once I believed what the false one had swore,  
 But yet for all that, he shall lose me.

Tho' Wit and Youth they do plead,  
 And with new Charms present me,  
 And tho' he flatter, he's never the better,  
 For I'll believe him no more :  
 No more to Love I'll be betray'd,  
 But shun the Danger it meant me,  
 'Tis happier far for to live a Maid,  
 If there were no more Men in store.

But since there are many, and I can have any,  
 Whose Honesty will not abuse me,  
 I'll find one that's true to, and so bid adieu to  
 The Man that could once refuse me :  
 'Twas at my Honour it seems you aim'd,  
 But your Intent too soon you preclaim'd,  
 For which by the Virtuous you must be blam'd  
 Whilst all Mankind shall excuse me.



*olly Toper, that wont leave his Bottle to get  
the best Wife in Chriftendom.*

## The TOPER.

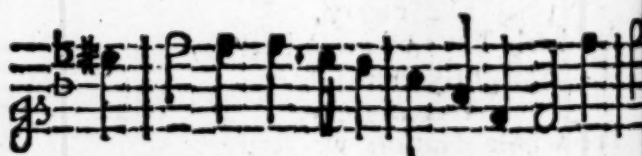
**P**Rattles and Tattles,  
O'er Bottles,  
Shall still cherish my Fancy,  
Better, and sweeter,  
And greater,  
Than dull Tea with *Nancy*.  
She has forbid me Wine,  
Or else she'll not marry,  
But were she all Divine,  
A Maid she should tarry;  
Flouts, and Lowers, and Frowns,  
Cross Wives thus e'ery Day mingle,  
Wine that Care confounds,  
We share that are single.

*Harry and Jerry*  
The merry,  
Are both Boys of good Mettle,  
Sprightly and tightly,  
And nightly,  
The whole Nation we settle.  
*Nancy* ne'er hurts my Brain,  
No wishing, nor hoping,  
Tho' she now thinks to reign,  
And hinder my toping,  
Says, whene'er I ask,  
A Sot will never be civil,  
Boy bring tother Flask,  
And let her go to the Devil.

*The*



## The Politick CLUB.



Country Bumpkin that Trees did grub,  
 Vicar that us'd the Pulpit to drub,  
 Two or three more o'er a Stoop of strong Bub,  
 Late met on a Jolly Occasion.  
 Contrivance to cheat or rob,  
 Each in his turn, to speak a dry Bob,  
 As five Lords, and as poor as Job,  
 Thus settl'd the State of the Nation.

Oh Neighbour, Neighbour, what times are  
 Long will't be e'er we shall have Peace, these?  
 That's out at Elbows, my Breeches at Knees,  
 Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.  
 Monsieur goes on in his former way,  
 Troops are ready without their Pay,  
 One on each other in Battle Array.  
 Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

The Mob have been to Religion true,  
 Down the Red, and set up the Blew:  
 Have done their best, give the Devil his due,  
 With a Protestant active Endeavour.  
 And what no Nation before did dare,  
 Is chang'd in a time of War,  
 Shews we have Bullion enough and to spare.  
 Oh, would it may prove so for ever.

And tho' Bank Bills we've discounted sound,  
 For a Hundred, we've got but five Pound,  
 It's d, and its pretty, it shines, and it's round.  
 Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.  
 Hoppers Trading is at an end,  
 May our Condition mend,  
 No Coin to clip now, nor we none to spend.  
 Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

The King his Taxes no Friend can grutch,  
 Cobites bawl that we lavish too much;  
 Runs away to the *French* and the *Dutch*.  
 And nothing is left more to drein Boys.

*Citiz.* But let us look within our Doors,  
How Backs and Bellies exhaust our Stores,  
Let's take up our Wives, & let's take down our Wives,  
We've enough for another Campaign

*Courtier.* Tho' Cits cry out that they are undone  
A Cuckold's Profit can ne'er be gone ;  
Their Wives are well rigg'd, and gold Laces still

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet N

*Lawyer.* Tho' Goldsmith's break too, and shut up  
'Tis more to cheat ye, than want of Ore,  
For Rogues will be Rogues, whether wealthy or

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet N

*Citizen.* Great Joy will come from the Chequer  
When true Effects all our Tallies afford,

*Court.* And all our new Medals come out of their  
That, that will be great Conso

*Vicar.* When each Man's Purse to our Party le  
And Senates study right ways and means,

*Farmer.* And large Sums of Gold comes from  
and

Then, then will be true Reform

*Lawyer.* Tho' foreign Gamesters our Ruin plot  
And in our Tables perceive a Blot,

We'll win the Game afterwards, with a why no

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet N

Poor *Britain's* Troubles then soon relieve,

And in our stead, make our Enemies grieve,

The Peace will be settl'd, the Muses will live.

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet N



*Farmer's Daughter: A SONG.*

D and Raw the North did blow,  
 Peak in the Morning early ;  
 Trees were hid in Snow,  
 And by Winter yearly :  
 Come Riding over a Knough,  
 With a Farmer's Daughter ;  
 Cheeks and bonny Brow,  
 Faith made my Mouth to water.

Vail'd my Bonnet low,  
 To shew my breeding ;  
 And a graceful bow,  
 Was far exceeding:

I ask'd her where she went so soon,  
 And long'd to begin a Parly;  
 She told me unto the next Market Town,  
 A purpose to sell her Barly.

In this purse, sweet Soul, said I,  
 Twenty pounds lie fairly;  
 Seek no farther one to buy,  
 For I'll take all thy Barly:  
 Twenty more shall buy Delight,  
 Thy Person I Love so dearly;  
 If thou wouldst stay with me all Night,  
 And go home in the Morning early.

If Twenty pound could buy the Globe,  
 Quoth she, this I'd not do, Sir;  
 Or were my Kin as poor as Job,  
 I wo'd not raise 'em so, Sir:  
 For should I be to Night your friend,  
 We'll get a young Kid together;  
 And you'd be gone ere the nine Months end,  
 And where should I find a Father?

I told her I had Wedded been,  
 Fourteen years and longer;  
 Or else I choose her for my Queen,  
 And tie the Knot much stronger:  
 She bid me then no farther come,  
 But manage my Wedlock fairly;  
 And keep Purse for poor Spouse at home,  
 For some other shall have her Barly.



le of one with t'other ; A New SONG, to  
the Scotch Tune of Cold and Raw.

now dress'd fine met *Miss* divine,  
Resolv'd to Court and wooe her,  
Kiss and Hat, yet she all that  
ought little good could do her :  
ve a Frown, but would not own  
Love for all that pother ;  
rain did soar at something more,  
ttle of one with t'other.

ay Sir skip my Hand and Lip,  
at bear your idle Kissing ;  
Barren suit will yield no Fruit,  
omething else be missing :  
at dispute, you may Salute  
r Sister, or your Mother ;  
ho'll refine his Joys, must joya  
ttle of one with t'other.

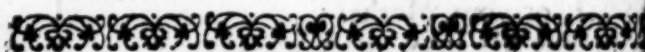
eat me thus like *Tantalus*,  
akes me Pine with Plenty ;  
hadows store, and nothing more,  
r Substance is too dainty :  
ry Tree is like to thee,  
but a blooming Lover ;  
s get Fruit, or else be mute,  
ttle of one with t'other.

joyn'd with Flat, there's Mirth in that,  
ow Note and a higher ;  
lt and Mean, with Fuge between,  
a Musick we desire :  
one String does loathing bring,  
nge is good Musick's Mother,  
eave my Face, and found my Bass,  
ttle of one with t'other.



No warmth desire without a Fire,  
 No bargain without Writing;  
 In Rapture then clap too your Pen,  
 You were before Inditing:  
 And if I take the Lines you make,  
 As from a willing Lover;  
 Like Lawyers deal, first Write, then Seal  
 A little of one with t'other.

No greater truth cou'd warm the Youth,  
 The Lady's Breath was rosie;  
 He laid her down on flow'ry ground,  
 To treat her with a Poesie:  
 And whilst in hast he claspt her fast,  
 And did with Kisses smother,  
 She cry'd my Heaven, your sweetly given,  
 A little of one with t'other.



## A S O N G.





AKE your Honour Mifs, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 Now to me Child, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 and easie now, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 well done Mifs, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 up your Body Child, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 you in time will Rise, *hoh, tholl la.*

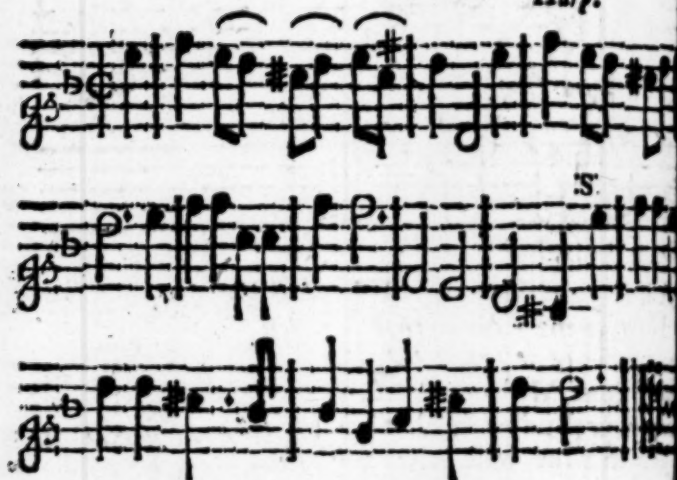
up your Head Mifs, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 your Nose Child, *tholl loll,*  
 I prefs on ye, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 back easie Mifs, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 put your Toes too, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 you'll learn presently, *hoh, tholl la.*

our Hips swimmingly, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 your Eyes languishing, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 where's your Ears now? *tholl loll, loll,*  
 off your Jerking, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 your Knees open, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 you will never do, *hoh, tholl la.*

will Love me Mifs, *tholl loll, loll, loll,*  
 all Dance rarely Child, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 a Fortune Mifs, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 will be Married Child, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 your Money Mifs, *tholl loll, loll,*  
 will give you my *hoh, tholl la.*

## A SONG.

Harp.



**O**F noble Race was *Shinking*,  
 The Line of *Owen Tudor*,  
*Thum, thum, thum, thum*,  
 But her Renown is fled and gone,  
 Since cruel Love pursu'd her.

Fair *Winnies* Eyes bright shining,  
 And Lilly Breasts alluring;  
 Poor *Jenkins* Heart with fatal Dart,  
 Have wounded past all curing.

Her was the prettiest fellow,  
 At Foot-ball or at Cricket;  
 At Hunting Chace, or nimble Race,  
 Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.

But now all Joys are flying,  
 All Pale and wan her Cheeks too,  
 Her Heart so akes, her quite forsakes,  
 Her Herrings and her Leeks too.

No more must dear *Metheglin*,  
 Be top'd at good *Montgomery*;  
 And if Love sore, smart one week more,  
 Adieu *Creem-Cheese* and *Flomery*.

## A S O N G.

Orc'd by a Cruel lawless Fate,  
 I lov'd a Nymph with Passion ;  
 Found alas, I came too late  
 To sway her Inclination :  
 Her Heart was given a Coxcomb's fee,  
 Whose Face had Introduc'd him ;  
 Though not one grain of Sence had he,  
 To know how well she us'd him.

And if worth could make her kind,  
 And hourly made advances ;  
 Who can e'er the Charm unbind,  
 From Womans stubborn Fancies :  
 How did her foible shew,  
 Where e'er he came, abus'd him ;  
 Call'd him Fool, I prov'd him so,  
 And she the better us'd him.

And she cry'd, your God of Wit,  
 Your Sex should all oppose him ;  
 He that Charms my Appetite,  
 Shall sleep upon my Bosom :  
 His senseless stuff my Love withdrew,  
 And cur'd my Melancholy ;  
 I bid her Brute, then bid adieu,  
 To every Female folly.



A SONG; on a Lady's going  
into the Bath.





WHEN *Sylvia* in Bathing, her Charms does expose,  
 The pretty Banquet dancing under her Nose;  
 Heart is just ready to part from my Soul,  
 Leap from the Ga — ry into the Bowl:  
 Each day I provide too,  
 A bribe for her Guide too,  
 And gave her a Crown,  
 Bringing me the Water where she sat down;  
 Crazy Physitians think Pumping a Cure,  
 Virtue is doubtful, but *Sylvia's* is sure.

Fiddlers I hire to play something Sublime,  
 All the while throbbing my Heart beats the Time;  
 Enters, they Flourish, and cease when she goes,  
 Who it is address'd to, straight ev'ry one knows;  
 Wou'd I were a Vermin,  
 Call'd one of her Chairmen,  
 Or serv'd as a Guide;  
 How shou'd as they do a damn'd tawny Hide,  
 Like a Pebble at bottom cou'd lye,  
 Gaze her Beauties, how happy were I.



## A SONG.



**U**PON a sunshine Summers day,  
 When every Tree was green and gay;  
 The Morning blusht with *Phabus* ray,  
 Just then ascending from the Sea:  
 As *Silva* did a Hunting ride,  
 A lovely Cottage he espy'd;  
 Where lovely *Gloe* Spinning sat,  
 And still she turn'd her Wheel about.

Face a Thousand Graces crown,  
 curling Hair was lovely brown;  
 rowling Eyes all Hearts did win,  
 white as Down of Swans her Skin:  
 king her plain Dress appears,  
 Age not passing Sixteen Years;  
 Swain lay sighing at her Foot,  
 till she turn'd her Wheel about:

sweetest of thy tender kind,  
 he, this ne'er can suit thy Mind;  
 Grace attracting noble Loves,  
 ne'er design'd for Woods and Groves:  
 come with me, to Court my Dear,  
 let my Love and Honour there;  
 leave this Rural fordid rout,  
 turn no more thy Wheel about.

is with some few Modest sighs,  
 turns to him her Charming Eyes;  
 tempt me Sir, no more she cries,  
 seek my Weakness to surprize:  
 your Art's to be believ'd,  
 how Virgins are deceiv'd;  
 let me thus my Life wear out,  
 turn my harmless Wheel about.

dear panting Breast cries he,  
 yet unseen divinity;  
 my Soul that rests in thee,  
 this cannot, must not be:  
 cause not my eternal woe,  
 till the Man that Loves thee so;  
 with me, and ease my doubt,  
 turn no more thy Wheel about.

aning Tongue so play'd its part,  
 had admission to her Heart;  
 now she thinks it is no Sin,  
 the Loves fatal poison in:  
 too late she found her fault,  
 her Charms had soon forgot;  
 left her e'er the Year ran out,  
 turns to turn her Wheel about.

A SONG, to a Ground of  
John Blow's.



PILLS to *Purge Melancholy.*

179





acres  
I  
V  
ry's  
ph  
With  
A  
I  
V  
defe  
at fir  
V  
A  
the  
T  
A  
S  
N  
of five  
P  
N  
with  
at he  
Bo  
G  
and ta  
T  
ry, m  
nily d  
enero  
is th

Stubborn Church-division,  
Folly and Ambition,  
Caus'd with great Derision,  
Poor *England's* sad condition;  
leave their Stations, by strange Abdications:  
New ones come to ease us,  
Yet nothing e'er can please us,  
'Tis the Man then that shuns the Great,  
pleaseth himself in a Rural State.

With ease and in a sweet retreat,  
Avoids all Jarrs and Faction,  
In his small Dominions,  
Vents no false Opinions,  
deserts the true, for *Papist*, or *Socinian*:  
sits down with his Friends arround,  
Whilst the Glass is crown'd,  
And the Healths abound,  
the King and the Queen the best in the Town.

The Fleet or Armies Action,  
Argues still with reason,  
Speaks nor hears no Treason;  
Nor Arraigns the sence,  
of five Hundred Heads to please one:  
Plaintiff or Defendants,  
Ne'er get his attendance,  
wishes well to all, that are at *White-Hall*,  
that he Loves no Court dependance.

Books admires when Witty,  
Good Musick and a Ditty,  
and takes a Spouse, to adorn his House,  
That's Rich and kind, and pretty;  
ry, merry, merrily discards all sorrow,  
ly does never, never lend nor borrow,  
generously entertains his Friends to day,  
is the same to Morrow.

The



*The Moderator's Dream; in an Harangue  
tween the Ghost of Queen BESSE, and  
Genius of GREAT BRITAIN: Occasioned  
by the Disappointment of the Burning the Pope  
and the Mobb's Procession on the 17th of Novem-  
ber. The Words made to a pretty Tally-  
call'd Chimney Sweep.*

**W**HEN Sol to Thetis Pool,  
*Save the Queen, save the Queen,*  
Rode down his Head to cool,  
*Save the Queen:*  
Close by a purling Stream,  
That might give a Poet Theam;  
I Slept, and had a Dream,  
*Save the Queen, save the Queen.*

Methought Queen BESSE arose,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*  
From Mansion of Repose,  
*Save the Queen:*  
The Genius of our Land  
Came in too at her command,  
And thus Harangue maintain'd,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

*Genius.*

What mean you, awful Shade,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*  
When such Results are made?  
*Save the Queen:*  
When Concord is confest,  
And comes Post from East to West,  
What makes you leave your Rest?  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

*The Queen's Speech.*

Sovereign then reply'd,  
*Save the Queen, Save the Queen,*  
since the time I dy'd,  
*Save the Queen:*  
Praise aloft did mount,  
now late on strange Account,  
had a vile Affront;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

Day of high Renown,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*  
at long my Fame did Crown,  
*Save the Queen;*  
Friends old Rome to shame,  
most glorious show did Frame,  
Honour of my Name;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

Pope did Gay appear,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*  
George was likewise there,  
*Save the Queen:*  
Dev'l of graceful Size,  
he himself without disguise,  
nod by to give Advice;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

our Cardinals in Caps,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*  
our Monks with bloated Chaps,  
*Save the Queen:*  
our Capuchines in Bays,  
nod to make the People gaze,  
two Hundred Lights to blaze;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

at when 'twas to be shown,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*  
Splendour o're the Town,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

A Troop of Grenadiers,  
Put 'em all in Panick Fears,  
By Order of some P — s;  
*Save the Queen, save the Queen.*

They Seiz'd my Puppets all,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*  
And bore 'em to *Whitshall*,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*  
St. George, who look'd so great,  
With the Pope and Dev'l his Mate,  
Were Pris'ners made of State;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

My Glory thus they Cloud;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*  
And disoblige my Croud,  
*Save the Queen:*  
Who would have shewn that Night,  
By the Power of Zealous might,  
A Cause most pure and bright;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

But Property must be,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*  
Allow'd in each Degree,  
*Save the Queen:*  
And some were there that saw;  
Who have sworn to mend this flaw,  
By force of Common Law;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

A P — r of Noble Hope,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*  
Lays Claim unto the Pope,  
*Save the Queen:*  
A Doctor of Esteem,  
And Religious to the brim,  
Swears Dev'l belongs to him,  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

male W——g in Town,

the Queen, &c.

the Pretender own,

the Queen:

says his Coat was gay,

since thus 'tis took away,

Government shall pay;

the Queen, &c.

Reason too they have,

the Queen, &c.

think, whose Heads are Grave,

the Queen:

all that was aim'd at,

to shew a Mob as great,

High-Boys did of late;

the Queen,

*The Genius Answers.*

Genius Answer made,

the Queen, &c.

Reverence to your Shade,

the Queen:

Mobs in Tumult swell,

the same as Fiends in Hell,

ember \* Massinell;

the Queen, &c.

every Mob that's past,

the Queen, &c.

timely well suppress,

the Queen:

Cits the Guards may thank,

had one day more grown rank,

arm'd had been your Bank;

the Queen, &c.

people train'd to Grace,

the, &c.

ve undoubted Praise,

the Queen:

\* A Fisherman  
of Naples, that in  
five days Time  
rais'd such a Mob,  
that he Insulted  
the Viceroy and  
Nobles, and over-  
turned the whole  
Government.

But

But Morals that belong  
 (I must Question) to a Throng,  
 Two Hundred Thousand strong;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

Methinks I see 'em meet,  
*Save the, &c.*  
 And fill up Lombard-street,  
*Save the, &c.*  
 Each Banker standing bare,  
 That his Bags they will not spare,  
 An Ague has for fear;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

A Noble Lord at home,  
*Save the, &c.*  
 Saluting Captain Tom,  
*Save the, &c.*  
 Half melted with his fears,  
 Forc'd to Treat in Elbow Chairs,  
 A Rabble rout of Bears;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

This was the Case we read,  
*Save the, &c.*  
 With \* Tyler and Jack Cade,  
*Save the, &c.*  
 And might as well be so,  
 Had you made Procession now,  
 And gone on with your show;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

\* Two No  
 Rebels, that  
 prodigious T  
 in England.

Not that there's real Fear,  
*Save the, &c.*  
 Of Mobs whilst I am here,  
*Save the, &c.*  
 But still where Reason rules,  
 The old Proverb wisely Schools,  
 No Jesting with Edge Tools;  
*Save the Queen, &c.*

Moderation guide,  
*the Queen, save the Queen;*  
 Lay such Jestts aside,  
*the Queen:*  
 Trivial things like these,  
 Make fatal Feuds Increase,  
 Are no Friends to Peace,  
*the Queen, save the Queen.*

When the Scarlet Whore,  
*the, &c.*  
 Burns as before,  
*the, &c.*  
 Satan close his Jaws,  
 For the Pretender's Cause,  
 Leave it to our Laws,  
*the, &c.*

To Majestick Spright,  
*the, &c.*  
 Your Grace good Night,  
*the Queen:*  
 Now no more remains,  
 To cease Poetick Pains,  
 Guard the Saint that Reigns,  
*the Queen, save the Queen.*





## A SONG.



**B**OAST no more fond Love, thy Power,  
 Mingling Passions sweet and sower;  
 Bow to *Celia*, show thy Duty,  
*Celia* sways the World of Beauty:  
*Venus* now must kneel before her,  
 And admiring Crowds adore her.

Like the Sun that gilds the Morning,  
*Celia* shines, but more adorning;

the Fate, can wound a Lover,  
 as like too; can recover:  
 can Kill, or save from dying,  
 Transported Soul is flying.

er than the blooming Rose is,  
 er than the falling Snow is;  
 such Eyes the Great Creator  
 his Lamps to kindle Nature;  
 is he that can refuse her,  
 hard Fate, that I must loose her.

\*\*\*\*\*:~:\*\*\*\*\*

Mr Solon's *Hunting SONG.* Sung by Mr.  
 Dogget.

tivee, tivee, tivee, tivee, High and Low,  
 hark, hark how the Merry, merry Horn does blow,  
 rough the Lanes and Meadows we go,  
 Puls has run over the Down;  
 Ringwood and Rockwood, and Jowler & Spring,  
 Thunder and Wonder made all the Woods ring,  
 Horsemen and Footmen, hey ding, a ding ding,  
 no envies the Pleasure and State of a Crown.

follow, follow, follow, follow Jolly boys,  
 in with the Beagles now whilst the Scent lies,  
 very Fac'd God is just ready to rise,  
 those Beams all our Pleasure controuls;  
 over the Mountains and Valleys we rowl,  
 War's fatal Knell in each hollow we toll;  
 in the next Cottage rope off a full Bowl,  
 at Pleasure like Hunting can cherish the Soul.

**A SONG** Representing the  
of a Pad.





**W**HEN for Air  
 I take my Mare,  
 And mount her first,  
 She walks just thus,  
 Her Head held low,  
 And Motion slow ;  
 With Nodding, Plodding,  
 Wagging, Jogging,  
 Dashing, Plashing,  
 Snorting, Starting,  
 Whimsically she goes :  
 Then Whip stirs up,  
 Trot, Trot, Trot ;  
 Ambling then with easy slight,  
 She riggles like a Bride at Night ;  
 Her shuffling hitch,  
 Regales my Britch ;  
 Whilst Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,  
 Brings on the Gallop,  
 The Gallop, the Gallop,  
 The Gallop, and then a short  
 Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,  
 Straight again up and down,  
 Up and down, up and down,

Till

*Trott.* Till she comes home with a Trott,  
When Night dark grows.

*Walk.* Just so *Phillis*,  
Fair as Lillies,  
As her Face is,  
Has her Paces;  
And in Bed too,  
Like my Pad too;  
Nodding, Plodding,  
Wagging, Jogging,  
Dashing, Plashing,  
Flirting, Spiriting,  
Artful are all her ways:

*Trott.* Heart thumps pitt, patt,  
Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott:

*Pace.* Ambling, then her Tongue gets loose  
Whilst wrigling near I press more close  
Ye Devil she cries,  
I'll tear your Eyes,

*Trott.* When Main seiz'd,  
Bum squeez'd,

*Gallop.* I Gallop, I Gallop, I Gallop, I Gallop

*Trott.* And Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,  
Streight again up and down,

*Gallop.* Up and down, up and down,  
Till the last Jerk with a Trott,

*Trott.* Ends our Love Chase.



DIALOGUE between a Town Spark and  
his Mifs.

DID you not promise me when you lay by me,  
That you would marry me, can you deny me?  
If I did promise thee, 'twas but to try thee,  
Call up your Witnesses, else I defie thee.

Ah, who would trust you men that swear and vow  
Born only to deceive, how can you do so? [so,  
If we can swear and lye, you can dissemble,  
And then to hear the Lye, would make one  
[ tremble.

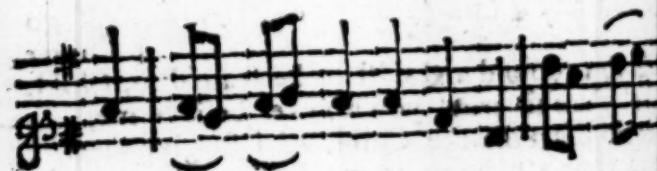
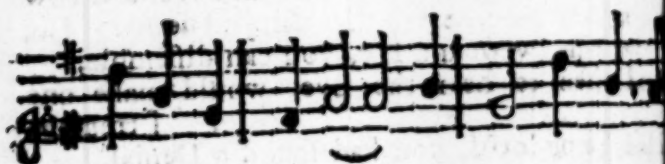
Had I not lov'd, you had found a Denial,  
My tender Heart, alas, was but too real;  
Should a new Shower encrease the Flood,  
Too soon would overflow.

Alas I know you were, I've often try'd ye,  
I deal to forty more Lovers besides me.  
If thousands lov'd me, where was my Transgression,  
You were the only He, e'er got Possession?  
Thou could'st talk prettily, e'er thou could'st go  
[ Child;

But I'm too old and wise to be sham'd so, Child.  
Tho' y'are so cruel you'll never believe me,  
Yet do but take the Child, all I forgive thee.  
Send your Kid home to me, I will take care on't,  
It has the Mother's Gifts, 'twill prove a rare one.





**Willey's Intreague: A New SON**



WAS when Summer was Rosie,  
 In Woods and Fields many a Posie;  
 A late young Flaxen-hair'd Nelly,  
 Way-ly'd by bonny black Willey;  
 He seiz'd her, and Teiz'd her,  
 Guggled her, and Squeez'd her,  
 He Grabbled her too very near the Belly;  
 'Till I never will hear ye,  
 'Till oh Lord! I can't bear ye,  
 Tickle, tickle so, tickle, tickle so Willey.

The fit tho' was over,  
 Willey her Breath did recover;  
 A Willey bated his Wooing,  
 Sooly prepared to be going:  
 Nelly tho' he teiz'd her,  
 Grabbled her and Squeez'd her,  
 Stay a little, I vow and swear I could kill ye,  
 Her touch I can bear ye,  
 'Till oh Lord! I will hear ye,  
 Tickle me again, tickle me again, Willey.



**The SERENADE,**

**A SONG** in the *Injur'd Princess* or a  
*Wager*, Set by Colonel Pack.





E Larks awake the drowzy morn,  
 My dearest lovely *Chloe* rise,  
 With thy dazzling Rays adorn,  
 The ample World and Azure Skies :  
 Thy Eye of thine out-shines the Sun,  
 As deck'd in all his Light ;  
 As he excels the Moon,  
 As the small twinkling Star at Noon,  
 As the Meteor of the Night.

Down and see your Beauty's power,  
 See the Heart in which you reign ;  
 Conquer'd Slave in Triumph bore,  
 Never wear so strong a Chain :  
 Be with Smiles that I may Live,  
 Or wish to be free ;  
 Or hope for kind Reprieve,  
 Or grateful bondage leave,  
 Or Immortality.



## A SONG.





WHY are my Eyes still flowing,  
 Why do my Heart thus trembling move?  
 do I sigh when going  
 to see the darling Saint I Love?  
 She's my Heaven, and in her Eyes the Deity;  
 'Tis no Life like what she can give,  
 My Death like taking my leave:  
 Give me no more of Glory,  
 My Ambition I've resign'd;  
 Tell a long, long story,  
 Of her Face, her Shape and Mind;  
 Too of Raptures, that wou'd Life destroy to enjoy;  
 A Diadem, Scepter and Ball,  
 The happy Minute I'd part with them all.





## A New Scotch S O N G.



7A  
pon  
on  
d  
I f  
of  
y c  
elled  
I t  
fa  
pre  
elled  
Tra  
wa  
fe fi  
Love  
mity  
noth  
rwa  
East  
Love  
my  
d l



Talking down the Highland Town,

There I saw Lasses many;  
 Upon the Bank in the highest Rank,  
 No one more gay than any;  
 I'd about for one kind Face,  
 Till I saw *Billy Scroggy*;  
 I ask'd of him what was her Name,  
 He call'd her *Catherine Logy*.

Travelled East, and I travelled West,  
 I travelled through *Strabogy*;  
 The fairest Lass that e'er I see,  
 A pretty *Catherine Logy*.

Travelled East, and I Travelled West,  
 I Travel'd through *Strabogy*;  
 I watch a long Winters Night,  
 To see fair *Catherine Logy*.

Love in *Lamer Moor*,  
 Twenty Love in *Leith*, Sir;  
 Another Love in *Edinburgh*,  
 And twenty Loves in *Dalkeith*, Sir.

East, or Ride I West,  
 Love She's still before me,  
 As my Wife shou'd ken aw *this*,  
 I wou'd be very sorry.

*The Scotch Parson's Daughter*

**P**EGGY in Devotion;  
 Bred from tender Years;  
 From my Loving motion,  
 Still was call'd to Prayers :  
 I made muckle bustle,  
 Love's dear Fort to win;  
 But the Kirk Apostle,  
 Told her 'twas a Sin.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

203

ing and Repentance,  
and such Whining Cane ;  
the Dooms-day sentence,  
righted my young Saint :  
taught her the Duty,  
heavenly joys to know ;  
lik'd her Beauty,  
taught her those below.

re took my part still,  
ce did Reason blind ;  
for all his Art still,  
e to me inclin'd :  
e delight hereafter,  
so dull appear ;  
I had taught her,  
w'd to share 'em here.

'tis worth' your Laughter,  
ngst the canting Race ;  
er Son nor Daughter,  
er yet had Grace :  
on the Sunday,  
h her Daddy vext ;  
to me on Monday,  
forgot his Text.



# The BLACKBIRD: A SONG.



**R**oom, room, room for a Rover,  
Yonder Town's so hot ;  
I a Country Lover

Bless my Freedom got :  
This Celestial Weather  
Such enjoyment gives,  
We like Birds flock hither,  
Browsing on green leaves :  
Some who late late Scawling,  
Publick Cheats to mend ;  
Study now with Bowling,  
Each to Cheat his Friend :

*Whilst on the Hawthorn Tree, Terry rerry, rerry, rerry,  
rerry, rerry, sings the Blackbird, Oh what a World he*

Eastern Regions,  
 Cannibals abound;  
 of all Religions,  
 does Man confound:  
 our worser Natives,  
 Church-Rules obey;  
 the Barb'rous Caitiffs,  
 rage up more than they:  
 the Town, hot Follies,  
 to Faction draw;  
 hence, Noise and Malice,  
 flies too for Law:  
 in the, &c.

old Game's again on Trial,  
 our Church-men guess;  
 we write We most Loyal,  
 mean nothing less:  
 Factious Teazer,  
 proudly Votes his Will;  
 he be then to *Cæsar*,  
 who sits Patient still:  
 he wants a Ruler,  
 whose Scales to guide;  
 he wants a cooler,  
 who like *Jehu* Ride:  
 in the, &c.

me then a Bottle,  
 sold by;  
 that warms the Noddle,  
 does all Cares defy:  
 has enter'd *Aries*,  
 Summer Sweets do fall,  
 flowers new and various,  
 let's enjoy 'em all;  
 Adieu, State Janglers,  
 your whole Winters Curse;  
 wel to Law wranglers,  
 that so plague the Purse:  
 in the, &c.



## The New BLACKBIRD

A SONG, in the Wonders of the Sun, or  
Kingdom of Birds: To the foregoing Tune

**W**Hilst Content is wanting  
In the World below;  
We in freedom chanting,  
Life's true pleasure know:  
Cloy'd with care and duty,  
To Superiour sway;  
They ne'er see the Beauty,  
Of one happy Day:  
Profits Golden Follies,  
Half the Globe infest;  
Bastion, Pride, and Malice,  
Governs all the rest:  
*Whilst in eternal Day; Terry, verry, verry, verry,  
Hey, Terry verry, Sings the Blackbird,  
Ab! what a World have they?*

Giant Limb'd Ambition,  
Like a Tyrant Reigns;  
Forming new Division  
Hourly in their Brains:  
Sometimes Peace enjoying,  
Some they a League begin;  
But one Monarch's dying,  
Breaks 'em all again:  
Then the grave State-menders,  
For Religion Fight;  
Tho' the hot Pretenders,  
Never had a doir:  
*Whilst here in lasting Day; Terry, &c.*

Warriors all're Princes,  
When their Aid they want;  
Armies for defences,  
Present Pay they grant:

the work once ended,  
 they the Chiefs disown;  
 in haste disbanded,  
 ally are cry'd down:  
 uncur'd they Nourish,  
 himseys worse Disease;  
 her lose or Flourish,  
 ever are at ease:  
 here in *lasting Day*; Terry, &c.

fat Pamper'd City,  
 mbling at the Tax;  
 k to stint, 'tis pitty,  
 lies or their Backs:  
 Rich Country Booby,  
 ooding o'er his Ground;  
 rs and wondrous Moody,  
 dges four in the Pound:  
 Fermentation, banter all our Souls;  
 d to Fire the Nation,  
 cats blow the Coals:  
 lish here in *lasting Day*,  
 terry, terry verry, Sings the Blackbird;  
 ! What a World have they.



# The CAMBRIAN Glory

An ODE: Or, Memoirs of the Lives and  
ant Actions, of the Ancient Britains;  
Sung every St. David's Day.



UTE \* who descended from *Trojan* stem,  
First Ancient *Albion* alarm'd with his Forces;  
whom their Ancestors raise their Name,  
whose brave Deeds are so many discourfes:  
when *Rome's* Eagles aloft did soar,  
Liant † *Caractacus* with Conduct glorious;  
ht 'em till Fate envying *Britain* power,  
ve up her Hero a Prize to || *Ostorius*.

CHORUS.

nd take Caution,  
his fam'd Nation;  
ue, whilst your are free,  
d Rich and able:  
ly treat, you'll be great,  
arrel on, you're undone,  
m the bundle of Rods in the Fable.†

Division first chang'd their Case,  
lousie needless, and Fears beyond measure;  
they combin'd, *Rome* had conquer'd less,  
r had § *Casibelan* sold them to *Cesar*:  
nce that Change they can ne'er retrieve,  
ve we it here for Example in Story;  
ow to Honour those since did Live,  
arm the sweet Lyre with the *Cambrian* Glory.  
nd take Caution, &c.

ales and her noble Sons I Sing,  
whom my Muse has his Trophy erected;  
when the first mighty (a) Conquering King,  
others queH'd, yet remain'd unsubjected:  
om and Right they all held so dear,  
ther than yield up the Gory of either;

ute Invaded Britain Anno Mun. 1855. † King of  
n. || Lieutenant in Britain for Claudius Imp. § Sir  
Temples Introdect. to Hist. of England. (a) vid.  
Annals of Wm. the Conqueror. Anno 1074.

Handfuls of Men against Crowds appear,  
Stoutly resolving to Dye all together.  
England *take Caution, &c.*

Rufus the next o'th' Conquering Line,  
Spoyl'd a great Monarch by being a Miser;  
He heavy Taxes \* the *Welsh* assign'd,  
Which, than to Pay him, 'tis known they were  
Bravely they fought, tho' at last home fled,  
Yet had the Victors no wonder to brag on;  
For still on the Mountains an Egg was laid,  
That some Years after grew up to a Dragon.  
England *take Caution, &c.*

† *Stephen* and † *Henry* the first of the Name,  
Did in each Reign prove the *Griffiths Welsh* men  
And brave *Cadwalader* lost no fame,  
Tho' by base Treachery slain before Battle:  
Valiant K. *John* § too by force of Arms,  
Threatn'd bold *Conan* to lessen his Bravery;  
Yet thought fit after to come to terms,  
*Welchmen* were never yet huff'd into slavery.  
England *take Caution, &c.*

But what no force then could do on Earth,  
Policy in the next Reign well affected;  
For at *Carnarvan*, (a) a Prince had Birth,  
To whom as Country-men they all subjected  
(b) Am'rous *Llewellen* too Charm'd with Love,  
Chang'd his Renown for a Wedded condition,  
Beauty's soft Joy did so powerful prove,  
That paying Tribute, he veil'd his Ambition.  
England *take Caution, &c.*

---

\* *Vid. Stow 7 year of K. Wm. Rufus, Anno 1094. no. R. Steph. 1st. 1136. † Hen. 2. Anno. R. 26. Dom. 1180. § K. John. Anno. 1212. (a) vid. Stow no R. Ed. 1st. 12. Anno Dom. 1284. (b) vid. Baker Ed. 1st.*

Owen Glendower \* did Annals fill,  
 When the fourth Henry the Hot-spur Infested;  
 In three Battles such numbers did kill,  
 Like a Fury was fear'd and detested:  
 Was bold Teutber † behind in Fame,  
 When Glory call'd him, or Freedom excited;  
 For espousing the Royal Dame,  
 Rising too high had his Lustre benighted.  
 And take Caution, &c.

Mounted Vaughn is ne'er forgot,  
 Ridith Jenken, nor Morgan ap Reuther;  
 Main at Edgcott ‡ that fatal sport,  
 Whilst others follow'd the Fortune of Teutber:  
 Many more of Renown'd account,  
 Improv'd that Day by their Valiant endeavour;  
 British Valour could e'er surmount,  
 None ne'er in Battle behav'd themselves braver.  
 And take Caution, &c.

Now at last I must boldly sing,  
 Of the fam'd Leek so renown'd in old story §!  
 Wore in Fight § as a famous thing,  
 To distinguish in Conquering Glory:  
 Bombs may Laugh at they know not what,  
 Whilst to the Wise I affirm this Relation;  
 (a) for Trifles great fame have got,  
 Onions (b) been Deified on less occasion.  
 And take Caution, &c.

Ed. Stow. Anno R. Hen. 4th. Anno Dom. 1492. †uid.  
 Hen. 6th. Beheaded for Marrying the King's Sister.  
 at Edgcott 9. Ed. 4th. Anno. 1469. § Leek first  
 in Honour of a great Victory won by the Welch.  
 each by wearing one in his Hat, was distinguish'd  
 their foes. (a) Badges of the Jurrs 'twixt York, and  
 after. (b) Onions ador'd by Egyptians as Gods.



Merlin \* the Fam'd who her Native was,  
 Prophecy'd still the true worth of this Nation;  
 Equal to all if they not surpass,  
 For Honour, Courage, and Arts in each station  
 Had their cross Stars made 'em e'er unite,  
 And against Foes jointly done their endeavour  
 England's proud Name had ne'er seen the Light,  
 But Britain held up her Title for ever.  
 Therefore take Caution,  
 By this brave Nation;  
 All agree, whilst you are free,  
 And Rich and able:  
 Friendly treat, you'll be great,  
 Quarrel on, you're undone,  
 Think on the Bundle of Rods in the Fable.

\* Merlin the Miracle of his Time born in Britain.



### A SONG.

**I** Follow'd Fame and got Renown,  
 I rang'd all o'er the Park and Town;  
 I haunted Plays, and there grew Wise,  
 Observing my own modish Vice:  
 Friends and Wine I next did try,  
 Yet I found no solid Joy;  
 Greatest Pleasures seem too small,  
 Till *Sylvia* made amends for all.

But see the state of humane Bliss,  
 How vain our best Contentment is;  
 As of my Joy she was the Chief,  
 So was she too my greatest Grief:  
 Fate, that I might be undone,  
 Dooms this Angel but for one;  
 And, alas, too plain I see,  
 That I am not the happy he.

*Against Free-Will:*

## A SONG.

O silly Mortall, and ask thy Creator,  
 Why thy short Life is Tormented with Care;  
 Thou art Slave to the Follies of Nature,  
 Why for thy Plague he made Woman so fair?

If *Chloes* Glances

Can charm thy Sences,

And Beauty force thee into her snare;

'Tis this *Free-Will*, of which Gownmen so prate,

None, none have power to controul their Fate.

He be Monarch of all the Creation,

Whom men in Reason should stoop to his sway;

Rich, or Witty, by free Inclination

Swearing his Priviledge, calmly obey;

Else every Brute is

More blest with Beauties,

The Horse or Stag, each can seize his Prey;

Ne'er i'th' Grove saw the Lordly Bull,

But the fair, She like a loving Fool.



A SONG in the Opera call'd, *The King of the Birds.* Sung by Miss Willis.



**I**N the Fields in Frost and Snows,  
 Watching late and early;  
 There I keep my Father's Cows,  
 There I Milk 'em Yearly:  
 Booming here, Booming there,  
 Here a Boo, there a Boo, every where a Boo,  
 We defy all Care and Strife,  
 In a Charming Country-Life.

at home amongst the Fowls,  
 ching late and early ;  
 I tend my Fathers Owls,  
 I feed 'em Yearly :  
 here, Whoooling there,  
 whoo, there a whoo, every where a whoo,  
*all Care and Strife,*  
*arming Country Life.*

the Summer Fleeces heap,  
 ching late and early ;  
 Shear my Father's Sheep,  
 I keep 'em Yearly :  
 here, Bacing there,  
 Bac, there a Bac, every where a Bac,  
*all Care, &c.*

Morning e'er 'twas light,  
 e Morning early ;  
 I met with my Delight,  
 he Lov'd me dearly :  
 here, Wooeing there,  
 woee, there a woee, every where a woee,  
*free from Care, &c.*

Light came from above,  
 e Morning early ;  
 I met with my true Love,  
 I met him early :  
 here, Wooeing there,  
 woee, there he woee, every where he woee,  
*free from Care, &c.*

Morn at six of the Clock,  
 e Morning early ;  
 I fed our Turkey-Cock,  
 I fed him yearly, cou, cou, goble, goble, goble :  
 here, Couing there,  
 cou, there a cou, every where a cou,  
*free from Care and Strife,*  
*asant Country Life.*

In the Morning near the Fens,  
 In the Morning early;  
 There I feed my Father's Hens,  
 There I feed them Yearly:  
 Cackle here, Cackle there,  
 Here a cack, there a cack, every where a cack  
*Oh! How free from Care and Strife,  
 Is a Pleasant Country Life.*

In the Morning with good speed,  
 In the Morning early;  
 I my Father's Ducks do feed,  
 In the Morning early:  
 Quacking here, Quacking there,  
 Here a quack, there a quack, every where a quack  
*Oh! How free from Care, &c.*

In the Morning fair and fine,  
 In the Morning early;  
 There I feed my Father's Swine,  
 There I feed them Yearly:  
 Grunting here, Grunting there,  
 Here a grunt, there a grunt, every where a grunt  
*Oh! How free from Care and Strife,  
 Is a Pleasant Country Life.*



## TO CHLORIS:

ODE set to the New Riggadoon.

Love thee well,  
Not so well to wed thee,  
Lest Blood rebel,  
Appetite should cloy :  
Whilst free and kind,  
Hour I long to bed thee :  
But if confin'd,  
Scarce believ't a Joy.

## [Second Movement]

In Earth and Air  
Creatures else possess  
Their pleasing Liberty ;  
Why should Man,  
The Lord of all the Universe,  
Happy be.

## [Third Movement.]

Musick then; and Wine still,  
And every one his Dear,  
Friendship most divine still,  
That treats with *Cher entier*.

## [Fourth Movement.]

Wise think all those very dull,  
Who Marriage Yokes incline ;  
E'er I do play the Fool,  
Near *Chloris* I am thine.



A SONG made upon a New Country Dance  
Richmond, call'd, Mr. Lane's Maggot.



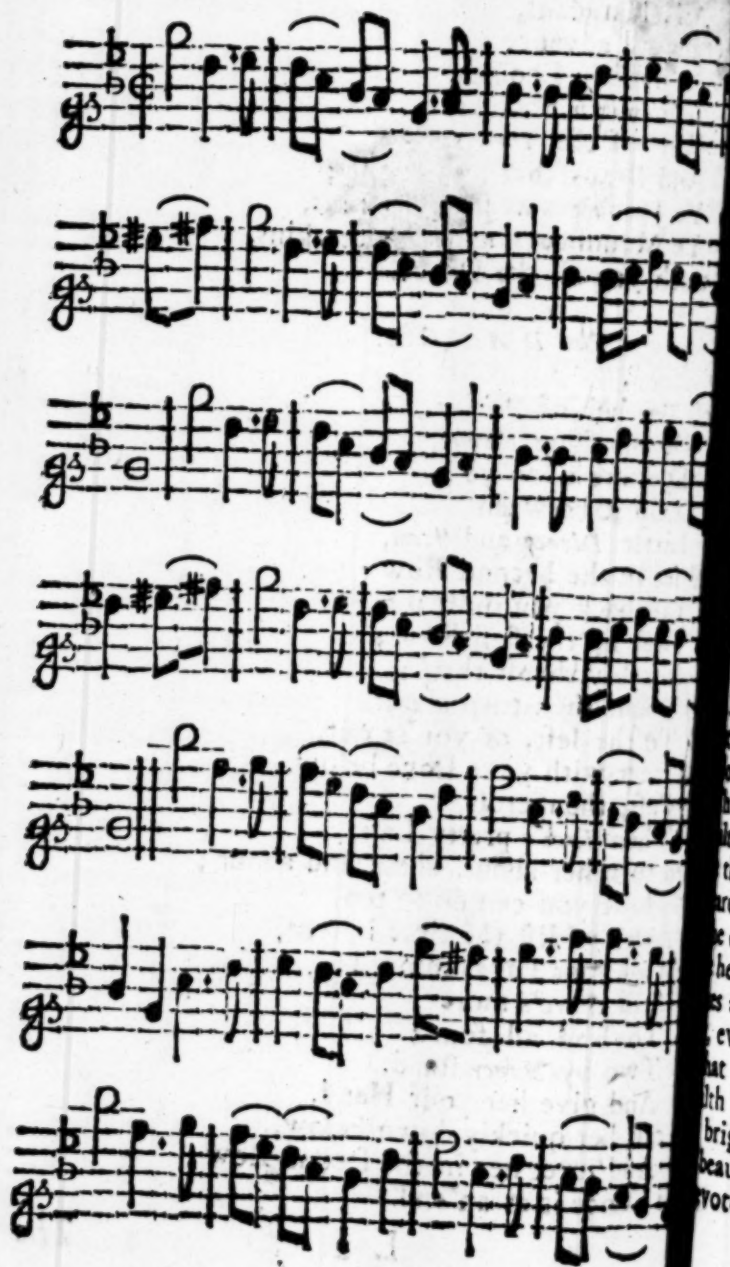
**S**Trike up drowfie Gut-scrapers;  
Gallants be ready,  
Each with his Lady;  
Foot it about,  
'Till the Night be run out,  
Let no ones humour pall:  
'Brisk Lads now cut your Capers;  
Put your Legs to't,  
And shew you can do't,  
Frisk, frisk it away  
'Till break of Day,  
And hey for *Richmond Ball!*  
Fortune-Biters,  
Hags, Bum-fighters,  
Nymphs of the Woods,  
And stale City Goods;

Ye Cherubins,  
 And Seraphins,  
 Ye Caravans,  
 And Haradans,  
 Order all advance :  
*Twittenham* Loobies,  
*Thistleworth* Boobies,  
 Wits of the Town,  
 And Beaus that have none ;  
 Ye Jacobites as sharp as Pins,  
 Ye Mounseurs, and ye Sooterkins,  
 Teach you all the Dance.

*The DANCE.*

Put Tom behind Johnny,  
 Do the same Nanny,  
 Eyes are upon ye ;  
 Trip it between  
 Little Dickey and Jean,  
 And set in the Second Row :  
 Cast back you must too,  
 And up the first Row ;  
 Nimble thrust thro' ;  
 Then, then turn about,  
 To the left, or you're out,  
 And meet with your Love below.  
 Pass, then cross,  
 Then Jack's pretty Lass,  
 And turn her about, about and about ;  
 Jack, if you can do so too,  
 Betty, whilst the time is true,  
 Shall all your Ear commend :  
 Still there's more  
 To lead all four ;  
 Two by Nancy stand,  
 And give her your Hand,  
 Cast her quickly down below,  
 And meet her in the second Row ;  
 The Dance is at an end.

*The Three Goddesses : Or, The Glory of Tunbridge Wells. Made to a Tune of Mr. Barret's.*





Leave, leave the drawing Room,  
 Where Flowers of Beauty us'd to bloom,  
 Nymph fated to o'ercome,  
 Now triumphs at the Wells;  
 Air, and charming Eyes,  
 Face the gay, the grave, and wise,  
 Beaus spite of Box and Dice,  
 Acknowledge all excels;  
 Cease to ask her Name,  
 Crown'd Muses noblest Theam,  
 Whose Graces by immortal Fame,  
 Should only sounded be:  
 If you long to know,  
 Look round yonder dazzling Row,  
 Who does most like an Angel show,  
 You may be sure is she.

Near the Sacred Springs,  
 A cure to fell Diseases brings,  
 Loud Fame of Idea sings,  
 Three Goddesses appear,  
 Health, Glory too posselt,  
 The third with charming Beauty blest,  
 Ere Heav'n and Earth confest,  
 She conquer'd every where:  
 Her this Charmer now,  
 As all Love-sick Gazers bow,  
 Even Old Age the Flame allow,  
 That influences all,  
 Health can no Trophy rear,  
 Bright Fame the Garland wear,  
 Beauty every Paris here,  
 Adores the Golden Ball.

*A Health to the Imperialists; Or, An Inno-  
ODE on the Treachery of the Elector  
Bavaria. To a Tune of Mr. J. C.*





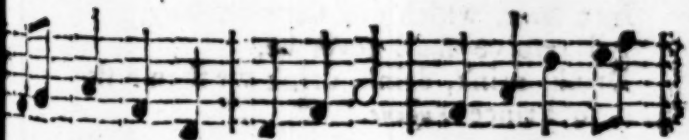
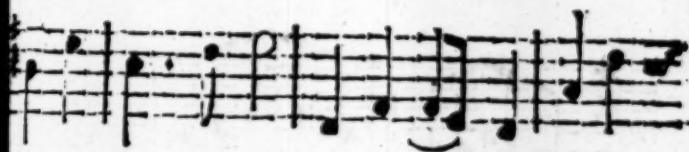
**U**LM is gone,  
 But basely won,  
 treacherous *Bavaria* there has buried his Renown;  
 That stroling Prince,  
 Who few Years since,  
 was cramm'd with *William's* Gold:  
 Pension lost,  
 And hopes too crost,  
 Of having more  
 From *Brittish* store,  
 keep his wonted post;  
 To aid in vain,  
 Usurping *Spain*,  
 himself to *France* has sold:  
 For 'tis plain,  
 't' Plots were vain,  
 at *Ausburgh* was th' intended Project of his Brain;

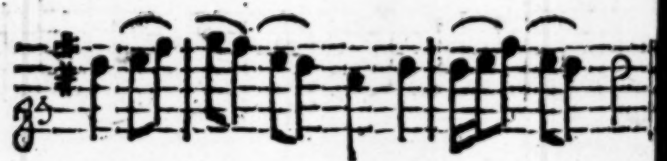


The Mem'ry of *Nassau*,  
 Was valu'd not a Straw,  
 Had *Monsieur* reliev'd *London*;  
 Let him go,  
 A worthless Foe,  
 And whilst the Princes round resolve his overthrow  
 A jolly Bottle bring,  
 Great *Baden's* Praises sing,  
 And th' *Roman's* valiant King.

Lost in Fame,  
 Involv'd in Shame,  
 Thou odious Scandal to the noble *Maximilian's*  
 Who durst debase,  
 Imperial Grace,  
 And thus provoke the *Ban*,  
 Honour slight,  
 And Royal Right,  
 Expected daily by the Circles on their sides to  
 For *Spain's* ill Cause,  
 And *French* Kickshaws,  
 Turn basely cat in Pan;  
 But go on,  
 Forlorn undone,  
 And e'er his yearly Course around has rowl'd the  
 Deserted and disgrac'd,  
 Still routed too and chac'd,  
 In Chains thou may'st grown thy last:  
 Or may Fate,  
 To prove her Hate,  
 Thy Falshood to the Misery of War translate;  
 And there so low appear,  
 A Fuzee may'st thou bear,  
 Like some poor Musqueteer.

For Eugene's Health. A SONG set by Mr.  
John Barret.





**Y**OU the glorious Sons of Honour,  
 That each Hour your Fame advance;  
 Pray take notice in what manner,  
*Lewis prizes it in France:*  
 In the *Reswick* Charte remember,  
 He great *William* lawful names;  
 But grown doating last *September*,  
 Loudly sounds, loudly sounds up another *Ja*  
 Routs our Trade too,  
 And wou'd no doubt invade too;  
 Could he turn the *Oglia*  
 Into *Scime*, which our Boys in *Italy*,  
 All resolve shall never be,  
 Drink, drink, drink, drink we then a flowing C  
 to Prince *Enghe*.

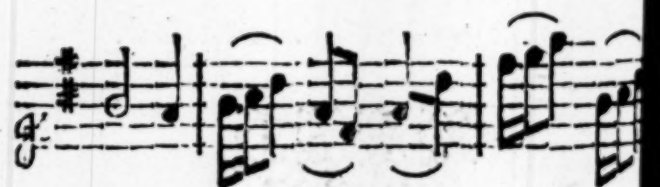
the Peasant in the Fable,  
As we read in times of old,  
Tear from the Satyrs Table,  
For his blowing hot and cold:  
From his own, and every Nation,  
~~Monsieur~~ should be rated so:  
So on every vile Occasion,  
With all sorts of Winds can blow:  
In a Peace too,  
I break it with as much Ease too,  
Take an Oath now, and strait deny't again;  
That this and all that's past,  
I come home to him at last,  
Prosper may the conquering Arms of Prince Eugene...

th despotic Resolution,  
From Subjects Gold can tear;  
We be to our Constitution,  
We have no such doings here:  
Government in blest Condition,  
When to just Law 'tis confin'd;  
Tyrannick Disposition,  
Never yet agreed with the *English* kind;  
Alit *Carero*,  
Bin'd with Gallick *Nero*;  
The Crown then unjustly would maintain,  
And th'Imperial Claim controul;  
Bring still each Heart and Soul,  
Let us see the Glass go round to Prince Eugene...



# The Scotch VIRAGO.

A SONG Sung to the Queen at Kenfin  
The Words made to a pretty New Scotch



Alant Jockey's march'd away,  
To fight the Foe with brave Mackay;  
Wing me, poor Soul, forlorn,  
Curse the Hour when I was Born;  
I've sworn Ise follow too,  
I'll dearest Jockey's Fate pursue;  
Let him be to Guard his precious Life,  
My Scot had such a Loyal Wife:  
Sword Ise wear,  
Ise cut my Hair,  
On my Cheeks, that once were thought so fair;  
In Souldier's Weed,  
To him I'll speed,  
Ever like a Trooper cross'd the Tweed.

Trumpet sound to Victory,  
Kill (my self ) the next Dundee;  
We, and Fate, and Rage, do all agree,  
To do some glorious Deed by me:  
That Bellona, take my part,  
We and Glory, charm my Heart;  
Not for Love, and bonny Scotland's good,  
The brave Action may deserve my Blood:  
Nought shall appear,  
Of Female fear,  
Waiting by his Side, I Love so dear;  
All the North shall own,  
There ne'er was known  
Such a sprightly Lass, this thousand Years.





*On the Queen's Progress to*  
BATH.



Dear Jack if you mean  
 To be cur'd of the Spleen,  
 Know any Neighbour that has it ;  
 Tho' ill Humours sway  
 From a *Hypocondra*,  
 May do it by reading the *Gazette*.

The Q——n you know late,  
 Made a Progress in state,  
 whence may come wonderful matter :  
 And furnish fine Tales,  
 When a New P—— of *Wales*,  
 feeds from the happy *Bath-waters*.

But this is not it,  
 That the flatus will fit,  
 make the dull Reader grow merry :  
 Nor to tell the Renown  
 Of Old *Oxford's* fine Town,  
 how they did chant it down derry.

For should I bring in  
 The grave Vice, or the Dean,  
 School-boys Verses should nibble ;  
 Or the Presents that serv'd,  
 So pat I deserv'd,  
 have my Head broke with the Bible.

Nor Mirth can we raise  
 Upon *Badminton* place,  
 rally his Grace's good Table :  
 Nor on *Gloucestershire* Knights,  
 Who the News-monger writes,  
 be preferr'd by the Right Honourable.

Nor make we Remarks  
 On the bluff Country Sparks,  
 gallop'd, no Fury cou'd stop 'em :  
 All ty'd to their Swords,  
 Like so many Lords,  
 led up by *Blushams* and *Repham*.

But

But it's here you will laugh,  
 For a Mile and a half,  
 Coming near to *Bath's* flourishing City;  
 There appear'd such a Rout  
 From the Sheds round about,  
 Gave occasion to furnish my Ditty.

Some 200 young Jades,  
 Jolly bouncing Cook-maids,  
 Came romping to taste the Q — s Bounty;  
 All Virgins we hear,  
 From the false *Gazetteer*,  
 When by G — there's scarce five in the Count

But such as they were  
 They in Order appear,  
 Tho' no *Cynthia* there, nor *Astrea*;  
 For with Arrows and Bows,  
 Each look'd like a Blouze,  
 Instead of a *Penthesilea*.

The Kitchens in Town  
 Were all left alone,  
 And on the Stairs Cobwebbs were hanging;  
 When *Sue*, *Kate*, and *Doll*  
 Were imping *Whitehall*,  
 Before an old Crowd that stood twanging.

Then plump bobbing *Joan*,  
 Strait call'd for her own,  
 And thought she frisk'd better than any;  
 'Till *Sissy* with Pride,  
 Took the Fidler aside,  
 And bid him strike up Northern Nanny.

Who in Country Fairs  
 Had e'er seen the Bears,  
 Hop round when the Keeper does strike 'em?  
 For Airs, and for Steps,  
 For Faces and Shapes,  
 These Virgins would fancy just like 'em.

Thus hot with Renown,  
They come dancing to Town,  
Full of their highly deserving;  
Each freckl'd Face Jade,  
Upon Royalty fed,  
While the Lodgers at home were a starving.

The Piggs were scarce turn'd,  
And the Turkeys half burn'd,  
Add to the Fame of the Nation;  
The Mutton half boyl'd,  
And the Pullets all spoil'd,  
The Turnspits were all in Procession.

But here comes the Cross,  
For the Jackets that cost  
Pounds, for loyalty shewing,  
As some Authors say,  
The good Queen is to pay,  
Must to the City be owing.

Which Scandal profound  
Made 'em stir their Stumps round,  
While each Lass her Courtier engages;  
For should they be slow,  
And Sir Ben. should say no,  
Poor Jades must do't out of their Wages.

Who glowing with Heat,  
So rosie, so neat,  
Look'd as to Marriage she'd chose one;  
And some that can tell,  
Say they danc'd too as well,  
The famous Subligny, or Dunsen.

## A New ODE

On the Bel Assembly in Kensington Gardens  
one Summer Evening, when the Prince  
there.





NOW the Summer solstice does scorching come,  
 Dust gives Air no room,  
 Roses scarce can bloom,  
 All famous Gardens by Nature blest,  
 My has confess *Kensington* the best:  
 At *Belvidera*, with gracious Airs,  
 The Angels, who born from her,  
 The sweetest of all Fairs,  
 Thither oft repairs;  
 Athro' the Walks, if you cast your Eyes,  
 Will think the bright Stars descended with all  
 [rapt Joy,

Did your Soul surprise,  
 Did your Soul surprise.

the glorious *Phœbus* declining shews  
 See the splendid Rows,  
 Gawdy Nymphs and Beaus,  
 The beauteous Labrynth where Lovers meet,  
 And with Voices sweet,  
 Amorous Songs repeat,  
 To each Mistress, Gallants pursue,  
 The Nymphs there to answer them  
 Shew Passion, but not true,  
 As their Lovers do.  
 The World's Genius Intreague invades,  
 Mankind, when Love makes 'em fond,  
 Court in these pleasant Shades,  
 Widows, Wives, and Maids.



The



*The Comical Dreamer.*

Night a Dream came into my Head,  
Thou wert a fine white Loaf of Bread;  
If May Butter I cou'd be,  
How I wou'd spread,  
Now I wou'd spread my self on thee:  
Morning too my Thoughts ran hard,  
You were made a cool Tankard;  
Cou'd I but a Lemon be,  
How I wou'd squeeze,  
Now I wou'd squeeze my Juice in thee.

When Fancy too did roam,  
Wert my dear, a Honey-comb;  
And I been a pretty Bee,  
How I wou'd suck,  
Now I wou'd creep, creep into thee:  
When too I had of old,  
Thou a Mortar wert of Gold;  
Cou'd I but the Pestle be,  
How I wou'd pound,  
Now I wou'd pound my Spice in thee.

Too my Dream did Humour take,  
Wert a Bowl of Hefford's Rack;  
Cou'd I then the Ladle be,  
How wou'd I pour,  
Now wou'd I pour out Joys from thee.  
At time by Charm divine,  
That thou wert an Orchard fine;  
Cou'd I but thy Farmer be,  
How I wou'd plant,  
Now I wou'd plant my Fruit in thee.

After Whims came in my Pate,  
Wert a Pot of Chocolate;  
Cou'd I but the Rowler be,  
How wou'd I rub,  
Now wou'd I twirl, and froth up thee:  
That all Dreams are vain my Dear,  
Now some solid Joy appear;  
And still thine is prov'd to be, let body now,  
Let Body now with Soul agree.

**A SONG** *in the fourth Act*  
*the Modern Prophets.*





your joys, ye inspir'd of the Town,  
 The *Camizars* are come, are come ;  
 Trust and confute the black Gown,  
 and *France* have been dancing the Jigg:  
 now they fain, they fain, they fain,  
 old new model the *Tory* and *Whigg* ;  
 preach and they Pray, the Spirit moves,  
 when they shake, and quake, and *Gambols* they play,  
 This Divine they call,  
 others up the Mob, the Devil and all.

we laugh at, and Infamy there,  
 Loss of Ears, and Lash  
 antickly think is an Honour to bear ;  
 and about the Nation thus Madly we go,  
 where we find the Fools  
 most Fertile, our Tenets we sow:  
 A change we'd obtain,  
 to effect we hum and ha, and Proselytes gain:  
 Eagerly they come,  
 to promote Rebellion at home.



Sally's

Salley's Answer to Sawney: A New Song

AS I gang'd o'er the Links of *Leith*  
 One Morn, was fresh and rosie;  
 The Birds did sing, the Flowers did breath  
 So sweet; I foug't a Poesie:  
 I thought I heard one Sing my praise,  
 And found 'twas sweet and bonny;  
 And sounded *Sally* with such grace,  
 It must be Charming *Sawney*.

His Daddy, was a Farmer grey,  
 That lov'd the Barn and Mow, Sir;  
 Brisk *Sawney* train'd another way,  
 Can Pipe, as well as Plough, Sir:  
 He'd touch a Flute, and play a Tune  
 So soft, so sweet and bonny;  
 Each *Philomel* that heard fell down,  
 And died to Echo *Sawney*.

I often went to Milk our Kine,  
 Inspir'd with Love and Folly;  
 And there he'd Chant a song Divine,  
 And close with Lovely *Sally*:  
 The Teats I stroak'd, whence Milk did flow,  
 His words too drop'd down Honey;  
 And ev'ry Note did charm me so,  
 I ran half Mad for *Sawney*.

He press'd my Hand and hugg'd my Wast,  
 A Kiss did then avail too;  
 And often he my Labour eas'd,  
 With carrying home my Pail too:  
 He ask'd my Dad, for me to Wife,  
 Who said, to have more Money;  
 A Neighbouring Loon should ease that strife,  
 But I resolv'd for *Sawney*.

Then soon my Mother took my part,  
 This Girl we must not baulk so;  
 There's something sad, grows near her Heart,  
 Her Face is Pale as Chalk too:  
 And now 'tis done, the Steeple rings,  
 We each call Joy and Honey;  
 Whilst I despise the Crowns of Kings,  
 I'm pleas'd so well with *Sawney*.

TO CHLORIS.

A S O N G.

*Chloris*, for fear you should think to deceive me,  
Know all my Life I have studied your kind;  
I'm d in your *Grammar*, I'd have you believe me,  
And all your Tricks in my Practice you'll find:  
Ogling and Glances,  
Sighs and advances,  
Country Cully no more shall ensnare;  
Pantings and Tremblings,  
Fits and Dissemblings,  
You must leave, and Intrigue on the Square.

Give me the Girl that's good natur'd and Witty,  
Whose pleasant Talk can her Friend entertain;  
Who's not Proud, if you tell her she's Pretty,  
And yet enough to be Honest and Clean:  
Pox on Town Cheatings,  
Jilts and Cognettings,  
Dear *Chloris*, will bring up by Hand;  
Tears and Complaining,  
Breed but Disdainings,  
Still Love best that are under Command.





*A SATYR Sung in Parts: Being the W  
Tickle-Toby's Model to the Common C  
cel, and Livery-men of London. He  
recommending to their Choice: And giv  
true and Ingenious Character of Four W  
Candidates for the next ensuing Parliam  
Viz. Sir Tho. Ab—y, Sir Rob. Cl—n  
Wm. A—t, and G. He— Esq;*

## C H O R U S.

*These, these are fit Members my Brethren, don't lose  
But if you'd be sure of good Patriots, Choose 'em.*

*Right Thrifty, and wisely Honest Brethren,*

**F**ULL Forty long Years as a Freeholder's W  
I led in the City a Conjugal Life;  
As Honest as Wise, you may take't on my Word  
And Smock still up lifted, in fear of the Lord:  
We our Consciences settled too, at the first Greeting  
So he went to Chappel, and I to the Meeting;  
Thus Cunningly saving our Bacon both ways,  
We still made the Best of late Troublesom Days  
And as a right Conjugal Tempter oft learns,  
By loud Curtain Lectures, or Pillow Concerns,  
Her Husband's best Secrets, so I for a Kiss,  
Whene'er I thought sitting to Pump him, kne  
No matter pass'd in Common-Council, of weight,  
So private in th' Morn, but I knew it at Night  
At the Pricking of Sheriffs, I could tell who would  
To the chargeable Office, or else pay the Fine  
Of chusing Lord Mayors too, I found the Intrigue  
And knew which would carry't, the Tory or Whig  
What Tricks on the Hustings Fanaticks would  
And how the Church Party were still kept at Bay  
With Bribery Cheats and perverting the Law,  
From the First of King JAMES, to the 12th of

Now having some Reason to think I am Wise,  
 I hope my good Brethren you'll take my Advice;  
 I still fancy'd Business e're Years I knew Ten,  
 I have ever since been a Dealer with Men:  
 Now Court Spies as well as the Fathers that got 'em,  
 Who 'mongst the Crowd will prove good at the bot-  
 Naming Four Patriots worth the perusing, (tom;  
 At Juncture whilst now you are Candidates chusing:  
 None Worth the most Famous of Poets should Sing,  
 True Vertue, Wit, Learning, and Zeal for the King;  
 I never outvy'd since Furr'd Gowns sat in Chairs,  
 At the End of large Halls, or London had Mayors:  
 Since Eighty Three with a Plot at the End on't  
 The first bold Church Prætor, to th' last Independent.

*The Character of Sir Rob. Cl-n.*

First I present, is a Reverend Knight,  
 Who tho' of small reading 'tis well known can Write  
 A Treatise Universi, done in a fair Hand,  
 Which chows'd many Fops both of Money and Land:  
 Praising himself still as well as the Nation,  
 In Art of Procuring, and Continuation;  
 His Conscience strait-laced the Grave Justice of Peace,  
 He oft let out Money the Needy to ease:  
 He never was known, search the City quite round,  
 For Interest to take above Ten in the Pound;  
 Of the poor Unthrif in Payment was dodging,  
 He'd to provide him the Counter for Lodging:  
 Which, and by what for Forbearance was given,  
 He grew mighty Rich in the Service of Heaven;  
 As to his Church some will tell you this Tale,  
 That right Linsey Wolfey, half Mild and half Stale:  
 Next he shall go with Sir Charles to St. Paul,  
 One Day with Sir Humphry to Pin-makers Hall;  
 True in the Days of King CHARLES 'twas all clear,  
 That this worthy Magistrate sat in the Chair:  
 As Baits for the Treasury Banquets were made,  
 A Beautiful Dame was in Scarlet Array'd;  
 A High Tory Interest shone plainly at Home,  
 A proper Emblem was nearer than Rome:

But now the neglect of known Merit which sway  
The Hearts of the Zealous, these *Sanctified* Days,  
He turns Cat in Pan, and new Glory to raise;  
Tho' both in his Sense, and his Loyalty limber,  
Resolves to do Mischief, and stand for a Member

*Chorus* of Stationers, Tally-men, Pawn-brokers,  
liffs, and their Wives and Families.

*These, these are the Members my Brethren, don't lose  
But if you'd be sure of good Patriots, Choose 'em.*

*Character of Sir Wm. Ash-t.*

The next, is one, late took the Prætors grand O  
O'th' top of Professions too, dealing in Cloth;  
Looks great as a Baron in *Westminster* Dome,  
As proudly too sits on the Wool-packs at Home  
Austere in his Method, Phantastick in Gate,  
Conceited of Parts, like that Maggot *Will. P*—  
And with a Thumb'd *Horace* still shewn from his P  
Makes all the Wise laugh at the *Classical* Blockhe  
Who tho' he has umbrage of Shop and a Trade,  
Detraction, and Impudence still gets his Bread;  
This Patron of Clothiers late plac'd in the Chair  
Resolv'd to give proof of a Wonderful Mayor  
Beginning with strange Orders to grace his high S  
And plant in the City severe Reformation;  
And tho' Law and Justice were of slender grow  
Within his Quag Brain being ignorant of both  
He soon got a Clark, by whose Faculties strong  
All matters were done, which confirms the old  
*That Honour's but Air, and proud Flesh but Dust is,*  
*'Tis the Commons make Laws, as th' Clark makes the*  
Bluff Constables were his best Favourites still,  
Who daily and hourly brought Grist to the Mill  
My Lord I affirm, this Man Thirteen Oaths sw  
That's Thirteen good Shillings you know to the  
That *TORY* was Drunk, and (oh Monstrous!) pr  
Here's one, tho' 'tis Sunday prophaning a Boat

which the grave Magistrate twirling his Chain,  
 frequent too standing by fretting with Pain;  
 out to his Clark, with a Voice full of Awe,  
 turn to the Statute, and shew him the Law:  
 sit in the Stocks, or pay Fine of a Crown,  
 also for the Twelve-pence more must lay down,  
 as Sentence is past, and away Struts the Gown.  
 With the Money that this way was stripp'd from the

(Donor

part to th' Informer, the rest to his Honour;  
 thus was the Year of his Dignity past,  
 which may be well his Integrity guest:  
 if of's Religion, and Wisdom you'll speak,  
 one is Wool-gathering, the other to seek;  
 fancy's he should be a Chief amongst those,  
 to serve their Dear Country with Ays, & with No's.

of Clothiers, Packers, Taylors, Botchers, their  
 Wives, Sisters, and Daughters.

these, these are fit Members my Brethren don't lose 'em,  
 if you'd be sure of good Patriots, Chuse 'em.

*Character of Sir Tho. Ab-y, a Linnen Draper.*

next altho' he give out in the Bill,  
 Loyal a Church-man, and able at VVill;  
 as most think, who his Inside have scann'd,  
 Independent, as ever wore Band:  
 tho' some Self-Brewers to new make the Man,  
 would fain boil him down to a Presbyter John;  
 he holds his own still, nor lessens at all,  
 ways of Fore-Fathers, in Days of old Poll:  
 was Mayor too, Sir Charles to bereave,  
 never at Church till then, since he was Sheriff;  
 never intends it whilst Meetings look Trim,  
 Sisters wear Lockram, and buy it of him:  
 to be Qualified just in this Minute,  
 all new Shirts to the Dons of the Senate;  
 Understanding by Ell and by Yard,  
 more than by Politicks finds a Regard:

And yet he wou'd fain be a Patriot too;  
 Tho' Voring for Candles is all he could do;  
 So vile is the Obstinate Will of the Creature,  
 In thwarting of Providence, Reason, and Nature  
 Who all did concur he should get an Estate,  
 Vend Smocks to the Fair, and propitiously Cheat  
 But never design'd him to be a Law-mender,  
 No more than a True Church of England Defender.

*Chorus* of Pedlars, Choiresters, Cooks, Butlers,  
 keepers, and their Wives and Families.

*These, these are fit Members my Brethren, don't lose  
 But if you'd be sure of good Patriots, Chuse 'em.*

*The Character of G. Heath Esq; one of the New E. I.  
 Company, and Bank.*

The last I present, is a Teazer o'th' Nation.  
 Wove fast in the New *India* Association;  
 Twin Brother with *Sh—p—d*, of late so ill fated,  
 And narrowly 'scap'd too, like him to be baited:  
 For he was as deep in the Bribing Abuse,  
 For getting false Patriots into the House:  
 And cram'd full of Wealth, hop'd to gild o're his Crime  
 With Metal that all human Mischiefs sublines:  
 'Tis said having store of that cause of all Ills,  
 Not gain'd by Uprightness, but *Exchequer* Bills;  
 When poor Paper Credit, was forc'd on poor Men  
 Who Trading for Twenty, were glad to take Ten  
 Then, then was his Harvest to Reap, as to Sow  
 And rais'd him to stand for a Candidate now;  
 For Money can make what you wish, or can thine  
 And him a Law-maker, who once bore a Link:  
 Oh happy the Sages that liv'd in old Times,  
 E'er Faction and Knavery spread into Crimes;  
 No Members were then, but of Candor and Worth  
 In Learning Exemplary, honour'd in Birth:  
 Now the Boys can the Suffrages get of the People  
 That only talk Bawdy, and know how to Tipple



tho' they both Beardless, and Brainless appear,  
Dignified oft to be Knights of the Shire:  
Mortals then so Insignificant may,  
greatest Affairs of the Land make Essay;  
near in the Senate, nay, offer a Speech,  
known Wealthy Citizen sure that is Rich:  
One whose small Faults were but Trifles to tease ye,  
saying in Paper, what should have been Specie;  
else with two Thirds, and Discounting the rest,  
fit in the House yet as well as the rest.

of India Traders, Exchequer-Men, Bank-Offi-  
cers, Tally-Men, &c.

these, these are fit Members my Brethren, don't lose 'em,  
if you'd be sure of good Patriots, Chuse 'em.



SONG: *Occasion'd by a broken String of*  
*Mrs. M — S — Viol.*

THE Instrument with which to Sing  
*Romana*, oft my Ears did bless;  
lost now with broken String,  
I'd the long'd-for Happiness.

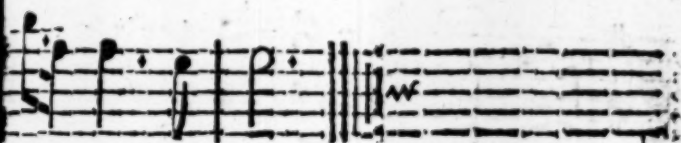
I resolv'd to lose no part  
of Joy, and taught by Love the way;  
lost one that Strung my Heart,  
provided she would Sing and Play.

Musick sweeter than the Spheres,  
that from her Hands and Lips did fall;  
Soul so Ravish'd through my Ears,  
my Heart ne'er felt its loss at all.



To PHILLIS; upon her Complaint for being  
*Lampoon'd.*





This when your ogling Eye,  
 Betrays your wanton Vanity,  
 Not if a Stander by,  
 Does all your Thoughts explain:  
 When you prim or screw your Face,  
 Flutter in fantastick Dress,  
 Be not Wit if Rhimes express,  
 The Vice of things so vain:  
 You wou'd be fam'd for Sence,  
 Scrupe Severity of Pen,  
 By your Pride, and still provide  
 For Graces of the Mind:  
 Let Vertue like the Sun,  
 And its Rays when all is done,  
 Every rare the Wise and Fair,  
 To meet in Woman-kind.



*Another SONG belonging to the last.*

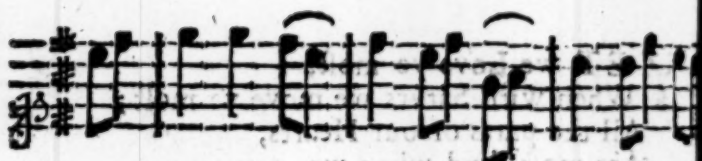
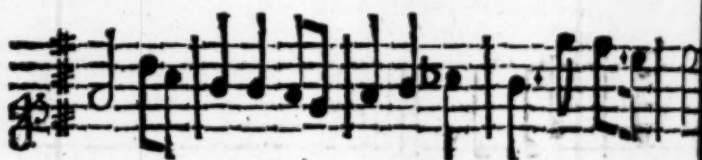




YET we Love ye most,  
 When with Satyrs we move ye most;  
 All the parts of our Hearts,  
 Are most fond when we  
 Seem to reprove ye most;  
 'Tis a Vanity that belongs to Humanity,  
 To think Railing prevailing,  
 And proper to bring you to Lenity.

Hold your own a while;  
 And defend but the Town a while,  
 Now Smile, and then cunningly,  
 Cunningly, cunningly Frown a while;  
 The masculine Creature,  
 Will be a slave to your Feature still,  
 And you all wear a Charm to impose,  
 Upon humane Nature still.

## A DIALOGUE

*Between* PHILANDER, and SYLVIA

- IN a Defart in *Greenland*,  
Where the Sun ne'er cast an Eye;  
In Contempt of all the World,  
I wou'd live with thee my Joy.  
On the Sands of scorcht *India*,  
Where the Sun-burnt Natives fry,  
Blest with thee, my dear *Philander*,  
I do chuse to live and dye.  
No Nymph with her sly charming Art,  
E'er shall have pow'r to steal my Heart;  
Thou art all in all in every part,  
Each Vein of me shall ever be,  
Panting with Love of thee.  
No Swain with his Wealth, Wit or Art,  
E'er shall have power to storm my Heart.  
Thou art all in all in every part,  
Each Vein of me will ever be,  
Panting with Love of thee.  
Let the Monarch's Ambition,  
Seek new Empire to obtain,  
Let the Miser sell his Soul,  
To encrease his slavish Gain.  
Let the politick Gown-man,  
Tread the Mazes of the State,  
Let the Reverend Divine,  
Teach Mankind decrees of Fate.  
Give me the dear Nymph I adore,  
Happy or Unlucky, Rich or Poor,  
Of bounteous Heaven I'd ask no more,  
Nor ever care who's Rich or Fair,  
There's all the World in her.  
Let no Cloud of Ill Fortune rise,  
To shade me from *Philander's* Eyes,  
Farewel ye World deluding's Joys,  
No Charm would seem worth my esteem,  
I have all I wish in him.



*The Disappointed* B E A U.

*Made for the Right Honourable and Incomparable the Lady Emillia Taffe.*





WELL A, with Heart controlling Grace,  
 Young *Hylas* at first sight surpriz'd;  
 Beau that knew his Luckless Face,  
 runs to his Glass to be advis'd:  
 me, said he, what I shall wear,  
 Curl, or how adorn my Hair,  
 This Charmer to Command:  
 at taking Dress shall I put on,  
 bring this Tassel gently down,  
 And Lure to my Hand.

God of Love that heard, reply'd,  
 Fond Fool, aspire not to possess;  
 Angel Mind averse to Pride,  
 desert Esteems, and not the Dress:  
 thee she will no more Incline,  
 the mighty *Jove* the Joys Divine,  
 That Crown'd his Paradise;  
 him that hopes to be a Saint,  
 Powdering, Patching, and by Paint,  
 Instead of Sacrifice.



On a Beautiful Young LADY, Walking  
HAM - WALKS.



**W**AS it some Cherubin,  
 Sent down my Soul to win;  
 Or was it Beauties Queen,  
 Blessing the Grove:  
 Was it a Star from high,  
 Dropp'd from the Gallery:  
 Or some Divinity,  
 Ranging above.  
 No, no, no, ah! no, no, no,  
 'Twas Soul delighting *Celestine*;  
 She whose Grace,  
 And Charming Face,  
 Inspires all with Love.

*The KING's Health :**A CATCH Sung in Parts.*

OW Second *Hannibal* is come,  
O'er frozen Lakes and Mounts of Snow,  
ound our Faith on conquer'd *Rome*,  
and give Proud *France* a fatal Blow.

ell may our *Phæbus* disappear,  
et his Glory in the Sea ;  
Planets of a lower Sphere,  
give us greater light than he.

ars and Monks, and all those bald-pate Fools,  
h VVasfers, Oyntments, Beads and Shams,  
rdons, and Antichristian Bulls,  
yield to *Belgick* battering Rams.

allibility is gone,  
Judges of dispensing Powers,  
at had their Country quite undone,  
ever known such Sons of VVhores?

ink all around, then by consent,  
h to the Monarch of the Land,  
e Queen, and healing Parliament ;  
e me Six Bumpers in a Hand.

d when the Jesuits you see,  
ling upon the Tripple Tree,  
up Six more, and Sing with me,  
ague on senseless Popery.

LYRI.

LYRICAL VERSES: Set to a pleasant  
made for the Entertainment, and most  
Dedicated to the Honourable and Wo  
Members of the OCTOBER CLUB.

THE Thundring JOVE,  
In his Radiance above,  
Looking down from the lofty Skies;  
To hear how the Peace,  
*Britains* comforts increase,  
By the Echoes of Sounding Joys:  
All Parties he view'd,  
Both the Bad and the Good,  
Like himself then, his Voice did raise;  
I think fit you should know,  
Of all Clubs here below,  
The *October* deserves most praise.

*Apollo* stood by,  
Who the hint took with Joy,  
And the *Muses* did strait Command;  
The Members there met,  
Loyal, Honest and Great,  
Should be foremost all o'er the Land:  
An Order was made,  
And as soon was obey'd,  
Whilst in tuneful Poetick Lays,  
They Harmoniously shew,  
Of all Clubs here below,  
The *October* deserves most Praise.

Let Fame tell the Queen,  
Ever Great and Serene,  
When these true *Brittish* Sons appear;  
Whose Hearts firm have stood,  
For their Country's good,  
All that's Loyal and Brave is there:  
Succession they Joyn,  
To the *HANNOVER* Line,  
Yet the Queen wish long Happy Days:  
Thus perpetually shew,  
Of all Clubs here below,  
The *October* deserves most Praise.

*the Beauty of New BAGINGTON,*  
*Dear Miss BROMELY:*

*Billet doux in Return of her Verses.*

YOU Write of Rural Springs  
 And Groves, and name such pretty things,  
 That Kings would wish t' Enjoy 'em;  
 Yes, you spread such Beauty there,  
 Could I Pens from Muses share,  
 I'm sure I should Employ 'em.

seem methinks to speak my Praise,  
 Write in Verse, but my Young Days,  
 Ne'er learnt a Stile so Civil,  
 could I think you had the power,  
 to my head comes Mrs. —  
 And she's in Rhime the Devil.

When I answer you, dear Heart,  
 must be Verse in every Part,  
 And hear I let you try me;  
 she's a Devil, I shall not care,  
 Lines shall Sing y'are Kind, Sweet and Fair,  
 For D'Urfey now stands by me.





*The Second SONG in the Se*  
**MASQUE.**

*Set to an Aire, the Character, A Ma*  
**HONOUR.**

**A** Virgin's Life who would be leaving,  
 Free from Care and fond Desire,  
 Ne'er deceiv'd, or e'er deceiving,  
 Loving none, yet all Inspire:  
 We sit at Home, and Knot the Live-long Day,  
 A Thousand pretty harmless things we say,  
 But not one Word of Wedlock's frightful Noose  
 For fear we chance to think what we must lose.

Our Souls are free from dire revenges,  
 Bosoms Mischief never owns,  
 Our Wit's Employ'd in making Fringes,  
 And Embroidering our Gowns,  
 If any Lover comes to play the Thief,  
 Our Natural dear cunning gives relief,  
 We Sing, we Dance, the tedious Hours away,  
 And when we've nothing else to do, we pray.



SONG in the Fifth MASQUE,  
 Character, A Jolly Topping Country  
 Gentleman.

When I Visit Proud *Celia* just come from my Glass,  
 She tells me I'm Fluster'd, and look like an Ass,  
 I mean of my Passion to put her in Mind,  
 And she leave Drinking or she'll ne'er be Kind:  
 She's charmingly Handsom, I very well know,  
 So is my Bottle, each Bumper so too,  
 To leave my Soul's Joy, oh 'tis Nonsense to ask,  
 Or go to the Devil, to the Devil, bring the tother  
 (half Flask.

She tax'd me with Gaming and bad me forbear,  
 A thousand to one I had lent her an Ear,  
 She found out my *Chloris* up three pair of Stairs,  
 I baulk't her, and gone to St. James's to Prayers,  
 She bid me read Homilies three times a Day,  
 Perhaps had been humour'd with little to say,  
 At Night to deny me my Flask of dear Red,  
 Or go to the Devil, to the Devil, there's no more  
 (to be said.



*The fond SHEPHERDESS's  
and-Cry after her Heart.*

A S O N G. *Set to a Pleasant Air*

**O**H yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! I cry,  
Pray tell you gentle Swains hard by,  
If you a Roving Heart have met,  
Did lately from my Bosom get.

Some Marks to know it I'll Express,  
It comes of Loyal Honest Race,  
By Nature kind, and prone to Love,  
And Constant as the Turtle-Dove.

Upon the outside of the same,  
You'll find the Charming *Damon's* Name,  
By Love Ingrav'd and plain to show,  
From which fresh drops of Gore do flow.

Tis tender as soft down can be,  
Or Beauty in its Infancy,  
No Wealth can make it e'er untrue,  
Such Hearts as mine you'll find but few.

That 'twas Confin'd I late was told,  
Amongst the Lambs in *Cupid's* Fold;  
If so, pray seek that Deity,  
And carry this Resolve from me.

If he'll restore my Heart again,  
I'll keep it from deceits of Men,  
From wily Wits and Am'rous Tongues,  
And all that to their Sex belongs.

But if this Heart he'll me refuse,  
For 'tis a Jewel few would lose;  
Pray let him tell dear *Damon* this,  
And in Exchange command me his.

ITALAMY on the Marriage of the  
Right Honourable the Lady ESSEX  
ROBERTS.

UN Lovers, run before her,  
Kneel once more and adore her,  
The Hour is posting on,  
When all our Joy  
Below the Sky,  
Will be for ever gone.  
Sighs inflame the Air,  
A thousand Eyes are Raining,  
Art nor no Complaining  
Now retrieve the Fair;  
Gone, alas, she's gone,  
Welcome sad Despair.

Hymen there attending,  
God of Love descending  
In *Sylvia's* Fetters lies,  
Not all his Art,  
Could guard his Heart  
From her victorious Eyes:  
Fair, but cruel Breast,  
Would each Shepherd's Passion,  
Torment like Damnation,  
Make *Philander* blest,  
If he, the happy he,  
Heaven is sole possessor.

Will then bestow'd *Philander*,  
Blest, thou glad Commander,  
Of all the World holds rare,  
Innobled Blood,  
The Wise, the Good,  
The Vertuous and the Fair.

The Choice of Heavens store  
Is thrown to thy Embraces;  
Such Beauty, Wit, and Graces,  
Ne'er deck'd our Plains before,  
Nor could Fate study how  
To bless a Mortal more.

## The HEALTH.

[ Second Movement. ]

**A** DIEU to Virginity,  
That silly strange nothing, that Maids are  
Room, Room, for the Bridegroom, he,  
All Beauties dear Trophies has now the comma  
Banish all thoughts of resty *Diana*,  
Crown the full Bowl, a Health to *Lucina*.  
VVho e'er the Year be run,  
Gives the fair Bride a Son,  
Able, able, to pledge his own.



# A Comical DIALOGUE

between blunt English JOHNNY, and his Wife  
Scotch GIBBY, about Modern Affairs: Intro-  
duced by way of Prologue; in Prose.

Enter Gibby, and Johnny after her.

Johnny. **H**Oyday, why wither away so vast I wonder?  
Gibby. Gud feth Johnny een back to Edin-  
burgh, Ise stay no longer amongst your Squablers, Gin I do, I  
wuld like a Fish-Wife: So Ise gang quietly beam to  
the back of Barly.

Johnny. You shant go Gibby.

Gibby. Introth Johnny but I will.

Johnny. You shant ye Fool, I'll Sing ye out of your Hu-

Gibby. Weel, weel, I can Sing too, but for aw that, Ise een  
as I please.

## The DIALOGUE.

**W**HAT ails the foolish Woman,  
I think thou'lt be rul'd by no Man;  
Is any thing more common,  
The Jarring in Kirk and State:  
That, Johnny has undone ye,  
Weez ne'er get a sock of Money,  
And ere worse Plagues light on ye,  
To Scotland Ise gang my gate.  
Folk by the Ears are a falling, falling,  
Folly and Mischief are bawling, bawling;  
Hey marry where's the Peace,  
How mun I do ro lig here at Ease?  
Look to your Butter ye Jade, and Cheese.

L. II.

N

If



If thou dost prate of Ruin,  
Each Party has long been brewing,  
What this mad World is doing,  
Besure thou wilt feel the Lash ;

*Gibby.* I've got a Stinging matter,  
That over the Town I'll scatter,  
Gud feth a bonny Satyr,  
Oh how it shall Cut and Slash.

*Johnny.* Hussy, some Spy may be near us, near  
Lyons have Ears, and may hear us, he  
Not for your Life so bold,  
Least the blind Justice hard by, be tol

*Gibby.* Deel o' my Saul, I can hardly hold.

*Johnny.* Our Foes have long been Humbling,  
And one another Mumbling,  
But now we must have our Grambling  
And a very bold Assault ;

*Gibby.* Well *Johnny*, if th' Occasion  
Of Peace, can serve the Nation,  
Let Union be in Fashion,  
Tho' gud I dant like the Mault.

*Johnny.* Silence ye Baggage, no Prattle, prattle  
Kiss me, weez have a brisk Bottle, bot  
*Gibby* and I wont part, Love's too well

( so soon to  
*Gibby.* *Johnny* weel knows how to win my H



politick DIALOGUE between a Noble Lord  
 belonging to the — Club, and his fine Lady:  
 concerning the late publick Rumour of the  
 —ns Sicknefs, and Death at WINDSOR.  
 The Words made to a Pretty Ayre.

Y Dear, I've sent the Letter,  
 I never yet wrote a better,  
 hear how People scatter  
 road the good *Windsor* News;  
 Fortune I'll advance so,  
 baulk the Tricks of *France* too,  
 make the Lady Dance too,  
 when she shall my Lines Peruse.

*Lady.*

you have done, I have Penn'd another,  
 y dispatcht to her Grace, my Mother,  
 I am sure wont Cry,  
 take a Dram that shall Grief defy;

*Lord.*

our whole *Club* too, are Drunk for Joy.



*The Honest HIGHLANDER's new Health to*  
 QUEEN: Occasion'd by a Debauch made  
 some Members of a certain Club, upon hearing  
 of the late Lying News of Her Majesties Sickness  
 and Death. the Words Made and Spoken  
 a pretty SCOTCH Ayre.

Jockey. **F**RIEND Sawney come sit near me,  
 And lend me thy Luggs to hear me,  
 Thou hast no cause to fear me,  
 Like some of the Loons I know;  
 I'll tell thee like a Story  
 Gud feth I'm wondrous sorry,  
 To find that Britains Glory,  
 Should knavishly dwindle so:  
 News was of late the gud Q — n was Dying,  
 Spread by the — and their Partys lying;  
 When we should Wail and Cry,  
 Then our Crew were all Drunk for Joy.

They scrawl'd a Thousand Letters,  
 Containing doleful Matters,  
 Our Ministry in Fetters,  
 Were all to receive their Dues;  
 They hop'd to have a Chance too,  
 To baffle the Peace with France too,  
 And make the Lady Dance too,  
 When she should their Lines peruse:  
 But on a sudden the Talk was over,  
 Providence did Royal ANN recover;  
 Winter brings on the Green,  
 Agues then Physick are for a Q — n.

Then spite of their Endeavour,  
 That Loyal Zeal would sever,  
 Live, live oh Queen, for ever!  
 In Glory without Eclipse;

Vipers here all routed  
 long will be, ne'er doubt it,  
 Magueland have out-voted,  
 the Baiters of Honest Phipps:  
 the mean while tho' base Humour ranges,  
 the not Ambitious of Foreign changes;  
 then a Health Sublime,  
 with Great ANN, to the end of Time.  
 wish Great ANN, to the end of Time.

## The FOX-Hunter:

SONG in my New Comedy of the BATH:

WAY, ye brave Fox hunting Race,  
 Away, away to a bourn Chace;  
 yon Park alone to Day,  
 ere will be the Royal Play:  
 wonder's the Covert, to Horse let's be going,  
 w, throw off the finders then, honest *WIL. Owen*.  
 ye ye brave, &c. [Bugles Sound.

nel quick, yon blaky Ground,  
 'll have a touch for Fifty Pound;  
 hark to *Soundwell*, that's a noble Dog,  
 him my Jolly Lads, heux, heux the Drag:  
 he has broke Covert, let none lag behind,  
 he had an Entappesse, she runs up the Wind;  
 with the Chace Hounds ho,  
 w, now the Sportsmen shew:  
 et *Lillywhore* and *Cesar* run;  
     *Toffpot* and *Ruler*,  
     *Capper* and *Cooler*,  
 mpey and *Gallant*, Low 'em on.

Spurr, Switch, and then away, o'er Hedges, and Ditch  
 Without fear of Necks, or Gauling your Breeches  
 Blow a Retreat blow, blow, Tantivee, tivee, tivee, t  
 If she runs down the Wind she may chance to deo

A Recheat, a Recheat, Tivee, tivee, tivee, tivee,  
 Pox on't we're baulk'd, for by my Soul,  
 The vixen's just now Earth'd, see here's the Hole:  
 Put in the Tarriers, Faith 'tis so,  
 She's crept at least five Yards below;  
 They're working, hark, and lay at her so well,  
 They'll make her bolt, tho' 'twere as deep as Hell:  
 'Tis done, 'tis done, she's snapp'd, she's kill'd,  
 Hollow brave Boys then from the Field,  
 And jolly Huntsman blow poor *Reynards* Knell †

\* Horns Sound again. † Bugles sound the Death of the



### The Mistress: A New SONG.

**C**hloe's a Nymph in flowry Groves,  
 A Nereid in the Streams;  
 Saint-like she in the Temple moves,  
 A Woman in my Dreams.

Love steals Artillery from her Eyes,  
 The Graces point her Charms;  
 Orpheus is Rivall'd in her Voice,  
 And Venus in her Arms.

Never so happily in one,  
 Did Heaven and Earth combine;  
 And yet 'tis Flesh and Blood alone,  
 That makes her so Divine.

looks indeed like other Dames,  
With *Atlas* cover'd o'er;  
When undress'd she meets my Flames,  
Mortal she's no more.



*Lady that would allow all Favours, but One.*  
**A SONNET.**

IS not a Kiss, or gentle Squeeze,  
A Compliment or smiling Eye;  
Can my Anxious Bosom ease,  
Or quell the Flame that soars so high:  
A welcome Favour giving hope,  
Near *Calia* swell'd my Joys at first;  
Fainted is but like a drop  
That's given to one, that dies with Thirst.

Old *Tantalus* in Days of Old,  
Had greatest Torment for his Sin;  
Wou'd not to Taste, yet still behold  
The Fruit was bobbing at his Chin:  
Luscious Plums, and Grapes I view,  
Whilst all by me are highly priz'd;  
You a Guest, Invited too,  
Think fit then should be Tantaliz'd.

Let his Friend but only sip  
His Wine, is Niggard of his store;  
Who' I tast your Rosie Lip,  
Is nothing, if you grant no more:  
With Fragments some the Stomach please,  
And small repast, the Humour fits;  
Love's a Lord of Noble Race,  
And cannot Dine on Scraps and Bits.



## DAMON's Retirement.



**D**amon fond of his Peaceful retirement far from  
 (To  
 With sweet *Claris* upon the fresh Bank of *Avon* late do  
 Folding Arms there about her soft Neck, ye Pow  
 (Di  
 He cry'd, how vain are the Worlds gaudy Trifles  
 (*Chloris* is m

*Augusta* each Hour thou survivest new Troubles  
 (still brings,  
 and tumbled, and banded about, 'twixt *Senates* and  
 (Kings;  
 revolving thou ne'er art secure of what is thine,  
 ah, how happy am I? that am sure that dear *Chloris*  
 (is mine.

the Court and the Rays that shine, they are dimm'd  
 (with a Cloud;  
 the Country in spite of the Peace, complainings  
 (are loud;  
 the City, they'll swear their unhappy Trades  
 (decline,  
 blest am I that can say, Health, a Bottle, and  
 (*Chloris* are mine.

GUSTAVUS, or the King of SWEDEN's  
 Health: Dedicated to all the Swedish Mer-  
 chants in London. To a March of Mr. Jere-  
 my Clark's.

the 1st. 8 lines to the 1st. Strain, and the rest to the last.





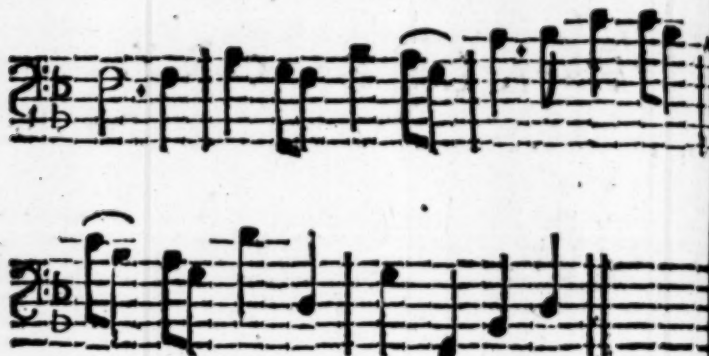
**D**RINK, my Boys, Drink and rejoyce,  
 There never was this Hundred Years,  
                     For *Europe* better Cause;  
     The *Czar* is maul'd,  
     His *Foxes* hol'd,  
 In Shoals the Bears do fly:  
     Tho' tis clear,  
     His sneaking here,  
 Was silly to be taught of us the Policy of War:  
 Yet who'd have thought the Frantick Sor,  
 Durst fall on our Ally:  
     But he's gone,  
     He's quite undone,  
     His Money and Artillery the *Swede* has won  
     *French* Measures now will fail,  
     And *Spanish* wont prevail,  
     This Action has turn'd the Scale;  
     Follow then thou Flow'r of Men,  
     The Spirit of thy Ancestor revive again  
     And whilst they howl and rave,  
     A Bumper we will have,  
     A Health to Young *Gustave*.



An ALLEGORY.

Set to MUSICK by Mr. Henry Purcell.





**A** Grasshopper, and a Fly,  
 In Summer hot and dry,  
 In eager Argument were met,  
 About, about Priority:

Says the Fly to the Grasshopper,  
 From mighty Race I spring,  
 Bright *Phæbus* was my Dad, 'tis known,  
 And I Eat and Drink with a King.

Says the Grasshopper to the Fly,  
 Such Rogues are still, still preferr'd;  
 Your Father might be of high Degree,  
 But your Mother was but a Turd, a Turd, a Turd

### CHORUS.





C H O R U S.

Rebel Jemmy Scot,  
 Rebel Jemmy Scot,  
 That did to Empire soar;  
 Father might be the Lord knows what,  
 Father might be the Lord knows what,  
 But his Mother we knew a whore, a whore, a whore,  
 (a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore;  
 Father might be the Lord knows what,  
 But his Mother we knew a whore, a whore, a whore,  
 (a whore.



## An ODE

On the QUEEN'S Birth-day.

**T**IS gone, the Black and Gloomy Year,  
 When *Britain* her sad Sables wore,  
 And Bright *Urania* with a Tear,  
 Saluted every dawning Hour,  
 Whilst Sorrow Triumph'd o'er her Rest,  
 And Joy was Stranger to her Breast.

Then welcome to the Rising Sun,  
 New usher'd by the Blushing Morn,  
 That now her Birth-day has begun,  
 To give us Comfort in our turn;  
 This, after Woe, Heaven Joy assigns,  
 This, after-Tempest *Phœbus* Shines.

*Urania* then for ever Live,  
 The Joy of Hearts, and *England's* Bliss,  
 Whose Virtues only can retrieve,  
 Our long-griev'd Nation's Happiness,  
 And Render to each Mourning Muse,  
 The Treasures they so late did lose.

Ye happy Nine now chant your Lays,  
 Joyn Instruments with Voices Right;  
 This Day in Tuneful numbers Praise,  
 That brought *Urania* to the Light,  
 The Soul of Arts and Sciences,  
 And Charming Musick's Patroness.

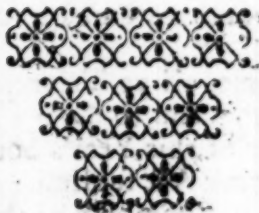
Good, tho' in this Corrupted Time,  
 When Vice has such Aluring Ways,  
 Humble, tho' by Descent Sublime,  
 As Providence had Power to raise,  
 Pious as Angels, Kind to the Distrest,  
 Bane to the bad, and Pattern to the best.

That as here our Beauteous Thames,  
 found and smoothly flows along,  
 ould in clear Poetick Streams,  
 e to Fames highest Pitch my Song,  
 ce lov'd *Urania* is the Theam,  
 blasted Vertue in Extream.

en would she most wondrous things,  
 ure is doing and has done,  
 forming Heroes Infant Kings,  
 eams for fam'd Bards to write upon,  
 Sing of *England's* Royal Bud,  
 ed for our hereafter Good.

at lovely Plant which new does shoot,  
 fibious Twigs and Branches small,  
 ill when full Grown and fix'd at Root,  
 eect from storms and shade us all,  
 whilst highly we Heaven's Gift Esteem,  
 d blest *Urania's* Name for him.

ever then upon this Day,  
 o shew thy Glorious Face,  
 ant every Muse a Golden Ray,  
 whilst such Exalted worth they Praise,  
 d still thro' Ages all along,  
*Urania* be the Poet's Song.



## A PINDARICK OD

On NEW-YEAR'S-DAY: Performed  
by Vocal and Instrumental Musick, before  
their SACRED MAJESTIES K. WILLIAM  
and Q. MARY.

Set by Dr. JOHN BLOW.

*Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,  
Unde homines operum primos, vitæque labores  
Instituunt, (sic Dis placitum) tu Carminis esto  
Principium,*—————

BEHOLD, how all the Stars give way;  
Behold, how the revolving Sphere,  
Swells to bring forth the Sacred Day;  
That ushers in the Mighty Year;  
Whilst *Janus*, with his double Face  
Viewing the present Time and past,  
In strong Prophetick Fury sings,  
Our Nation's Glory and our King's.

See *England's* Genius, like the dazzling Sun,  
Proud of his Race, to our Horizon run  
To welcome that Cælestial Power,  
That of this Glorious Year begins the Happy Hour:  
A Year from whence shall Wonders come;  
A Year to baffle *France* and *Rome*,  
And bound the dubious Fate of Warring *Christendoms*.

Move on with Fame, all ye Triumphant Days,  
To *Britain's* Honour, and to *Cæsar's* Praise;  
Let no short Hour of this Year's bounded Time,  
Pass by without some Act sublime:  
Great *WILLIAM*, Champion of the Mighty States  
And all the Princes the Confederates:  
Ploughs the Green *Neptune*, whilst to waft him o'er,  
The Fates stand smiling on the *Belgick* Shoar:

And now the *Gallick* Genius Trembles,  
 How e'er the Pannick Fear dissembles;  
 know the Mighty League, and view the Mighty  
 (Pow'r.

When the *Persian* Pride of old,  
 Disdain'd their God the Sun,  
 With Armies and more powerful Gold,  
 Did half the World o'er-run,  
 And *Alexander* chang'd their Scorn to Awe,  
 He came, and Fought, and Conquer'd like *NASSAU*.

Then welcome Wondrous Year,  
 More Happy and Serene,  
 Than any ever did appear,  
 To bless *Great Caesar* and his Queen:  
 Every Hour encrease their Fames;  
 Let Ecchoing Skies resound their Names:  
 When Unbounded Joy, and the Excess  
 Of all that can be found in Humane Bliss,  
 Upon 'em, may each Year be still like this,  
 Health, Fortune, Grandeur, Fame, and Victory,  
 Crowning all, a Life, long as Eternity.

## CHORUS.

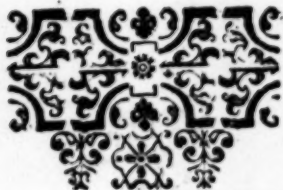
Come ye Sons of *Great Apollo*,  
 Let your charming Consorts follow;  
 Sing of Triumph, sing of Beauty,  
 Sing soft Ayres of Loyal Duty;  
 Give to *Cæsar's* Royal Fair  
 Songs of Joy to Calm her Care,  
 Bid the less Auspicious Year adieu,  
 And give her joyful Welcomes to the New.



# The HAPPY MAN,

A SONG. *The Words made to a pro  
Tune.*

**W**Hilst abroad Renown and Glory,  
Are Mankind diminishing;  
**A** Fate, a rugged Master,  
Still decides the Strife:  
To swell our future Story,  
When the VVar is finishing,  
How this and that Disaster,  
Cost many a Heroes Life;  
With a Book in Contemplation,  
In a Corner of the Nation,  
In a Bower of Bliss,  
Near a Grove of Trees,  
**V**Where a Brook runs purling down:  
VWith a Conscience free,  
A Friendly he,  
And one kind she,  
That's true to me,  
And hates the noisy Town:  
For VVrong or Right,  
Let Nations Fight,  
My chief Delight,  
Shall be Content alone.



## OLD Tony,

SONG. The Tune, *How happy is*  
 PHILLIS in Love.



At Oliver now be forgotten,  
 His Policy's quite out of Doors;  
 Bradshaw and Hewson lie rotten,  
 Like Sons of Fanatical VVhores:  
 Tony's grown a Patrician,  
 Voting Damn'd Sedition,  
 For many Years  
 Fam'd Politician,  
 Mouth of all Presbyter-Peers.

Old



Old *Tony* a Turn-coat at *Worc'ster*,  
 Yet swore he'd maintain the King's Right;  
 But *Tony* did swagger and bluster,  
 Yet never drew Sword on his side;  
 For *Tony's* like an old Stallion,  
 He has still the Pox of Rebellion,  
 And never was found,  
 Like the *Camelion*,  
 Still changing his Shape and his Ground.

Old *Rowley's* return'd (Heav'ns bless Him)  
 From Exile and danger set free:  
 Old *Tony* made haste to address Him;  
 And swore none more Loyal than he:  
 The King who knew him a Traytor,  
 And saw him Squint like a Satyr;  
 Yet, thro' his Grace,  
 Pardon'd the matter,  
 And gave him since the *Purse* and the *Mace*.

And now little Chancellor *Tony*  
 With Honour had feather'd his VVing,  
 He carefully pick'd up the Money,  
 But never a Groat for the King:  
 But *Tony's* luck was confounded,  
 The Duke soon smoak'd him a Round-head,  
 From Head to Heel  
*Tony* was founded,  
 And great *York* put a Spoke in his VVeel.

And now little *Tony* in Passion,  
 Like Boy that had nettl'd his Breech,  
 Maliciously took an occasion  
 To make a most delicate Speech;  
 He told the King like a Croney,  
 If e'er he hop'd to have Money,  
 He must be rul'd:  
 Oh fine *Tony*!  
 Was ever Potent Monarch so school'd?

King issues out Proclamation  
 Learned and Loyal Advice;  
 Tony possesses the Nation  
 The Council will never be wise:  
 Tony is madder and madder,  
 Monmouth's blown like a Bladder,  
 And L — ce too,  
 Who grows gladder,  
 They the great York were like to subdue.

Destiny shortly will cross it,  
 For Tony's grown Gouty and Sick;  
 Slight of his Spiggot and Fawset,  
 The States-man must go to old Nick:  
 Tony rails at the Papist,  
 He himself is an Atheist,  
 Tho' so precise,  
 Foolish and Apish,  
 Holy Quack, or Priest in disguise.

Now let this Rump of the Law see,  
 Maxim as Learned in part,  
 De'er with his Prince is too sawcy,  
 His fear'd he's a Traytor in's Heart:  
 Tony cease to be witty  
 Buzzing Treason i'th' City,  
 And love the King;  
 So ends my Ditty:  
 Else maist thou die, like a Dog in a string.



## The WHIGS EXALTATION

*To an old Tune of Forty One.*

**N**OW, now the *Tories* all shall stoop,  
 Religion and the Laws,  
 And *Whigs* on *Commonwealth* get up,  
 To Tap the **GOOD OLD CAUSE**:  
*Tantiwy-boys* shall all go down,  
 And haughty *Monarchy*,  
 The *Leathern Cap* shall brave the *Throne*,  
 Then *hey Boys* up go we!

on once that *Antichristian* Crew,  
 are crush'd and overthrown,  
 I'll teach their *Nobles* how to bow,  
 and keep their *Gentry* down.  
 and manners has a bad repute,  
 and tends to Pride we see;  
 I'll therefore cry all Breeding down,  
 hey Boys up go we.

the name of Lord shall be abhorr'd,  
 ev'ry Man's a Brother;  
 at reason then in *Church* or *State*  
 no Man should rule another?  
 as having peel'd and plunder'd all,  
 and levell'd each degree,  
 I'll make their plump young Daughters fall,  
 hey Boys up go we.

at tho' the *King* and *Parliament*  
 cannot accord together,  
 we have good cause to be content  
 this is our Sun-shine weather;  
 if good *Reason* shou'd take place,  
 and they should both agree,  
 hands wou'd be in a *Round-head's* case;  
 hey then up go we.

I'll down with all the *Universities*  
 Where *Learning* is profess'd:  
 they still Practice and Maintain,  
 the *Language of the Beast*;  
 I'll Exercise in every Grove,  
 and Preach beneath a Tree,  
 I'll make a *Pulpit* of a *Tree*,  
 hey Boys up go we.

Whigs shall rule *Committee-chair*,  
 Who will such Laws invent,  
 shall Exclude the Lawful Heir  
 by *Act of Parliament*:

VVe'll cut his *Royal Highness* down,  
 Ev'n shorter by the *Knee*,  
 That he shall never reach the *Throne*,  
 Then hey Boys up go we.

VVe'll smite the *Idol* in *Guild-Hall*,  
 And then (as we were wont,)  
 VVe'll cry it was a *Popish-Plot*,  
 And swear those *Rogues* have don't,  
 His *Royal Highness* to *Unthron*e  
 Our *Interest* will be,  
 For if he e'er enjoy his own  
 Then hey Boys up go we.

VVe'll break the *VVindows* which the *VVhore*  
 Of *Babylon* has painted ;  
 And when their *Bishops* are pull'd down,  
 Our *Elders* shall be *Sainted* :  
 Thus having quite enslav'd the *Throne*,  
 Pretending to set free,  
 At length the *Gallows* claims its own,  
 Then hey Boys up go we.



## To the KING:

## An ODE on his Birth-Day.

lowdy *Saturnia* drives her Steeds apace,  
 Heaven-born *Aurora* presses to her place;  
 And all the new-dress'd Planets of the Night,  
 In their gay Measures with unusual Grace,  
 Appear in the happy Morning's Light,  
 To usher in, &c.

Blest *Britannia*, let thy Head be crown'd,  
 Let thy joyful Trumpets sound;  
 To the late enslav'd \* *Augusta's* Ears,      \* *London,*  
 Thy Triumphs of a Day renown'd:  
 Beyond the Glories of all former Years,  
 When Eastern Kings to kneel forbore,  
 And end the Worship they begun;  
 And with rising Glories from the *British* Shore,  
 No longer they ador'd the Sun.  
 A Day when, &c.

## [ Second Movement. ]

*Belgick* Sages saw from far  
 The glittering Regal Star,  
 And blest the happy Morn,  
 When Great *Nassau* was born:  
 They heard besides a Cherub sing,  
 Haste, haste without delay,  
 O *Albion* haste away,  
 To purge their Wrongs, and be a King:  
 Cast thy Sword, and awful Frown,  
 And Pagan Gods shall tumble down;  
 To oppose *Britannia's* Foes,  
 And then to wear her Crown.  
 Now the Day is come,  
 Dreadful to Proud *Rome*;

O L. II.

O

The



The Day when *Gallia* shakes,  
 And *England's* Genius wakes ;  
 To call her Sons to fight,  
 And guard \* *Eusebia's* Right :

\* The C

Hark, hark, I hear their loud Alarms,  
 And what was sold for tempting Gold,  
 Retriev'd again by Arms.

*Chorus.* Guard, guard *Eusebia's* Right,  
 Call, call her Sons to fight ;  
 Hark, hark, &c.

[ Third Movement. ]

Go on, admir'd *Nassau*, go on,  
 To Fame and Victory go on,  
 Recover *Britain's* long lost Glory ;  
 Reflect on former Battles won,  
 And what by *English* Monarchs done,  
 In *Edward's* and Great *Henry's* Story :  
 Whilst we in lofty Song, and tuneful Mirth,  
 Each Year sing loud, to Celebrate his Birth ;  
 Whom bounteous Heaven, with Paternal Hand,  
 Sent as a Second Saviour to this groaning Land.

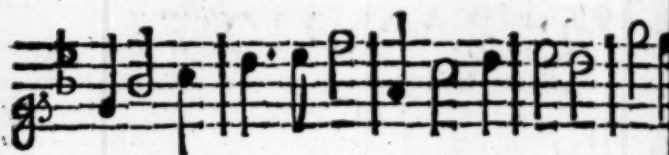
## C H O R U S of all.

Glad Albion, let thy Joy appear,  
 Restor'd is now thy happy State ;  
 The greatest Blessings are most dear,  
 When we atchieve 'em late :  
 And whilst in a Jubilee Triumph we sing,  
 All Hail, Great *Nassau*, all Joy to the King,  
 Let a Chorus of Thunder in the loud Consort play,  
 To inform the vast Globe this is *Cæsar's* Birth-Day.



The BANDITTL





*Ban. 1.* **T**HE Joys of Court, or City,  
The Fame of Fair, or Witty,  
Are Toys to the *Banditti*,

Whilst our Cups we drein ;

*Ban. 2.* We love, we laugh, we lie here,  
We eat, we drink, we die here,  
And valiantly defie here,

All the Power of *Spain*.

But when by our Scout, a Prize we find,  
We all run out to seize him,  
Stand, stand we cry, or ye Dog, ye die,  
Without any more ado ;

All this brings us no Slander,  
Each Conquering great Commander,  
And mighty *Alexander*,

Were *Banditties* too.

*Ban. 1.* Some we bind, and some we gag,  
Some we strip and plunder,  
Some that have store of Gold,

Into our Cave we draw ;

Thus like first moulded Matter,  
Our Principles we scatter,

'Twas Folly made good Nature,  
And Fear that first made Law.

2. And when we come home, our Doxies run,  
 bid us kindly Welcome,  
 up, Fresh, and Young, all down do lye  
 in Beds of Moss, to Sport;  
 every valiant Ranger,  
 at rack and Manger,  
 he that's past most Danger,  
 as most Kisses for't.

Fools do whine, and sigh, and pine,  
 fall sick of Fevers,  
 doat on fleeting Joys,  
 that oft does Ruin bring;  
 without begging Pity  
 the Wise, the Fair, or Witty,  
 Brave, the Bold *Banditti*,  
 as the self-same thing.



Rob. Bedingfeild *the Lord Mayor's Health.*





**M**onsieur now disgorges fast,  
The Towns were lately won;  
Cloudy Days clear up at last,  
The Crust is off the Sun:

Heroes prove they can,  
 Their former Credit raise;  
 Qu'ring now for glorious ANN,  
 In Great Henry's Days:  
 Through and renown'd Eugene,  
 Mir'd by our Auspicious Queen:  
 The Empire late did save,  
 To Savoy Freedom gave,  
 Which makes Old Bourbon rave,  
 That meant it to enslave,  
 Will punish him with Death,  
 Beyond the Grave.

At Augusta † fill thy Baggs,  
 And revel in thy Furs;  
 With Conquest glorious Flaggs,  
 See happy Trade concurs:  
 And Flanders now,  
 Open wide their Gates to Peace;  
 And th' Indies soon must bow,  
 And Wealth from all increase.  
 No more shall plague the Town,  
 Kirk no more pull Steeples down;  
 Then cease all needless Fear  
 Or Doubts, the coming Year,  
 And brimming Bowls prepare,  
 For all true Hearts to share,  
 A joyful Health to him that fills the Chair.

† London.





BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR, a Catch: Set  
Musick by Dr. JOHN BLOW.





HERE is the Rarity of the whole Fair,  
 Pimper-le-pimp, and the wise Dancing Mare;  
 's valiant St. George and the Dragon, a Farce,  
 Girl of Fifteen with strange Moles on her A—.

is Vienna-Besieg'd, a Rare thing,  
 here's *Punchinello* shown thrice to the King;  
 en see the Masks to the *Cloister* repair,  
 there will be no Raffling, a Pox take the May'r.

A CATCH set by Doctor BLOW.

a Seller at Sodom, at the Sign of the T—,  
 Two buxom young Harlots were drinking with L—;  
 e say they were his Daughters, no matter for that;  
 y're resolv'd they would fouse their old Dad with a  
 luster'd and bousie, the Doting old Sor, (Pot:  
 great as a Monarch between 'em was got;  
 the Eldest and Wifest thus open'd the Plot,  
 shew us dear Daddy how we were begot:  
 onkes, you young Jades, 'twas the first Oath I wot,  
 Devil of a Serpent this Humour has raught;  
 matter, they cry'd, you shall Pawn for the shot,  
 s you will shew us how we were begot.

## A SONG.



**T**HERE's such Religion in my Love,  
It must like Vertue have Reward ;  
And Strephon's Faith will from above,  
Tho' not below, find due regard :

Tell me no more of Friends or Foes,  
That hinder'd what your Heart design'd;  
No Parents can your Love dispose,  
No more than they beget your Mind.

Great Love! the Monarch of our Wills,  
When I am lost by your Disdain;  
Will doom that Scorn your Lovers kills,  
To be your fatal Beauty's bane:  
You, like a Bee, has stung my Heart,  
Yet there the avenging Dart does lye;  
Which gives you in my Fate a part,  
And you are undone as well as I.

CHORUS.





**K**IND Heaven no Peace to the Perjur'd allows  
 In Fate's gloomy Book keeps account of all Vows  
 And *Jove* that does view the false and the true,  
 Knows who kept their Promise, and who deceiv'd w  
 Will swear by the Skies, and *Ganymede's* Eyes,  
 No Woman that mingles Affection with Art;  
 And here in the Farce of the World plays a part,  
 Shall ever hereafter, shall ever hereafter,  
 Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart,  
 Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart.



pretty Mrs. H. D. Upon the sight of her Picture  
standing amongst others at Mr. Knellers.

Orrinna when you left the Town,  
My Heart secure I thought to find;  
I found alas new Chains put on;  
By your bright Image left behind.

Your Picture now the Conquest has,  
To my fond Soul new Flame returns;  
The Rays contracted in a Glass,  
Though distant, your Reflection burns.

Ed Paradise for you been lost,  
Like Adam I had suffer'd too;  
What must that Fruit be to the Taste;  
That is so Tempting to the View.

Your Graces shining at full length,  
Subdue each Souls devotest Skill;  
When Beauty Charms beyond our Strength,  
Where is the use of our Free-Will?

Like that Astronomer I gaze,  
That his propitious Star had found;  
Fixing my Eyes upon your Face,  
I slight the glittering Planets round.

And as to Shrines when Pilgrims go,  
Such awful Reverence I feel,  
That though I'm sure 'tis only show,  
I scarcely can forbear to kneel.



# The SHUTTLECOCK:

A New SONG, Set to a pretty SCOTCH TUNE  
by Mr. Courtiville.





HAVE you seen Battledore play,  
 Where the Shuttlecock flies to and fro One?  
 Have you noted an *April* day, now Raining,  
 now Shining, now warming, now Storming?  
 Ah! just, just such as these is a Woman.

We and true Merit do seldom prevail,  
 Always we hold a wet Eel by the Tail;  
 Their Tongues ne'er are Idle, the Humour's a Riddle,  
 They prick with their Needle, and ogle and wheedle;  
 And if they have Charms,  
 'Tis rarely that Beauty is true t'ye,  
 Few or none you are sure are your own,  
 But in your Arms.

A SONG upon Mrs. Brace-girdle's *Aging* Mac-  
cella, in DON-QUIXOTE. Set by Mr. Fingar

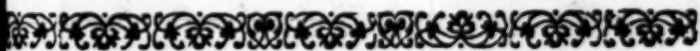


**W**Hile I with wounding Grief did look;  
When Love had turn'd your Brain;  
From you the dire Disease I took;  
And bore my self your pain,

Ma  
nga  
Marcella then your Lover prize,  
And be not too severe;  
We well the Conquests of your Eyes,  
For Pride has cost ye Dear.

And  
And Ambrosio treats your Flames with scorn,  
And racks your tender Mind;  
Withdraw your Frowns, and Smiles return,  
And pay him in his kind.

And  
et Smile again where Smiles are due,  
And my true Love esteem;  
For I much more do rage for you,  
Than you can burn for him.



## Love's Revenge. A SONG.

THE World was hush'd, and Nature lay

Lull'd in a soft Repose;

I in Tears reflecting lay

On *Chloe's* faithless Vows:

The God of Love all gay appear'd,

To heal my wounded Heart;

New pangs of Joy my Soul indear'd,

And Pleasure charm'd each part:

And Man, said he, here end thy Woe,

Till they my Power and Justice know,

The foolish Sex will all do so.

But for thy Ease believe, no Bliss

Is perfect without Pain;

The fairest Summer hurtful is

Without some Showers of Rain:

The Joys of Heaven, who would prize,

If Men too cheaply bought;

The dearest part of Mortal Joys,

Most charming is when sought:

And

And though with Dross true Love they pay,  
Those that know finest Metal say,  
No Gold will Coyn without allay.

But that the Generous Lover may,  
Not always sigh in vain ;  
The Cruel Nymph that kills to Day,  
To morrow shall be slain :  
The little God no sooner spoke,  
But from my sight he flew ;  
And I that groan'd with *Chloe's* Yoke,  
Found Love's Revenge was true :  
Her proud hard Heart too late did turn  
With fiercer Flames than mine did burn,  
Whilst I as much began to scorn.



### *The Moralift.* A SONG.

WHAT's the worth of Health or Living,  
If we stint our selves of Bliss ;  
Grief is but a self-deceiving,  
Chusing may be for what is :  
Dost all Night, and daily weeping,  
Zealots think to Heaven to climb ;  
Thus with Canting and with Sleeping,  
The poor Sots lose all their Time.

Give me Love, and give me Wine too,  
For Life's Cares to make amends ;  
Wit and Poetry Divine too,  
And a charming Female Friend :  
In a Moral honest Station,  
To my Grave in Peace I'll go ;  
Let the bug *Predestination*,  
Fright the Fools no better know.

## TO CYNTHIA.

## A SONG.

WORN with the Vices of my kind,  
 O I were Inconstant too;  
 At *Cynthia*, could I rambling find  
 More Beauty than in you.

Flowing Surges of my Blood,  
 By Virtue now ebb'd low;  
 Would a new Shower encrease the Flood,  
 Too soon would overflow.

Frailty when thy Face I see,  
 Does modestly retire;  
 Common must her Graces be,  
 Whose look can bound desire.

To my Virtue, but thy Power,  
 This Constancy is due;  
 When change it self can give no more,  
 'Tis easie to be true.





The two following SONGS, Sung in my Place  
call'd, the Commonwealth of Women.



**L**iberty's the Soul of Living,  
Ev'ry hour new Joys receiving;  
No sharp Pangs our Hearts are grieving,  
Liberty's the Soul of Living:

Her

Here are no false Men presuming,  
Youth or Beauty to its Ruin;  
Murm'ring Sighs, like Turtles cooing,  
Nor the bitter Sweets of wooing.

CHORUS.



CHORUS.

Then since we are doom'd to be Chast,  
And Loving is counted a Crime;  
Let's do what we can, not to think of a Man,  
But make the best use of our Prime.



## A SONG.



**C**ynthia with an awful Power,  
 On all Hearts extends her sway;  
 Did the Eastern Natives know her,  
 They'd less prize the God of Day:  
 On her Brow Night shady lies,  
 Whilst Morning breaks from her fair Eyes;  
 On her Brow Night shady lies,  
 Whilst Morning breaks from her fair Eyes.

An ODE.

From ANACREON.

IF Gold could lengthen Life, I swear,  
It then should be my chiefest Care;  
To get a heap, that I may say,  
When Death came to demand his Pay,  
Thou Slave, take this, and go thy way.

But since Life is not to be bought,  
Why should I plague my self for nought,  
To foolishly disturb the Skies,  
With vain Complaints, or fruitless Cries,  
Or if the fatal Destinies  
Have all decreed it shall be so,  
What good will Gold or Crying do.

Give me to ease my thirsty Soul,  
The Joys and Comforts of the Bowl;  
Freedom and Health, and whilst I live,  
Let me not want what Love can give:  
Then shall I die in Peace, and have  
This Consolation in the Grave,  
That once I had the World my Slave.



*The Old Fumbler.**A SONG: Set by Mr. Hen. Purcell.*

**S**Mug, rich and fantastick old Fumbler was known  
 That Wedded a Juicy brisk Girl of the Town  
 Her Face like an Angel, Fair, Plump, and a Maid,  
 Her Lute well in Tune too, cou'd he but have play'd  
 But lost was his Skill, let him do what he can,  
 She finds him in Bed a weak silly old Man;  
 He Coughs in her Ear, 'tis in vain to come on,  
 Forgive me, my Dear, I'm a silly old Man.

She laid his dry Hand on her snowy soft Breast,  
 And from those white Hills gave a glimpse of the Best  
 But ah! what is Age when our Youth's but a Span,  
 She found him an Infant instead of a Man,  
 Ah! Pardon, he'd cry, that I'm weary so soon,  
 You have let down my Base, I'm no longer in Tune  
 Lay by the dear Instrument, prithee lie still,  
 I can play but one Lesson, and that I play Ill.



*Orations, Poems, Prologues, and  
Epilogues on several Occasions.*

**An ORATION,**

*Address'd to the PRINCE and PRINCESS; and  
spoken to divert the Nobility and my Friends,  
by me; upon the Publick Stage at the Theatre,  
May 27, 1717.*

**A**S some stout Warriour Valour to advance,  
From fate has long had glorious Circumstance,  
\* Finding another Cause, tho' Years enlarge,  
By Honour fir'd, resolves again to charge:  
I, that late my happy Verse did raise,  
With your generous Favour made Essays;  
Sig'd by your indulgent Grace before,  
Blest by Time, Address to speak once more.

Sovereign Remarks then my first Theam shall be,  
Monarch's Instance must take Place with me:

kingly Mysterys are nicely shewn,  
Still I hope they will my Candor own,  
To keep State Places, or who lay 'em down. }  
Then my Muse, with Radiance like the Sun,  
I may blaze some Acts by *Cæsar* done:  
The dear Clemency to that bad Race,  
To durst deserve his God-like Act of Grace:  
Let the Triple-league be understood,  
Greatly signal for the Kingdom's Good;  
He meant, surmounting humane Praise,  
To reach the Zenith of Great *William's* Days.

COL. II.

P

Yet

*The Poet's Remarks on himself. † Remarks on the King,  
those that have left their Places.*



\* Yet tho' his Royal Absence gave us Pain,  
 We must admire the Prince's happy Reign;  
 Whose awful Sway prov'd so divinely well;  
 The want of *Cæsar* we could scarcely tell:  
 And prov'd, tho' warm'd in Youth's propitious Pr  
 The Sence of fifty Years, in half the Time.

Yet Fate, alas! that points not always fair,  
 Had nearly finish'd his indulgent Care;  
 † The charming Princess, Soul of Beauty's Grace,  
 Joy of his Heart, and all our loyal Race,  
 Near Death was drawn — But oh, no more of th  
*Apollo* sacred o'er the Palace fate,  
 The Muses a rejoycing Consort give,  
 And *Esculapius* brought the grand Reprieve:  
 Then from the dark Abyss succeeding Light came  
 And from her black Eclipse again divinely *Cynthia* sh  
 For her the dreadful Winter fiercely binds;  
 For her came Frosts and bleak tempestuous Winds  
 But when she heal'd, Earth did new Order bring  
 And by her Graces form'd came in the Spring.

|| *Albion* shall now no more *Pretenders* try,  
 Transported with her heavenly Progeny;  
 For as some Desert Land, whose wild Distress  
 Seem'd wanting Providential Care to bless;  
 Where the coy Sun ne'er darts a genial Ray,  
 But stormy Snows blast each returning Day:  
 Prayers of some favour'd Objects, shipwreck'd the  
 Having with pious Toyl exacted heavenly Care:  
 Great Goddess, Nature, proving kindly Force,  
 Turns to prolifick Heat their steril Course.  
 So *Frederick*, with his Sisters, heavenly fair,  
 Where'er they move perfume the Ambient Air.

---

\* On the Prince. † On the Princess. || On her Family.

\* Oh Beauty! lend my *Autumn* thy Support,  
How shall I else do Right to you bright Court?  
Halt th' Inspirers that direct my Tongue,  
And give me all the Flame that charms my Song;  
Assert your Grace, each bright Angelick Power,  
Disperse your Beams, Oh spread your sacred Store,  
Or if you cease to smile, I am no more.

† Each Goddess thus I leave in her Degree,  
And now descend to you the Beaus Esprits,  
Bold Invasion threatned your Estates,  
Fierce Bug-bears bound, to fright our Candidates  
Resolv'd in Jerkins buff, and black Cravats.

This fruitful Land strange foreign Foes will haunt,  
Some lanch to fight for Fame, and some for Want;  
Wild, Crack-brain'd Hotspurs too fierce Quarrels breed,  
Like the mad Pagod of the North, the Swede;  
From whose Excursions, tho' he toil with Pains  
And fights, and flies, his Head small Plaud it gains,  
The Russian got Dominion of his Brains;  
Sides, our Ladies here have Scorn design'd,  
He's so barbarous, he hates Woman-kind:  
No Angel Amazons to War will go,  
The very Devil to them is not so great a Foe.

¶ To vary Subjects, News is next design'd,  
News, that into a Sweat puts half Mankind;  
The Whig and Tory must be here enroll'd,  
Two Names that fright the Town with being told,  
Worse than the Guelphs, and Gibellins of old.  
The City Tribe with State Effects are stor'd,  
And every Coffee-Room's a Council-board:  
The Taylor with grub Beard and Crimson Nose,  
The King and Parliament together sows;

P 2

The

On the Court Ladys. † The Pit on the Invasion, and Swedes. ¶ On News, and the Town Whig and Tory.

*The snip-snap Barber, lathering Spain's Condition,  
Affirms the League not good as the Partition :  
The Cutler swears, more Troops well-arm'd should meet  
The Crop-ear'd Crispin stitches up the Fleet ;  
Apollo's only Race unbyass'd joyn,  
Whose loyal Hearts wish Britain's Fame, like mine.*

*As Spots in Stars, so Faults in Wit may be,  
But Faction and rebellious Villany,  
Ne'er taints the soaring Muse, aloft she sings,  
On Theams of Glory, and great Deeds of Kings.*

*And now to end, since Spring has spread her Blo  
And welcome Summer to endear is come ;  
Since on our Sea each gawdy Streamer soars,  
And the stout Army guards our happy Shores ;  
Like my blest Genius, fated to oppose,  
Oh let your Union joyn to rout our Foes.*

*\* Then let the Goths and Vandals dare invade,  
Let Rome and Sicily advance their Aid ;  
Let the Grand Minister, to Plimouth sent,  
Obstructed and imur'd, new Plots invent ;  
Let him his witty Treasons there make good,  
Get Freedom by a second Riding-hood.*

*Great Britain, whilst its Genius keeps her Shore  
To seize all Traytors shall exert its Power,  
So guard the King, and Albion's Isle, 'till time shall  
(no m*

---

*\* On the Swede's late Minister ; with a concluding  
on the King and Prince.*

## AN ORATION,

Address'd to the PRINCE and PRINCESS of  
WALES, and the COURT; Spoken by me at a  
great Audience at the THEATRE ROYAL  
in DRURY LANE, MAY 29, 1716.

When Britain's prosperous Fortune was decay'd,  
And France oblig'd by the late Peace we made,  
trouling Fate a mighty Death decreed,  
puzzle all the Mischief should succeed:  
our propitious Genius rose, and far  
ught from the German Regions prone to War,  
e gracious Aid of mighty Hanover:  
his bright Foot had scarcely touch'd our Land,  
blest the Soil which nauseous Error stain'd;  
the North Crew would do our Nation Right,  
as bred in craggy Cliffs, but yet could fight:  
o'er their Targets did a General gain,  
was the Devil for Backsword, and for Brain;  
reston too, they made a bold Essay,  
Seasons had, the Kingdom to dismay,  
ded the first, the last, they ran away.  
ng themselves let them that Grandeur right,  
els gave Trophies to our Monarch's Might,  
did the Fate of his new Reign disclose,  
prove th' inveterate Weakness of his Foes.  
Troops but view'd, could poor Insulters aw,  
Fate enough to see the Lyon's Claw.  
hen Jove's Thunder does the Globe alarm,  
Creatures fly to holes, and 'scape the harm,  
olv'd with fear of the Ætherial Storm:  
then Rebellion fell, and thus the Race  
Glorious Caesar shall have awful Grace.  
Persian Sage, who finds when Morn comes on,  
ark Eclipse invade his God the Sun;

Distorts his trembling Limbs, his Nerves are sore,  
 Staring his Eyes, and cold his vital Gore,  
 As having never seen the like before:  
 But when the Orb is mov'd, and *Sol* appears,  
 The glimmering of brisk Light his Reason cheers;  
 He slights his Fear, and as the Sun displays,  
 Thinks it has given more Lustre to its Rays.  
 So mighty Sir, \* you by this Tumult late, [*\* The Prince*  
 May timely reckon your Degrees of State;  
 Some Treasons hoodwink't, Fortune must infuse,  
 As Poysons are in Med'cines that we use:  
 But both in their exalted kind excel,  
 One brings ye Fame, as 'tother makes ye well.  
 Glory thus finish'd, Beauty must ensue,  
 In state of which, Ladies † I bow to you; [*† The Ladies*  
 You, whose Divinity the Art does take,  
 To teach me how to write, and how to speak;  
 The World's chief Blessing in its best Degree,  
 As Genius of what is, or is to be;  
 Yet as some grave Astronomer that has  
 To search a Planet, found a noted Cause:  
 The Time in some Distress does form Degrees,  
 And in the Blaze a Speck disorder'd sees.  
 So tho' a dazzling Lustre charms around,  
 A casual Speck within the Ray is found;  
 A Graveness palls the *Cupid*. Some don't use  
 To ask what Fashion's now; but ask what News?  
 What Projects? has no other Lady stood,  
 T'outwit the Court and Tower, nor Plot pursu'd;  
 Has there been ne'er a second Riding-hood?  
 Their Brains, instead of Billers, Treason quotes,  
 All am'rous Songs have lost their tuneful Notes,  
 And leaving sacred Verse, they read the Votes:  
 But oh, what Horror does our Passions draw,  
 When Ladies cease to charm, to model Church and Law

And now ye sprightly Wits, ye modern Beaus,  
 That here descend from those Angelick Rows,  
 Some of your Tenets late did faintly spring,  
 Which stanch Religion so deprav'd did bring,  
 Some would have lost it quite, with a New King;  
 Fresh Legislature had supply'd their Will,  
 And baulk'd the Force of our septennial Bill.



re,  
ars;  
Prin  
e,  
Ladi  
If fatal Mischiefs in our Isle commence,  
We've still the starry Grace of Providence:  
His shon when Patriots confirm'd in Grace,  
All wise and loyal brought that Law to pass;  
When two to one the Kingdom's Good decreed,  
And proud Rebellion dar'd, that durst succeed:  
May they ever shine, who broke our civil Wars,  
And Nature ceasing, blaze among the Stars.

Whene'er our Sovereign's Regal Genius soars,  
And potent *Marlborough* leads his conqu'ring Powers,  
Which Rebels no Subversion here can breed,  
The Regent's double Note we ne'er shall heed,  
Nor fear the boisterous Navy of the *Swede*.

This glorious Theam, so tow'ring and sublime,  
Inspir'd aloft, retrieves my fading Time;  
Think this Hour most happy to rehearse  
Our Monarch's Character in tuneful Verse:  
Old, yet August, Goodness th' Almighty gave,  
As his Laws, and without Passion brave.

On then, ye sovereign Party with Applause,  
Fight for your sacred King, and sacred Cause;  
Against all Pretenders let your Valour shine,  
Strengthen *Cesar* and his Sacred Line:

Whilst I, that in my former springing Hours,  
Saw Plants without Produce, and wither'd Flowers,  
When fatal Plots obstructed regal Powers,  
In my plenteous, fruitful *Autumn* raise,  
Albion's Wealth and Fame triumphant Praise;  
And with due Fame of its Restorer sing,  
Inspiring Annals of our glorious King.



## The NITHISDALE:

*Vulgarly call'd a Riding-hood. A POEM  
On the sudden, Timely, and Incomparable Pro-  
pose of the Countess of Nithisdale; who fr-  
ustrated the dreadful Judgment and Senten-  
ce of the Lord High Steward, and sav'd her  
Husband's Neck from the Block. Feb. 29  
1715.*

**O**H every tuneful Bard that Sings,  
Of Ladies Wits and Ladies Things,  
Of Moulding Face, or Teeth, or Hair,  
Design'd to make 'em Young and Fair:  
Let Iron Hoops not made for shew,  
Nor Whale-bone Fardingales below,  
No more in Praise be understood;  
But now Exalt the Riding-hood.

Our Hats with Feathers they inclose,  
Our Coats they wear, and ride like Beaus,  
Our Breeches too they'll quickly find,  
And set up then to Ape Mankind:  
But since to take they are so bold  
Our Cloaks, that shade from Rain and Cold,  
I'll study now the Nation's good,  
And thus Expose the Riding-hood.

It first does Cleanliness decay,  
And proves a thousand Sluts a Day;  
Their Linnen too all ill may be,  
They hide it so, as none can see.  
Then let the Husband, who with strife,  
Perceives a Gallant loves his Wife;  
Think 'tis for Cuckold-making good,  
No cover like a Riding-hood.

thus in our Days of Life 'twill raise,  
 hundred Tricks, a hundred Ways;  
 and now my Story to pursue,  
 you'll see what it in Death can do:  
 'tis call'd a *Nithsdale*, since Fame  
 adorn'd a Countess with that Name;  
 whose Wit surmounting firmly stood,  
 all Creatures with a Riding-hood.  
 Her Lord for Treason all deter,  
 who had been dead were't not for her;  
 King, Lords and Commons doom'd his Fate,  
 the Tower his Goal, the Warders set,  
 petitions could no Mercy draw,  
 and Ladies Tears Impeach'd the Law;  
 all this the *Heroine* withstood,  
 and baffled by a Riding-hood.

*Turnia* gave with Closing Light  
 the Criminal, his last sad Night.  
 When th' Sprightly Countess did the Deed,  
 she weep't, she had all in her Head.  
 she dress'd her Lord, inform'd his Mind,  
 made Soldiers dumb, and Warders blind;  
 and all the Nation prais'd her Mood,  
 for the Enchanted Riding-hood.

In spite of Ears, in spite of Eyes  
 of Power and Wealth, that Crowns our Joys,  
 this Rarity of Women's Mould,  
 with female Jerking then Controwl'd  
 the great Lieutenant bold and Gay,  
 that has good Judgment, as some say,  
 must think his prudent part not good,  
 out-witted by a Riding-hood.

Observe this Rule, you that have Power,  
 from *Newgate's* Mansion to the Tower,  
 to more ingage with Female Wit,  
 or seek to find out their Deceit:

For take this grave Advice from me,  
 You shall not hear, you shall not see,  
 'Till they their rare Design make good,  
 As now they've done the Riding-hood.

Let Traitors against Kings conspire,  
 Let secret Spies great Statesmen hire,  
 Nought shall be by Detection got,  
 If Women may have leave to Plot:  
 There's nothing clos'd with Bars or Locks  
 Can hinder Nightrayls, Pinner, Smocks,  
 For they will every one make good,  
 As now they've done the Riding-hood.

Oh thou, that by this Sacred Wife  
 Hast sav'd thy Liberty and Life,  
 And by her Wits immortal Pains,  
 With her quick Head hast sav'd thy Brains :  
 Let all Designs her Worth Adorn,  
 Sing her an Anthem Night and Morn,  
 And let thy fervent Zeal make good  
 A Reverence for the Riding-hood.



An EPILOGUE to HENRY the Second;  
Intended for ROSAMOND.

IN this Grave Age, Improv'd by Statesmen's Art,  
What hopes have I, that you should like my part;  
Time was, when *Rosamond*, might shine at Court;  
These are no Days for Misses of my Sort;  
Your Bags for better Uses are prepar'd,  
Beauty must now retrench, the Times are hard,  
Whilst what should be a Bounty for the fair,  
Is sav'd to beat the *French* in vig'rous War.  
Had they expected something should be got  
Our Scriblers sure, had chose another Plot;  
And not thus heedlessly have found Occasion  
To shew again the Grievance of a Nation.  
All Mistresses were long since left in th' Lurch  
You Lovers now are fighting for your Church;  
Saints Militant, who devoutly have agreed,  
To stand by Doctrine that you never read.  
How strangely Time does Human things decay,  
Four Centurys past, as Ancient Writers say,  
The that I represent, bore mighty Sway:  
Her Beauty wonder'd at, her Wit Extoll'd:  
Her yellow Locks were call'd, too Threads of Gold,  
But now should that Complexion use the Trade,  
Each little Fop the Town has newly made,  
Should Cry, Confound the Carrot Pated Jade.  
Misses in Days of War and Jeopardy,  
Like Armourers in Times of Peace must be  
Their Swords and Helmets rust, and so will she.  
That sort of Criticks then shall I endear,  
That favour my abandon'd Character?  
The *French* fatigue too much to mind Amour;  
The *German* bigotted, the *Spaniard* poor;  
The *Belgick* Lover with his Northern Sense;  
Should have the *Rosrow*, but would spare the Pence,  
Generous of Beauty, but when Purse should open,  
The *Heer* is either deaf or drunk a stopen;

Thus

Thus o'er all *Europe*, as the Scenes are laid,  
 War and Religion have quite spoil'd Love's Trade;  
 Since then from Court, my part must hope no Pity,  
 I'll try the *English* Lovers in the City;  
 Kind Souls, who many a Night o'er Tost and Ale;  
 Have wept at Reading *Rosamond's* fam'd Tale,  
 And will, I hope, for Beauty's sake to Day;  
 Confront these Beaus, and save an honest Play.  
 So may you Thrive, your Wagers all be won;  
 So may your wise Stock-jobbing Crimp go on,  
 So may your Ships return from the Canaries, (*Mary*  
 And no damn'd *Dunkirk* Shark snap up their *Johns* and  
 Stand Buff once for a Mistress, think what lives  
 Some of you daily Live with Scolding Wives;  
 For tho' I fell by Jealous Cruelty,  
 For venial Sin, 'twas pity I should dye;  
 Ah! should your Wives and Daughters so be try'd,  
 And with my Dose their failings purify'd  
 I ord, what a Massacre would maul *Cheapside*!



## A PROLOGUE,

At the Opening of the Play house, Spoken by  
Young POWELL.

A Tragick Scene of Woe, which long did last,  
Has Acted been this fatal Winter past;  
This, on the World's great Stage, all find too true,  
Mourns, the Epitome,resents it too }  
With double Grief, for th' general Loss, and you:  
Besides, strange Jarrs, are now amongst us grown,  
One Mischief very seldom comes alone:  
Crises are pursued with such Impetuous Rage,  
The *Muses* dread the downfal of the Stage;  
Our Grandees too, that wrangling Cases try,  
Fatten with Feuds, but starve the lesser Fry:  
To you, we therefore (the poor forlorn) Petition,  
You only can relieve our sad Condition, }  
And save us from the Wrack of their Division;  
Whilst they for Rights and Titles hotly strive,  
In different Partys, and Rencontre drive, }  
We would but Live, we dare not think to Thrive:  
Let not their Quarrels push our Ruin on,  
Pray let us be too Mean to be undone;  
When the Finny Warriors of the Ocean made  
A scaly War, a watry Cavalcade;  
The great one's the fierce Combat did endure,  
The Smelts and petty Prawns were all secure:  
The Ladys Smile, thence I date good Success,  
Smiles look most lovely in a Mourning Dress;  
And you our Patrons, tho' your Habits shew  
The solemn Mode, yet wear no Cloudy Brow:  
Tho' outward Sables seem like gloomy Night,  
Your Pockets Argent, comforts us like Light, }  
Money has Rays superlatively bright;  
And whilst with that our heavy Hearts you cheer,  
In any Colour you are welcome here:



Ah! would your favour Diligence befriend,  
We'd strive to please, and every Minute mend,  
Pray use no Rod, before we do offend;

For tho', as formerly (when we all joyn'd  
To make Wit's Banquet proper to your Mind)  
We can't in such fine Dishes bring our Cates,  
We'll serve ye up a pretty Treat in Plates;  
Some Actors we have still, some New ones got,  
Young Tits extreamly willing to be taught,  
A silly Bashfulness is all their fault:

That once Remov'd, as in our hopeful Clime,  
They'll soon Instructed be in Prose or Rhime,  
No doubt, the Girls will come to good in Time;  
But as they are, if Truth must be express'd,  
They Caw, and Gape, like Birds just fledg'd in th'  
And Blush at the meer hinting of a Jest. (Nest,

You lik'd new Faces Sirs, not long ago,  
Pray come and see these, try what they can do;  
For tho' an Actress, if I take it right,  
Can't like a Mushroom sprout up in a Night;  
Yet if you influence her Inclination,  
She may divert with other Conversation:  
However, we shall always play our Parts,  
Industriously strive to gain your Hearts;  
With utmost Diligence your Pleasure serve,  
Nor spare our Pains, but study to deserve.



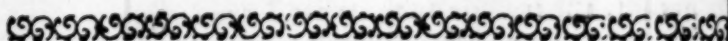
## An EPILOGUE,

For Mrs. VERBRUGGAN.

DISH, I had e'en as good go out again,  
 I see our Fate, you are in your Damming Vein;  
 And every Critick looks so like a Devil,  
 'Twill be Time lost, to beg you to be Civil:  
 Yet hang't, I'll try for once, what I can say,  
 'Twill be at worst, but a Speech thrown away;  
 Thus then I sue to all, Dukes, Lords, Knights & Squires,  
 Gentlemen, Jokers, sellers of Wit, and buyers:  
 Beaus of the Court, and Bullys of the Fryers,  
 True Wits, and no Wits, Tartars tilting Heroes,  
 Poets, Pimps, Prentices, and poor Piacros;  
 Tharks, Shagrag, Shatter-brains, Panders, Purse-takers,  
 Titts, Country Cullys, Cuckolds, Cuckold-makers:  
 All you that in this lower Row are Noted,  
 And you that yonder are so high Promoted;  
 We pleas'd to lay your thumping Anger by,  
 And spare the Carcass of the Comedy:  
 You too the charming Sex, Ladies well known,  
 You that have Titles, you too that have none;  
 You in whose youthful Cheeks the Blood does lye,  
 And you that use fine Tinctures to supply:  
 Fortunes high flyers, you that mount our Boxes,  
 And you low Tire, Cracks, Harridans and Doxies;  
 Of all Degrees, a favour I implore,  
 Old young, fat lean, straight, crooked, rich or poor:  
 That you would curb the Humour in to Day,  
 And for this once like an indifferent Play;  
 Not for its Merit; can I beg your Grace,  
 But only for my Sake, pray let it pass:  
 Consider faith, how hard it is to please,  
 And how unequal each Man's Humour is;  
 Just as the present Weather, that we see,  
 Now treats our Spring, you treat our Poetry:  
 When you should kindly Rain, you roughly blow,  
 And when your Sun should shine on us, you Snow;

Blasé

Blast all our Buds, when you should clear and warm  
 And when your Breezes should refresh, you Storm:  
 Some fancys Rhiming Plays to Mirth provoke,  
 Others there are that love a smutty Joke;  
 That way my Talent lies, if I have any,  
 And will I hope Diversion give to many:  
 But to please all, one Woman can't ingage,  
 Tho' the best Actress that e'er trod the Stage.



## A PROLOGUE,

For CAVE UNDERHILL.

**T**HE humerous Author of this comick Play,  
 Gives me the Name of *Jollyman* to Day;  
 And some Years since, in good King *Charles's* Reign,  
 Who Wit and Womens Right did well maintain:  
 When Courtiers, and almost all other folks,  
 Kissing and tipling liv'd the Life of Ducks;  
 'Tis known, tho' now there's one Leg in the Grave  
 Mankind in general call'd me *Jolly Cave*:  
 The Women too, thought me a proper Fellow,  
 Well limb'd, tho' Phiz was bord'ring upon Yellow,  
 And pleasant, tho' oft tempted to be mellow;  
 Then Audiences too were seldom thin,  
 My Action from the Court Applause could win,  
 The Pit would laugh, the upper Gallerys grin:  
 But long was I not blest, e'er I miscarry'd,  
 I play'd my worst part of a Fool, I Marry'd;  
 A Wife must settle, with a Murrain to me,  
 The only solid Curse, that could undo me:  
 But she an easy Life best to secure,  
 At last chang'd for a better, much good do her;  
 And left me here, Prince of true Comedy,  
 To reap the Fruits of your Civility.

we strove to reap, but barren is the Mould,  
 besides my Hook is rusty grown, and old:  
 Soil not well Manur'd, no Grain will grow,  
 how should I reap, alas, unless you Sow?  
 And whether the kind Crop will hold out well,  
 this Day I think does but too sadly tell:  
 yet one thing makes me laugh, tho' Wit and Sence,  
 and pleasing Humour is quite gone from hence,  
 and Foreign *Sol fa*, grubbles up the Pence;  
 tho' all the Beaus are from our Boxes fled,  
 and our two Houses scarce can get us Bread:  
 third is building to insult our Woes,  
 yet who will fill't, the Lord of *Oxford* knows;  
 for the Masques, my old Acquaintance there,  
 they have my Acting try'd before, elsewhere,  
 applause from them at least I shall procure  
 their Claps are very frequent, that I'm sure;  
 only this comfort still there's left in store,  
 to labour to refine the ruggid Ore,  
 I strive to please, and wish I cou'd do more.

## A PROLOGUE

the BASSET-TABLE. Spoken by Mr.  
 PINKETHMAN, acting a Footman in a  
 Lac'd Livery.

OUR Poetess, designing to expose,  
 The Gaming Vice, amongst the Bel's and Beaus;  
 illustrate wisely her dramatick Art,  
 strove to hit my fancy, in my part:  
 tho' you think my Figure now a Jest,  
 amongst all Employments, in the Town possrest,  
 Footman's and a Drawer's, I think are best;

The

The Drawer as he supports the Topping vice,  
 By force your Bounty does monopolize:  
 And tho' the Reck'ning be five Pound, or ten,  
 If there's no Spill allow'd besides for *Ben*,  
 Y'are surely Poison'd if you come again;  
 His Days are gainful, by your Idle Hours,  
 I knew a Drawer, from hence not many Doors,  
 That kept two Geldings, and a Leath of Whores:  
 Thus getting the Ascendant o'er your Brains,  
 The Man increases, tho' the Master wains;  
 Like his, the Footman's happy state is try'd,  
 But then, 'tis true, he must be qualify'd:  
 A jantee Air, a bold assuring Face,  
 And must be a good Pimp, in the first place;  
 Then likewise, as in Trust he higher grows,  
 Must know a Dun, with genuine suppose,  
 As Spannels do their Masters, by the Nose:  
 Who if he knocks, and asks, and asks again,  
 The cue is ready, \* Sir, he's not within; \* *Als'ring his*  
 When 'Squire above, sits Shivering in the cold, (*Voice*  
 Numb'ring the change of *the* salt piece of Gold:  
 Cards, he must know too, and to cog a Dye,  
 He may spare Swearing, but must naturally Lye;  
 With mean beginning Grandeur oft is nurs'd,  
 The greatest Rivers were small Springs at first:  
 And as the scribbling Clark does often vary,  
 Rising by Fate, to Mr. Secretary,  
 From thence to Office Extraordinary;  
 So *John* the Footman, from Industrious use  
 Of shaking Flambeau, and of cleaning Shoes:  
 Steps to be Butler, from whose sprightly Juice  
 He Steward turns, then carrying all before him,  
 Is made soon after Justice of the *Quorum*;  
 Things being thus, spite of this † Pye bald geer,  
 This Ominous Cord, upon my Shoulders here:  
 And other Equipage || this part to Day,  
 I like as well, as any in the Play,  
 And if you please to laugh at me, you may.

---

Pointing to his lac'd Coat. || Lac'd Hat.



## The FABLE

of the LADY, the LURCHER, and the Marrow-PUDDINGS. Aluding with Topical hints to some late Senatorial Occurrences.

IN Days when Birds and Beasts did prate,  
And human Understanding own;  
Lyones in *Parthia* late,  
Who had a plentiful Estate,  
There liv'd in great Renown.

Well stor'd with Lands and Tenements,  
And was for Riches and for Rents,  
By various Suitors follow'd;  
She still with all things Treated well,  
At Marrow-Puddings in her Cell,  
The best that e'er were swallow'd.

For which her Guests were seldom few,  
The Four legg'd Brutes, and those with Two,  
Came thick as 'twere for Places;  
Not 'mongst the crowd that made their Courts,  
The Race of Dogs, as Fame reports,  
Stood best in her good Graces.

By great Lord Mastiff, round and squat,  
And lank Sir Greyhound soon grew fat,  
The Puddings nourish'd rarely;  
Great Spanniel 'Squires and combing Shocks,  
With deep mouth'd Jowlers too, and Rocks,  
Were at her Leve early.

Hence many went well pleas'd away,  
Gail'd and pamper'd Sleek and gay,  
Most better fed than taught;  
The Lurcher only rough and lean,  
With Acid Humours and the Spleen  
Had yet no Pudding got.

He



He being too voracious known,  
 Had soon devour'd all his own,  
 At least all those of *Marrow*;  
 And being in a desp'rate case,  
 Long knew not how to help Distress,  
 Nor how to Beg, or Borrow.

The Dame too, who right Merit weigh'd,  
 Knew no just cause he should be fed,  
 Or fatten'd by her Bounty;  
 Who us'd to give by Barking, helps,  
 And was the Mouth of all the Whelps,  
 Against her in the County.

Desert she knew, she oft had paid,  
 And some too *Marrow-Puddings* had,  
 Tho' their pretence was small;  
 Which more inflames the *Lurcher's* care,  
 Who now resolves with them to share,  
 Tho' he has none at all.

And to proceed in't, on a Time,  
 When *Phabus* from the *East* did climb,  
 To his Meridian Station;  
 Accosting one of his own Crew,  
 Whom he of the right Kidney knew,  
 He thus begin's Narration.

A *Marrow-Pudding* 'mongst our Race,  
 You know's the same thing as a Place,  
 'Mongst Humans by Court dunning;  
 And since the Dame so close is grown,  
 And thinks it fit to give me none,  
 I'll make her do't by cunning.

Thou know'st my way of Barking well,  
 I'll give out such a hideous yell,  
 Our Tribe oft urge me to it;  
 Shall give the Matron such small ease,  
 She shall not eat her Meat in Peace,  
 She knows that I can do it.

And soon shall find by subtle Arts,  
What 'tis to slight a Dog of Parts,  
Or when I sue, deny it;  
For be my Reasons false or true,  
I'll have a *Marrow-Pudding* too,  
Or she ne'er be at quiet.

I know she soon must keep a Court,  
Where all her Tenants will resort,  
Her Steward too be there;  
Whom with my din I'll so Torment,  
I'll make 'em grudge to pay their Rent,  
And all their Leases tear.

I'll howl aloud to every one,  
Who knows her that she is undone,  
Dire Ruin is her Lot;  
Nay, I'll send Printed Scrowls beyond,  
To Neighbours o'er the Herring Pond,  
That she's not worth a Great.

And tho' my Country suffer in't,  
— ns I shall see my Name in Print,  
By bellowing Hawkers cry'd;  
Whilst by exposing thus my Wit,  
The one gives a Revenge that's sweet,  
And t'other feeds my Pride.

I'll Bark that tho' we've taken *Liste*,  
*Bruges* and *Ghent*, with all the Spoil,  
And baulk'd the hot *Pretender*;  
He's coming to renew his Claim,  
With solid hopes t'affront the Dame,  
When no one will Defend her.

I'll Bark that all our Losses come,  
From great Ones Treachery at home,  
Who hope to gain their ends;  
And tho' our Conquerors gain Renown,  
The *Mounseur's* not the weaker grown,  
Whilst here he has such Friends.

I'll Bark that many Ships at Sea,  
 By Cowardice are made a Prey,  
 To the aforesaid Neighbours ;  
 That vile Deceit their Rulers sway,  
 And those who Contributions pay,  
 Do all but lose their Labours.

I'll roar against one Noble Peer,  
 With all my Tribe to prove it cleer,  
 That he's the Nation's Curse ;  
 I'll call him *Judas*, void of Grace,  
 A pox on Manners in this case,  
 Because he bears the Purse.

And tho' the Dame's great Men at Arms,  
 Last Year gave *Mounſieur* such alarms,  
 His Crown was thought unstable ;  
 Her General's Glory I'll make less,  
 And Bark in spite of Services,  
 We're all most Miserable.

I'll rail at all in noted rank,  
 But most severely 'gainst the Bank,  
 The Pest of our Diseases ;  
 Nay, I'll Invetreacy advance,  
 And swear the Bully Rock of *France*,  
 Can break 'em when he pleases.

'Gainst *Northern* great Ones held to Bail,  
 I'll whet my Tongue and loudly rail,  
 In a most hedious Tone ;  
 And swear tho' we don't hit the blots,  
 Their Treason was amongst the *Scots*,  
 Yet they were let alone.

And lastly I'll discourage all,  
 Who bring the Bags to *Grocers Hall*,  
 By a subtle Play ;  
 Whilst I'm insinuating a Fear,  
 Of *Mounſieur's* Second coming here,  
 I'm guiding him the way.

Ill Howl against her Favourites,  
Denouncing one there is that gets,  
Heaps, to immense degree;  
Nor shall I fail to gain my ends,  
For when I've Bark'd off all her Friends,  
She must take up with me.

Thus did the *Lurcher* vent his Mind,  
Nor fail'd, but what he had design'd,  
He puts in Practice straight;  
The Lady and her best Allies,  
Were daily vex'd with horrid noise,  
And Nightly at her Gate.

The Times were bad by Fortunes course,  
But he took pains to make 'em worse,  
And every ill encrease;  
And tho' his bawling did no good,  
Till *Pudding* in Possession stood,  
Resolv'd it should not cease.

Whilst she with general good to all,  
Scarce gave one Hour an interval,  
Without indulgent care;  
Tho with Seraphick Patience blest,  
Would often enquire what the Beast,  
Meant to be so severe.

Her Friends to answer her Complaint,  
Told her, a *Marrow-Pudding's* want,  
Had made him late grow bolder;  
And yet they could not stint his noise,  
Because the Creature had a Voice,  
As being a Freeholder.

But that there would be matter soon,  
The Scandal of his Tongue to prune,  
If once more he harangu'd;  
And that ill Manners be reform'd,  
He should for the past fault be VVorm'd,  
And for the next be H-d.

## A PROLOGUE

To the KING at the Masque at Court.

When Wit and Science flourish'd in their Bloo  
 Combin'd to grace the State of ancient Rom  
 Thus shon the Court from Peace, thus Pleasure sprun  
 And thus \* *Augustus* look'd, when *Ovid* sung :  
 Joy uncontroul'd and free possess'd each Mind,  
 And with good Humour, Loyalty was join'd ;  
 Instructive Poetry was nobly prais'd,  
 Dull Ignorance scorn'd, and artful Merit rais'd :  
 Thus *Cæsar's* smile each Genius did sublime,  
 And thus does our Inspirer bless our Time ;  
 Thro' Clouds of anxious State and regal Care,  
 Shine out to make the Muses Region fair.  
 Sing then ye Sons of Wit and Harmony,  
 The Theme is glorious, raise your Voices high ;  
 Renown, the happy Omen, Arts are grac'd,  
 And the glad Kingdom, consequently bless'd :  
 Let joyful *Britains* grateful Thanks ne'er cease,  
 Restor'd to her Religion, and her Peace,  
 In spite of Native sullen Humour, own  
 The wondrous Work, as wonderously done ;  
 Yet should Ingratitude vile Parties sway,  
*Apollo's* Race shall constant Duty pay,  
 And from Oblivion's Rust secure that glorious Day ;  
 Let Malecontents in Joy be tardy found,  
 The Muses loyal Song shall give perpetual Sound,  
 And spacious *Europe's* Happiness proclaim,  
 In her immortal Arbitrators Fame.

Let rash tarpawling *Czars* swell future Story,  
 By surreptitious Ways of seeking Glory ;  
 With sly Designs, tho' like themselves, half froze,  
 From *Russian* Icicles, *Muscovian* Snows,  
 Sneak here to learn how our Ship-forest grows ;

\* Bowing to the King.



To glean fall'n Ears of *England's* Grandeur come,  
 And make a fancy'd Harvest on't at home;  
 Let th' Savage Race, their Furs about their Ears,  
 Scarcely distinguish'd from their Native Bears,  
 With crowds Undisciplin'd cause petty Fears.  
 The Maiden Charge of one young Brave Allie,  
 Th' Lion strain, tho' we aloof stand by,  
 No Holes can make the filching Foxes fly:  
 One Young *Ammon*, with a well Train'd few,  
 And *Persian* Ignorance in Shoals subdue.  
 Let our aspiring Neighbour too forget  
 His solemn Act, when *Europe's* Council met;  
 Against Right and Honour let Ambition plead,  
 And pull more Curses on his Hoary-head:  
 Let him the Breach of Royal Faith think wise,  
 And shame a King with base *Plebian* Vice.  
 Let *Albion's* Guardian, fated to redress  
 Various Ills, wherever they oppress;  
 Prompted by Justice soon to *Austrian* Land,  
 Bold fierce, as *Jove*, reach his deciding Hand:  
 And as of late, when War's rude Tempest reign'd,  
 The Royal Umpire their sunk State maintain'd:  
 When *Mammon* that in Golden Ingots shines,  
 Laid lay useless in their *Western* Mines.  
*Britannick* Vertue, where true Valour lyes,  
 Shou'd our glorious Troops to fight their Prize:  
 At Vertue once revers'd, their Sails can lower,  
 And fix in juster Hands their lawless Power;  
 They would our Patriots their Feuds give o'er,  
 And make true use of their extensive Pow'r:  
 Aids without a Niggard's Caution give,  
 And give the King, not touch Prerogative:  
 Publick Justice without private Picks,  
 And th' general, not by Ends, learn Politicks:  
 Would they with moderate Calmness make Report,  
 Their Country serve without Offence at Court;  
 And counsel, not curb, stretch, and not break the strings,  
 Nor would they be Senates, and not Kings;  
 Twenty Infant Dukes abroad should Reign,  
 Many perjur'd Sires, his Spurious Right maintain:



Whilst the old Bulwark *Ocean* round us runs,  
 If Union arm'd the Hearts of *Britain's* Sons,  
 'Twould still be in our Pow'r, to right each wrong  
 And crush the Viper e'er he grew too strong:  
 But this, oh *Albion*! is too great a Grace,  
 Too rich a Cordial for thy squeamish Race.  
 Instead of Concord, needless Doubts and Fears,  
 Deludes thy Sence, malicious Lyes thy Ears:  
 The various Weather just thy Humour hits,  
 Now hot, now cold, it storms and shines by fits,  
 And grave State-menders now sprout up from City  
 The Apron Tribe with Politicks are stor'd,  
 And every *Coffee Room's* a Council board;  
 Where Publick News in Print each Day's convey'd  
 And all Court Mystery's are open lay'd:  
 This Man's a Lord, the King perhaps ne'er thought  
 T'other a Place has given him, or has bought on  
 Such Courtiers mov'd, such Captains by are lay'd  
 Disbanded too, e'er they're so much as pay'd:  
 On this straight all degrees discanting prate,  
 And Canvass grand *Arcana's* of the State;  
 The Taylor with Grub Beard, and Crimson Nose  
 The King and Parliament together sows:  
 The Snipsnap Barber, lathering *Spain's* Condition  
 Severely marks the breadth of the Partition;  
 The Cutler swears more Troops well Arm'd should  
 The Cropeard Cobler stitches up the Fleet;  
 And all the rest, as Interest sways the Mood,  
 Rail on, or Praise, pretending general Good:  
 The *Muses* only Tribe unbyals'd joyn,  
 Recording Good and Ill, without design;  
 Great Heroes Actions Sing, for little gain,  
 And Earn a trifling Praise with solid Pain:  
 If with Dramaticks we to please pretend:  
 We're said to sooth the Vices we should mend,  
 The Zealous Crew from *Tubs*, bark senceless Fur  
 And th' dullest of all Cuckolds, a *Grand Jury*:  
 Or else the absolving Hypocrite stands by,  
 And drolling Mirth makes Immorality;  
 Stage Wantonness, a Damning fault is shewn,  
 But Treason and Rebellion must be none;

Will then since Spight, not Zeal, this Reprehension  
 to a higher Court remove our Cause. (draws,  
 may have Errors, and may Errors mend,  
 when just Reproof is given us like a Friend;  
 spots in Stars, so faults in Wit may be,  
 Faction or Rebellious Villany;  
 the Loyal Muse ne'er taint, aloft she sings,  
 Themes of Glory and Immortal things;  
 her deathless Race, as far as Heaven renown'd;  
 whilst *Apollo* smiles, her Joys are Crown'd.



## A PROLOGUE,

made to Entertain her ROYAL HIGHNESS, at Her  
 coming to the Play, call'd, IBRAHIM 13, Empe-  
 ror of the Turks. Spoken by MRS. CROSS.

ACH Critick here, methinks, puts on a Face,  
 As when in Prologues in my Childish Days,  
 was sent simp'ring out to sue for Grace;  
 when I was forc'd, (to get the House some Guineas)  
 Praise for Wits, a Pit half full of Ninny's;  
 Sparks, those Poppet Hours are wasted now,  
 Sneak and Cringe no more — I'd have you know,  
 more respect for my Fourteen than so. [*Proudly.* }  
 you believe it, you'll not find me apt,  
 not now so fond of being Clapt;  
 Years, more Knowledge — And for all your Hum-  
 k to't, ye Beaus, my Fifteen is a coming. (ming,  
 at happy Age, which you so dearly prize,  
 pleas'd to think, how I shall Tyrannize;  
 I intend to Murder — Kill and Slay,  
 Army of Young Coxcombs every Day:  
 Comical to tell how two short Years,  
 alters the Turn and Shape of my Affairs.

In those Days, a Pert, Modish, Mealy Fop,  
 White as a Sack in a Corn-chandler's Shop,  
 Us'd to Perfume with Snuff our Dressing-Rooms,  
 And Treat me—As most fit—With Sugar-Plumbs,  
 But now Smiles, Struts—Looks in my Eyes—and  
 (Combs;

Whispers for Secrets, what I knew long since,  
 And further of strong Passion to convince.  
 The soft Court-Tongue, crys—'Gad, \* it does adore

And Feather Blue—Veils its Campaign—† before me  
 But this shan't do, Sirs,—My reserv'd Behaviour  
 Shall shew ye now, I'll not provoke your Favour,  
 Nor feed ye with false Hopes—To gain a Smile,  
 But to the Darling Genius of our Isle,  
 I turn my Duty, as I change my Stile.

*Madam*, At your Blest Feet, her Prostrate Muse,  
 The Author lays—And for your Favour sues:  
 Your Presence fills her with so true a Joy,  
 'Tis not in Criticks Power to destroy.  
 Ill-natur'd Envy cloudy Censure bears,  
 But Fogs still vanish, when the Sun appears.  
 Now pleas'd, the *Helliconian* Dwellers sing,  
 To see your *Highness* Consecrate their Spring,  
 And *Pegasus* prepares to mount the Wing.  
 To Celebrate through Heaven, and Earth, and Sea,  
 The Sacred Patroness of Poetry.

---

\* *Speaking affectedly.* † *Speaking roughly.*



# A P R O L O G U E,

*Spoken by a Comedian who lately left the IRISH-  
THEATER, at his return thither.*

AS some Deserter mutining for Pay,  
Who rashly has from Colours gone astray,  
Lying by chance a Gallows in his way;  
The fatal Object terrifying his sight,  
Returns with Shame, back to his Post to Fight:  
So I, on thought of you ———  
Back to my Comick Post again dispatch me,  
For the vile sound of Renegado reach me,  
For the dire Halter of your Anger catch me;  
Which would inflict my Punishment much more;  
Having so oft, your Favours found before:  
But know, 'twas not to slight your generous Love,  
We thus Elop'd, but only to improve:  
I thought I wanted something, so sheer'd off,  
To stock me with new Whims, to make ye laugh;  
And as the Country sordid rich Wifecakes,  
Who dully think all Foreigners Man-makers,  
Send out their Booby Sons to *France*, to Dress,  
Or to suck Doctrine from his Holiness:  
So I to practice the true Playhouse Maggot,  
Have been initiating, I ought to brag it,  
In *London Town*, with *Pinkethman* and *Dogget*.  
For your Diversion, thus I've taken care,  
And brought ye o'er a Sample of their Ware,  
Not that the *Muses* flourish more than here.  
For they're still Witty at their own Expence,  
A Pound of Faction, to an Ounce of Sence;  
Not to regale ye with some new Grimaces,  
Or quaint ways of speaking Jokes, and making Faces:  
Which to please ye, I'll my best employ,  
Encourag'd to't this time of general Joy;  
The Time when you, your long'd for Hopes obtain,  
Whilst lasting Bliss crowns your brave Viceroy's;  
And *Albion's* loss is blest *Hibernia's* gain. (Reigns)

## An EPILOGUE.

For Mrs. LUCAS.

**Y**'HAVE seen me Dance, and ye have hear'd me Sing,  
 But now I'm put upon another thing;  
 By way of *Epilogue* to make a Speech,  
 If I can frame my Mouth for't, I'm a Witch:  
 Not that I find there's ought that can Provoke in't,  
 But should there chance to be a smutty Joke in't;  
 Any Reflection, or the least word of Bawdy,  
 That should disgust a Gentleman, or Lady:  
 What case were I in then, what Desolation?  
 Would that be to my Virgin Reputation?  
 A great huge Girl, to blurt out a Paw word,  
 Nay, tho' 'twere Privileg'd and on Record:  
 I would not such a Thing, by me were said,  
 For fifty Pistoles, as I am a Maid  
 Or should the Plaguy Poet in his Rhimes,  
 Give some unlucky bob upon the Times;  
 As—Heaven help us, those that use his way,  
 In this fine World—May have enough to say;  
 And so to punish me for Faults, are his,  
 I should be fetch'd to come upon my Knees:  
 Me—On my Knees! amongst a throng this Weather  
 Ivads no—I an't such a Baby neither;  
 So I'll speak none on't—But say I'm asham'd,  
 And let him take his Paper—And be Damn'd:  
 I'm for no Jerking *Epilogues*, not I, (a Pye,  
 Unless the words are chopt—Like Mince-meat for  
 But stay, since honest Bourdon here stands by.  
 And that I may more handsomely get rid on't,  
 We'll sing the last new \* Dialogue instead on't.

\* Sings and Exit.



## A PROLOGUE.

Nthe first happy Golden Age,  
 When solid Wit and Judgment deck'd the Stage;  
 Heroes and Poets bore an equal Grace,  
 The Victor's Oak still flourish'd with the Bayes:  
 Whilst Arts with Arms united, did sublime,  
 A spacious Series of succeeding time;  
 But you of Glorious modern Race, now get  
 Preheminence, and bear the Prize from Wit:  
 Each Day performing some Triumphant thing,  
 Beyond the Genius of the Muse to Sing;  
 Witness late bravery on *Castilian* Strand,  
 Where through the foaming Waves ye Swam to Land,  
 Your Foes dire Fate still glittering in each Hand.  
 Witness your Heats and Colds, and Hardships there,  
 Which following your great Leader—You could bear:  
 With more than Mortal Patience, tho' among,  
 The pangs of scorching blasts which Griefs prolong,  
 And swarms of starv'd Muskeitors, which like Hor-  
 (nets stung.  
 Who hourly plagu'd—Charm'd by some *Papish* Saints,  
 Th' undisciplin'd Corps of each good *Protestants*;  
 Witness at *Vigo* too, the *Mounseieur's* Doom,  
 The well-pac'd Toyl of bringing *Galleons* home,  
 The glorious storming of the Fort, and breaking  
 (of the Boomb.  
 Then to crown all, let our Land-Forces take,  
 The freshest Garland Goddess Fame can make;  
*Pegasus* flags, too low to mount the praise,  
 Which our brave General's Renown shall raise:  
 For which the *Belgians*—Trophys should advance,  
 Turn Orators, nay Wits—In scorn of *France*,  
 And drink his Health——  
 With shoals of pickled Herrings in a Sea of *Nants*:  
 But leaving them their ways of Gratitude,  
 Let proper Duty be by us pursu'd;  
 Welcome then all ye noble *British* Sons,  
 Brave Strangers too, who late have scourg'd the Dons:

Whose



Whose Valour puts a stop to *Gallick* Fame,  
 Whilst wavering *Portugal* comes in for shame;  
 Welcôme to *England*, to your Native shore,  
 Honour'd with Science—But with Valour more:  
 Ah! could my Wishes your Deserts pursue,  
 As you have Praise — You had got Plunder too,  
 Your *Jesuits* Bark had prov'd a Golden bough.  
 The Campaign Snuff, which every Box incloses,  
 Had turn'd Gold Dust, to gratifie your Noses,  
 For well I know, tho' Honour's the main story,  
 A little Gain sells well a little Glory:  
 Courage improves, when Fortune's open handed,  
 I'm sure I should think so if I Commanded;  
 For 'tis past doubt, not the kind Maid undrest,  
 With flowing Hair, bright Eyes and Snowy Breast:  
 To her hot Lover can be thought so dear,  
 Nor to the famish'd Glutton lusty chear;  
 Not Gold to the Mitre, Flattery to the Proud,  
 Gay dress to Beauty — Faction to the Crow'd:  
 Attracts the Soul — Nor half so much does Charm,  
 As luscious Plunder, when a Town we Storm;  
 But Sirs, I hope that good amends is making,  
 In the now design'd *West-India* Undertaking:  
 That Colonels, Captains, and the rest will find,  
 The Golden Fleece, Fate for the brave design'd;  
 Nay, th' Vulgar too — You Lads—Each honest Fellow,  
 That sit there—Cloth'd in Grey, Blue, Green and Yel-

(low:

List but your selves among the Grenadiers,  
 No more Hoof beating——Banish all those fears,  
 But home next Winter come, and ride in Chairs.



## AN EPILOGUE for Mrs. VERBRUGGAN.

AT this odd Time of Bustle and of hurry,  
 'Tis wonderful to find ye Sirs so merry;  
 Why, see now what a Country Lass can do,  
 When would they e'er be tickled so by you \*?  
 You that are plying for Sheepbiters here,  
 And hope to sell your Mutton Loyns so dear:  
 No, no, those Rampant Days are gone good Folk,  
 Your *India Ware's* forbid, your *China's* broke,  
 Or if some little Sport, should their wise Heads

(provoke.

Some Freeholder's fresh Spouse, some Rosebush Dolly  
 Must do't, no *Covent-Garden Trolly Lolly*;  
 Your Pardon Gentlemen, for my blunt Jest,  
 I take ye all for Patriots at least:

I know they're chosen all the Nation o'er,  
 From the *Lands End*, home to our Churches door;  
 Where lately trudging to make sound and whole,  
 Some broken matters, that concern'd my Soul,  
 A Grave face ask'd me, if I came to — Poll.  
 To Poll cry'd I — What's that — As hot as Embers?  
 Zoons Mistress, said he bluff, to give your Vote for

(Members:

Blush'd, for as I'm a right Homespun Lady,  
 I thought the Man had Jeer'd me — And spoke Bawdy;  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha — Well I'll again to School,  
 As life a Player — Yet be such a Fool:  
 That's pretty — For with my Poetick Gleanings,  
 I sure might know that Word had several Meanings;  
 Without Instruction — By your Pardon — Pray,  
 And from henceforward every one in's way:  
 I'll leave th' hard Word for you, when y'are together,  
 And study merry Jokes, 'gainst you come hither;  
 With Comick Mirth I'll calm your Jarring strain,  
 And shew in Farce, some *Frenchified* hot Brain:  
 That pause in his Credentials, brought in vain,  
 That *England* sooner will be *France* retaking,  
 Than take a Master of their Master's making.

\* Pointing to the Vizard Masks.

## A PROLOGUE.

For ESTCOURT'S Benefit Day.

*Enter Pinkethman finely Drest, pushing in Lee before him,  
Drest like a Fat Fellow.*

*To make a Prologue, we've two Seasons chose,  
'Tis New and Comical we may suppose,  
Pray listen Ladys, pray be silent Beaus.*

- Pin.* **O**N *Estcourt's* Day, and to such Company,  
Dare you Pricquister *Prologue* speak with }  
*Lee. Leanman*, I dare — And do't *Extempore*. (me, }  
*P.* Good, what's your Subject — What will you be ?  
For my own part I'll chuse — Stay let me see ;  
Come — I'll be *Lent*, as Lean as a starv'd Rat,  
*L.* Than I'll be *Easter* — Jolly, Fair and Fat :  
*P.* Proceed then come, me *Lent* begins the Jest,  
*L.* And let the Audience hear whose hint is best :  
We'll make our Speeches, let them judge the whole,  
I for the Body argue,  
*P.* I the Soul. Hum [Pauses.  
*Lent* was ordain'd, to leave our Sins i'th' lurch,  
There's for you Rogue, that never go to Church ;  
*L.* You can't make proof of that, nor any Man,  
And so pray mind your Text Friend and go on ;  
*P.* *Lent* still is dear to him, good life that leads, }  
To the true *Protestant* that Prays and Reads, }  
And *Papish* Saints, that rattle o'er their Beads. }  
*L.* *Easter* comes briskly in — When *Lent* is gone —  
First nimble cheers us with the dancing Sun :  
The Sun, that we suppose by ancient story,  
To be the first that ever Danc'd a Boree ;  
*P.* Flesh, *Lent* debars us in each Household dish, }  
What's wholesome should be grateful to our wish, }  
Our very Consciences — Should be all — Fish ; }  
And taught by Rules that Decency does bring,  
Bear part with good fresh Cod, and fragrant Ling :

L.

- L.* *Easter* for jolly chear more Praise deserves,  
Indulging these, Penurious *Lent* half Starves;  
In *Easter* time we sit with Female Cousins,  
And Cakes and Custards, swallow down by Dozens:
- P.* Then *Lent* does weekly give two Holidays,  
For all that will be Good, to make Essays,  
Keeps also from the Town two wicked Plays;  
Where Fops and Strumpets, and Mohocks might be,
- L.* And Rakehells, just like *Pinkeshman*
- P.* And *Lee*.  
*Lent*, from all Seasons of the Year does vary,  
Keeps back the forward Afs—Resolv'd to Marry;  
Thus may Young Wiseacres, advantage reap,  
And timely learn to Look before they Leap:  
That trouble mayn't by a rash Act appear,  
And dire Repentance close the ending Year:
- L.* Ah—How much better *Easter* does provide,  
When Doubts are vanisht, for the buxome Bride;  
When tedious Time has fixt the happy Day,  
Lover sticks close—And Mamma says you may:  
Late Pasting meals allows but slender Food,  
Some Flesh now Child will do thy Stomach good:
- P.* Well, well, for all your sly and Roguish Rhime,  
If vulgar things may mix with those sublime,  
For Fishmongers and Parsons, *Lent*'s the time;  
The first grows Rich by vending watry Diet,  
As the last by Preachments—Little for our Quiet:
- L.* If Fishmongers so lucky you affirm,  
Zoons what are Lawyers in an *Easter* Term;  
Who buz like Bees—Till they go laden home,  
And smiles to find their Time of Roguery come.



A PROLOGUE Spoken like a SCOTCH HIGHLANDER  
with a Sword and Target.

I Am a Thing, yet drest in Northern Clothing,  
A Man my say as I appear, I'm nothing ;  
Yet late at angry Preston—Stoutly taking,  
The Rebels part I came, a new King making :  
Held up my Target, for that Blustering trash,  
Surnam'd the bold Macclando MACKINTOSH ;  
Some we would have pack'd off, some here remain,  
The Crucifixes are a peaceful Train,  
They've little in their Hands—But much in Brain :  
Proud Preston, 'till 'twas Plunder'd by the Rout,  
To make new Saints, drop'd fragrant Beads about,  
But when bold Wills came in—Woons we went out ;  
Down went my broad Sword—Here's my Coat—To  
(charge,

And a new Song to save me—Of K. George : Song.  
What 'tis we Play, is Song and Dance, and Shew,  
The Theme, the Devil take me if I knew ;  
Yet this I dare affirm 'gainst all Bravadoes,  
Our Songs will baulk the Latin Nicoladoes :  
Here's Sense and Humour, and with free Twangdilloes,  
We shall not choak ye with Italian Trilloes ;  
And as for me if I don't make ye Laugh,  
You're Sick of the Catarrh, and of the Cough :  
The Hey-Market does jingle to incite me,  
Sirrah go fetch my Cloak—The cold does fright me ;  
All Nonregardoes like my Female Noise,  
They've Money, and can pay my squeaking Voice :  
So in a Village have I seen a Clown,  
With broken Noddle lay the Cudgels down ;  
And sneer to feel his Bloody mangled Scull,  
As if the Blow had dignified the Fool.  
But now 'tis plainer——'Tis a Loyal thing,  
I turn my Quarters — And I praise the King :  
Hey, hey—Here's a Musical Lecture,  
To my Countrymen—[Here several come in to hear.  
Ye Brittons how long, &c.

F I N

